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THE
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TILDEN

Frontispiece.

Hither would Rosa & Rebecca repair to the Favorite seat of their Father & converse of old times & old Friends.

Stennett Del.t T.S. Woodcock Sc. N.Y.

FAMILY PORTRAITS,

OR

DESCENDANTS OF TRELAWNEY

BY

CATHERINE G. WARD.

Authoress of The Mysterious Marriage [illegible]

The Orphan Boy, Daughter of St. Omer, My Native Land [illegible]

NEW-YORK

Published by Wm. Burrell [illegible]

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FAMILY PORTRAIT,

OR

DESCENDANTS OF TRELAWNEY.

BY CATHARINE G. WARD Nizson

Authoress of The Mysterious Marriage—Rose of Claremont—Orphan Boy—
Poems—The Daughter of St. Omer—My Native Land—
Robertina—Son and the Nephew—The Primrose
Girl—Tales of my Grand Mother, &c

Tell me of old times, and old friends,
That have not changed with summer breath,
Nor turned aside in the rough tempest of my fortunes,
And I will give them place and welcome here!—
The fond memorial of a grateful heart!

New-York:
WILLIAM BURNETT, 17 ANN STREET.
G. W. SMITH, PRINT.

1834.

R 1991 L

FAMILY PORTRAITS,

&c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

> "Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for pow'r.
> By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
> Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
> More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise."
>
> *Goldsmith.*

We forget to mark the lapse of time when on roseate wings it speeds away; but memory is a faithful historian, that will not fail to remind us of that page on which is written the volume of our lives; there if we find a leaf that is not sullied with a tear, let us reflect on that page, and consider it the happiest of our existence.

Fifteen summer suns had blossomed with its sweets,—and fifteen hoary headed winters passed with all their sullen train,—since that happy morn which waked to joy and to happiness transcendent, the lovely unreluctant bride of Tanjore Trelawney; and as Rebecca then, in her turn, began to arrange the bridal ornaments of her sister Rosa, she reminded her of the time when she had assisted her on the same happy occasion.

"Do you remember, Rosa," uttered she, "how offended you were at my shedding tears because it was my bridal day? Did not old Doctor Bradbury laugh at me; and Mary Bradbury go so far as to tell me that it was downright affectation, on a day so joyous, so momentous? Tell me then my dear sister, this being your marriage day also, with Trelawney, why I behold you thus? You love Trelawney, he is your heart's elected, and yet you weep, Rosa, like me."

"Ah, Rebecca, it is because I feel at this moment what were the sensations of my beloved sister;" answered Rosa, smiling through her tears; "the serious impression of a marriage vow should not be considered lightly,—it is not a transitory one, Rebecca, for it can only be absolved by———"

"Death!" uttered Rebecca, "and then it ascends to heaven; affection wafts it with a sigh,—sympathy embalms it with a tear,—and holy angels deign even to bless and consecrate the image of its virtues there."

Reader! since the foregoing conversation took place between these lovely and beloved sisters, Rosa and Rebecca, fifteen revolving years had passed away;—still the village of Kenilworth remained in the peaceful security of its lovely, rural and retiring shades;—still the soft breeze whispered among the honeysuckles, and the fragrance of the violet still was there;—the murmuring rivulet yet flowed pure and transparent;—the robin sung as usual on his favorite hawthorn, unmolested, and each returning spring a thousand little feathered warblers paid their visits there;—yes, Kenilworth, sweet village, thy charms were still the same; and all but the White Cottage retained an appearance of their primitive beauty.

All but the White Cottage! and was not that the same?

Yes, it stood in its former beautiful and sequestered situation; it reared its unassuming head amongst the clump of trees by which it was surrounded; you could still see the lovely little garden, cultured with care, and improved by industry; there were still some *roses* in it, that revived with summer's opening bloom.

But where, oh! where was its possessor, our worthy, our excellent our inestimable pastor?—where was the rector of Kenilworth, Mr. Clarendale?

Mark where the cypress weeps over a plain and undecorated tomb; it was of white marble, bearing on its fair surface the following inscription:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

of

WILLIAM HENRY CLARENDALE,

LATE RECTOR OF THIS PARISH.

He descended to the grave, calm and peaceful, in the
evening of his days,
A bright example to his parishioners,
In whose hearts he has left a memoriol of his virtues, and a lasting
MONUMENT OF HIS PRAISE.

The tale was too true! it was Mr. Clarendale who had quitted his earthly tenement for ever;—it was our worthy pastor who had breathed his last—the kind friend, the liberal patron, the ministering angel of the poor—Mr. Clarendale, of Kenilworth!

Ah! who did not look up to him as a protector?—The orphan children, the widow, the insolvent debtor, alike had their claims,—and never were those claims denied;—yet it was this man of virtue who was lost to them for ever,—of which a piece of cold and lifeless clay alone remained, to prove the frail and transitory existence of all earthly creatures; from which salutary lesson the heart that rests too strongly on the vain presuming glories of this world may take an early and impressive warning; the voluptuary to recoil at the throes of guilty conscience; the licentious betrayer of female honor to stop in his career of systematic vice; the merciless to be just; the cruel oppressor to relax in his severity; the haughty to be humble, and the unpitying to shed a tear, it will ascend to heaven more welcome than a thousand treasured virtues, for it will be the tear of penitence, recorded in that sacred page where the accusing spirit shall not blush to give it in, for the ministering angel, as he writes it down, will drop the pitying tear on human error and blot it out for ever.

In less than six months from the demise of Mr. Clarendale, the remains of his beloved and amiable wife were placed beside him. She had not sunk beneath the blow by the loss which she had sustained in her excellent husband; he had taught her differently to appreciate the blessings, or receive the visitation of Almighty Providence, than to murmur at its decrees;—Mrs. Clarendale died as she had lived, an exemplary wife and mother, surrounded by her affectionate children and lovely grand-children, whose tears long moistened her remains,—in the assured hope, that she should shortly rejoin that kindred spirit from whom on earth she had never been divided. Lovely had they been in their lives, even as twin roses on one stalk,—they had bloomed, blossomed and faded together.

At the demise of Mr. and Mrs. Clarendale, Mr. Trelawney, who had long been the husband of the happy Rosa, purchased the White Cottage and occasionally inhabited it in the summer season, when they paid their annual visit, either at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bradbury, or at the residence of Henry Clarendale, and hither often would Rosa and Rebecca repair to the favorite seat of their belov

ed father, and converse without reserve of old times and old friends; and, Here my father used to sit,—and, Here was my mother's favorite spot,—was ejaculated by the fond sisters till they were frequently dissolved in tears; when suddenly the sight of the lovely children would disperse the shades of melancholy which were drawn around them, and in the pleasing reflection that they were mothers too, they soon recovered their cheerfulness.

One only child had blessed the marriage of Rebecca, which was a daughter, and called Emma; Henry Clarendale had a son and daughter presented to him by his beloved Mary, the names of whom were, Sedley and Lucy; but the Decendents of Trelawney were more numerous, and consisted of five lovely children,—two sons, and three daughters; the names of whom were the following:—

William Henry, the first-born child of Trelawney, so called in compliment to the father of his Rosa, the late Mr. Clarendale; but at the birth of his second child, which was a daughter, Rosa submitted it to the choice of her husband; and often having heard him say, that although Alexina had never been a favorite name with him, (having had too much reason to remember it,) yet it had been the name of his father's sister,—that sister whom he had so passionately loved, and to whom in early infancy Trelawney had been so dear, and Rosa placing her sweet smiling cherub in the arms of her husband, archly enquired, in a tone of the most fascinating sweetness, what he was going to call his daughter.

To which Trelawney replied,—

"Alexina, if you have no objection, my dear love,—it was the name of my beloved aunt, whose memory I revere, and if you have no dislike, why———"

"Ah! Trelawney," interrupted the lovely Rosa, "do not suppose me to indulge in such weakness; I can dislike nothing which you make choice of, we will therefore call our daughter Alexina, if you please."

But the following year produced a son, and his mother called him Tanjore, in preference to any other.

The ensuing twelvemonth another little stranger came into court, and her father named her Ellen Rosa, without any objection being made.

And in two years after this period Mrs. Trelawney again produced an increase to her charming family, which soon made its appear

ance in a little girl, whose peculiar arch turn of features, the moment that Trelawney had beheld her, made him exclaim,—

"Why this little saucy minx is the picture of Mary Bradbury; there is actually Mary's pouting lip."

To which Mrs. Trelawney smilingly replied,—

"But you will be pleased to recollect my, love, that Mary Bradbury had one of the prettiest mouths in the world."

Mrs. Philip Bradbury (who was also present,) taking her little niece out of the arms of her father, exclaimed,—

"And so has this little moppet. I protest, Rosa, I think this will be the prettiest of all your children."

"Not if she resembles Mary Bradbury," cried Trelawney; "I never thought Mary pretty."

"And yet I think, that Lucy Clarendale is an uncommon lovely girl," uttered Rebecca; "to be sure she is an astonishing resemblance of my brother Henry; she has his fine complextion, and his beautiful auburn hair and dark blue eyes; but Sedley is like his mother."

"I protest, that I will not hear my dear Mary so commented upon, by you two unmerciful creatures," uttered Mrs. Trelawney; "and as to my little brown gipsy here, if you do not disprove of it, Trelawney, I shall certainly call her Mary, because, as you say, she so strongly resembles Mrs. Henry Clarendale."

The reply was,—"Call her what you please;" and the youngest daughter of Mr. Trelawney, was after the above conversation, the very ensuing morning, baptized by the names of Mary Rebecca Frances; the two latter being in compliment to her mother and sister, and the former as a testimony of her affection for her faithful friend Mary Bradbury, who had been the earliest companion of her youthful days.

CHAPTER II.

"All the world's a stage,
"And all the men and women merely players
"They have their exits and their entrances;
"And one man in his time plays many parts;
"His acts being seven ages."

Shakspeare.

In the education of his children, Mr. Trelawney had adopted a somewhat singular plan, from the toc general system of the present day; and that was to keep them in profound ignorance as to what might be expected, from their worldly prospects, or pecuniary hopes and wishes in all that respected mundane affairs; determined that neither of these children could possess a single shilling of his property, however splendid or wealthy were his known possessions, provided that they did not prove themselves sufficiently worthy of the gifts of fortune, or that they discovered in early life traits of a mercenary or sordid disposition.

We do not mean to infer that it was Mr. Trelawney's intention to leave his children beggars, or that his large possession were to devolve to strangers; no, but he certainly meant to proportion them according to their merits, and would that every wise father could pursue so laudable and praise-worthy a resolution.

The elder branches of a family, if unamiably disposed, would not so frequently have it in their power to vaunt over the more humble expectations of the younger ones; they would not boast of advantages gained only in consequence of their birth right, which had superior qualifications and superior virtues been consulted, would never perhaps have fallen to their share; nor would an elder brother, or an elder sister, become exclusively the object of attention, merely because they were to be considered the most wealthy branches of the family.

"I will not educate my children with any pretensions;" uttered Mr. Trelawney to his beloved Rosa, one day when they had been visiting the apartments appropriated for their respective studies, "they shall learn to have no pretensions but what they derive from their own

merits, talents and industry; and I would rather see them vain of these than of the proudest gifts of fortune."

"Certainly, my love, it is all very true, but,——" Mrs. Trelawney paused; and Trelawney exclaimed,—

"But what, my Rosa?"

And she instantly replied,—

"But will the world appreciate these qualities quite so justly?—what is merit, talent, industry,—nay, what is virtue, when put into the scale with the acquisition of fortune? Alas, my love, you well know that the one would not weigh a feather in comparison with the other; to which all hearts bow in homage, all eyes gaze with admiration, all tongues whisper praise. Is not wealth a shrine which even kings worship, and nations still adore?"

"Then to that shrine they shall not bend in the Descendants of Trelawney," uttered he; "my children shall not be regarded,—they shall not be flattered,—for the sake of their inheritance; and they can never utterly be despised only because that they are considered poor."

"I admit that riches are not virtues," cried Mrs. Trelawney "but virtues may improve them; they may be rendered great, they may be rendered glorious by the manner in which we appoint them to our use."

To which Trelawney replied,—

"It is true that they sometimes debase and sometimes exalt their possessors, my love; and there is also an intermediate space by which they do neither; and this is precisely what I do not wish my children to adopt. He that does no good when he has the power, though he does no evil, does not perfectly answer the end of his creation; and, therefore is he censurable in the eyes of his Maker!——but we will talk of this, my love, at some future opportunity, our children are yet tender in blossom, but remember, Rosa, 'tis we who are to preserve the fruit, or they will perish, my love, 'tis we who are to bend the twig while they are yet young, or they will disappoint our fondest our warmest hopes and expectations of their maturity. 'You are a mother so tender of your offspring, that I own I have some apprehension that your excessive indulgence may spoil the management of them."

Now there was a chord in Mrs. Trelawney's heart that could ne-

ver bear to be touched, though ever so lightly, and it was her fondness for her children, and with rather more color than usual it now mounted to her glowing cheek while she warmly replied,—

"Dear Trelawney, look at our children,—look on William,—look on Alexina,—and look at the younger ones,—my Ellen, my Tanjore, and my little cherub, Mary, then ask a mother if it is then possible not to love them."

Rosa was still beautiful, she had passed the spring, but she was yet in the summer of her charms, and at this moment she looked in the eyes of her husband handsomer than he had ever seen her before, and all his reply was to kiss off a tear, which was falling like the dew only, which the zephyr shakes from roses; it was no rude tempest which had brought it there; it was no jarring discord that had occasioned its intrusion, but it was a drop which holy nature sometimes mixes with her purest sweets, it looked bright as the starry firmament in a soft celestial sky, when the moon gently steals behind a cloud, and makes fairer their pellucid light; and,

"Go, my angel, do what you please with your children, but do not spoil them," was uttered by Trelawney, in a moment of the most transporting fondness, nor was this conversation afterwards resumed till the Descendants of Trelawney were found, by their fond parents to be rapidly advancing towards maturity.

The boys under the tuition of a gentleman who had been very early selected by their father to superintend the management of their education.

The applicants, which had been ambitious of obtaining this eligible and distinguished situation, had indeed been exceedingly numerous; but Mr. Trelawney made choice of Mr. Fothersgill, before he had converse with him precisely half an hour, not because he had been eager to display any great or shining abilities that he was known to have possessed, because he had the modesty of concealing them.

"Fothersgill is a man of few words," uttered Mr. Trelawney, "and therefore I will certainly have him. Tanjore is already too talkative, a prating tutor would make much worse, and Fothersgill must quiet him. I could never endure to see boys too forward in conversation; it produces a flippancy of speech which it is exceedingly difficult for them to get the better of at a more ripened season."

It is true that the tutor of the young Trelawneys was not only a man of few words, but his person was also as quaint and as singular as his manners, with which the formality of his dress always corresqonded; he wore his own hair, which being lank and thin, and of a coal black, and combed straightly over his forehead, gave him much the appearance of a quaker; yet his integrity, his principles were indisputable, and this was considered by Mr. Trelawney to precede all other earthly recommendations, and had long established Mr. Fothersgill on a good footing in his family; he was aware that his boys could not do wrong provided Fothersgill had the direction of their studies; and the choice of their pursuits; and on the other hand, Fothersgill was fully sensible of what were the attentions of Mr. Trelawney respecting the education of his sons. The elder of whom, William Henry, he had indeed but little trouble with, as he was by nature, as it were, moulded to his hand; he had all the sweetness of his mothers disposition, without the impetnosity of his father, of whom in person he was the exact counterpart, he was tall, graceful, and elegantly proportioned, and the turn of his expressive features were, like Trelawney's rather grave, except when any favorite subject lighted him suddenly into enthusiasm, then the sunbeam which shone so brightly in the countenance of his father, would burst forth like the refulgent rays, warming but never scorching the objects which turned to him for protection —but when not called into energy, the manners and habits of William Henry Trelawney were of a quiet and even gentle temperature. Not so the lively, animated and vivacious Tanjore, who was two years the Junior of his brother, and whose statue, though considerably smaller, might in its admirable proportions of exact symetry, have been a model for the Apollo of Belvidere; nor were his features less perfect than his form, bearing so strong a resemblance to his beauteous mother, that the face of Rosa was stamped almost on every lineament; he had the rosy freshness of her complexion, her dark bright beaming eye, and the smile of a laughing cherub, which in the period of his infant days so often charmed and transported his idolizing father, who certainly, owing to his strong resemblance of Mrs. Trelawney, had insensibly grown fonder of little Tanjore than he was of the rest of his children.

We say insensibly, because Mr. Trelawney was not himself

aware of the predilection till occasions called it forth; for of all Trelawney's children, Tanjore was the most faulty, and was, therefore, the more frequently punished, and it was the pain which the infliction of his punishments excited in the heart of his father, which had first whispered the important secret, that Tanjore was dearer than all the rest of his children; and in consequence of this important secret Mr. Trelawney pursued a method quite contrary to his inclinations,—that of imposing on himself the hardest restrictions, by using more severity with Tanjore, in order to check this growing and, as he thought, this most improper propensity; but the misfortune was that the little urchin had taught every body else to love him, in spite of themselves; his mother loved him, and his sisters loved him, beyond the powers of concealment; and even Fothersgill, the rigid tutor, could not help laughing sometimes at the wily tricks of his incorrigible little pupil, his lectures to him on all occasions being always expressed precisely in the following words,

"I stand amazed, Mr. Tanjore, at your temerity."

But at these words the lecture generally ended, and his pupil again transgressed, and again was reprimanded in the same manner, so that at last, "I stand amazed at your temerity," had become a proverbial sentence with Mr. Fothersgill, and for some time the tricks of little scapegrace received no greater punishment.

On one occasion, however, his pupil had gone beyond all bounds, in having taught a favorite little pointer the act of stealing from the larder, and it being reported by the cook, that a brace of fine ducks had been torn to pieces by Master Tanjore's pointer, and carried into the school-room, the indignation of the tutor was roused to a pitch of fury and he insisted that the dog should be well beaten.

On which Tanjore exclaimed,

"Let any one touch him at his peril!" doubling his little fists at the same instant in the most menacing attitude.

On which Fothersgill, highly provoked, retorted,

"Mr. Tanjore Trelawney, I not only stand amazed at your temerity, but I shall certainly make you repent of it, suppose now I were to take down that cane which is suspended over your head, and exercise it over your shoulders."

On which Tanjore spiritedly replied,

I am amazed at your Temerity.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

"Well, Mr. Fothersgill, that you may do and welcome."

"And that I have a right to do, Sir, from the authority of your father," returned the quaint tutor, without making any advances towards taking down the cane.

On which little Tanjore boldly replied,

"Beat me then as hard as ever you are able, Mr. Fothersgill, and I wont complain,—no, not one bit; but you shall not beat my dog, because if you was to beat him ever so much, you know, he could not speak to you."

Whether that the anger of Fothersgill had subsided, or that the humanity which the little offender had so strongly manifested, was considered a sufficient atonement for the fault he had committed, we cannot pretend to determine; but of this we are quite certain, that the cane remained quietly in its station, and the pointer was not beaten, on a promise that he should never more transgress or invade the territories of Mrs. Cook, either in the larder or the kitchen.

Thus had Tanjore obtained an ascendancy in his juvenile days over the heart of his tutor, which as he ripened into maturity gained strength and energy, and every day became more predominant; but Fothersgill wise adopted the plan of his patron; he took every possible precaution he could devise, to keep this predilection for his young favorite a profound secret, except when nature slily threw it out, which was seldom ever the case till Tanjore was detected in some fault, and which he was never long in giving them occasion for.

At this period, however, an event took place, of so sudden and afflicting a nature that it was very near sending to an untimely grave the beauteous tender hearted Rosa, and which certainly did produce a source of sorrow, long felt and deplored, in the family of Mr. Trelawney, but chiefly in the heart of his beloved wife; and that event was the death of her sister, the lovely, the gentle, the amiable Mrs. Philip Bradbury,—the ever good and kind Rebecca, who in giving a premature birth to a still-born infant son, in a few successive days only afterwards, fell a sacrafice to the extreme delicacy of her constitution, to the heart-wounding anguish of a doating husband, the inexpressible grief of her sister and brother, and the deep regret of all her numerous friends.

In Mrs. Trelawney, however, it had produced consequences the most alarming, as she remained for many weeks seriously indisposed, and utterly inconsolable for the loss of her sister,—not only a sister, but a dear and invaluable friend, (for let it be remarked, that sisters do not always perform the duties of that sacred character;) but Rosa had found Rebecca, through all the stages of her life, a friend whom she had loved with the most unchanged affection; and, to use the beautiful similitude of Shakspeare,—"They still had ate, and drank, and slept together, and, like Juno's swans, had ever been inseparable."

"The expiring moments of Rebecca had been, like the whole tenor of her peaceful tranquil life and gentle disposition, calm, placid, and even cheerfully resigned; no impatience, no terror, marked her pale angelic countenance, when sensible that her dissolution was rapidly approaching, but with a firm collected manner, and, in a voice sweetly composed, she addressed her agitated husband and weeping sister, entreating that they would be patient and resigned as she herself was, to the will of the Most High.

"Oh! my dearest sister," uttered she, as she placed her cold hand in the feverish one of the almost frantic Rosa, "oh, my dearest sister, why will you thus pain my parting hour with such excessive grief? —and you, mv dearest Philip, by this distraction and despair?—You know that it is the will of my Heavenly Father that I am now called to the mansions of eternal peace, and you see that I am prepared to resign myself to his blessed mandate;—he cannot do wrong;—and though I feel it hard to part with those I love so dearly, yet I have long been taught to love my Creator, better than all earthly things. For my Emma I do not feel the anxiety of a mother who leaves her offspring desolate, for I well know, that in my beloved sister she will have all a mother's care,—to you then, Rosa, I bequeath her,—the parting legacy of your poor Rebecca; you will be a mother to my child; and you, my Philip, will never forget the duties of a father; I know you will not; you have been the best of husbands and of friends; and may the Father of all Mercy protect and bless you both!"

Mrs. Philip Bradbury then desired that her little Emma might be brought to her bedside, and folding her to her bosom, with a mother's

last blessing she resigned her to the arms of her sister, and with her eyes turned to the last, with dove-like expression, towards her husband, gently breathed her last sigh, her lovely features still retaining, even in the arms of death, that smiles of serenity and sweetness for which they had ever been so remarkable.

Over this scene time, however, did not so quickly throw a veil; the dying moments of Rebecca were not easily to be forgotten in the recollection of her disconsolate sister; nor could even the attentions of her beloved Trelawney, or smiles of her own lovely children stifle, at peculiar times, those incontrolable bursts of anguish which gushed in torrents from her eyes whenever she visited the White Cottage at Kenilworth, or paid a mournful tribute of affection to the tomb of her sister.

Meanwhile Philip Bradbury, in less than a period of two years, had followed to the grave his beloved Rebecca. His constitution, never strong, had yielded to the indulgence of excessive grief. and poor little Emma became indeed a treasured orphan, in the sole care of her aunt Trelawney, with whom she was almost an idol; for she not only possessed the sweetness of her mother's disposition, but her features were so exactly similar, that she often recalled the image of Rebecca to the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Trelawney, to whom it might with truth be said that Emma Bradbury was an elder daughter; for Mr. Trelawney, who was passionately fond of her, already beheld in her the counterpart of the heavenly, mild, patient and prudent Rebecca Clarendale; for Emma had all the placid virtues of that incomparable creature; and the fondness of Rosa for her lovely niece, was, perhaps, extended to a fault, though it never created any jealousy in the minds of her own youthful girls, because they had always been taught to regard Emma as her sister; it is true, however, that her ascendancy over the mind of their mother was unbounded, for Emma never solicited in vain of her aunt to grant any of her requests.

If Emma asked an extraordinary indulgence she was never refused, and therefore was often made the embassador of the Miss Trelawneys, and even of Mistress Pelham, the governess, when they required her intercession.

And at length, she was chosen for the same purpose by the young

gentlemen also, and sent to Mr. Trelawney with a petition, which always met with the desired success.

With her uncle Henry too, and her aunt Mary, Emma was the same favorite, it is no wonder then she became the idol of the whole family, and of her young cousins, in the midst of whom she was always considered a president; even when Mrs. Pelham, their governess, was by, they always appealed to Emma to decide on an important question; and even little Mary had followed the example of her sisters, for on beholding her cousin coming into the school-room, she would eagerly fly towards her and exclaim,

"Oh, Emma, dear Emma, I am so glad you are come, for what do you think?—Mrs. Pelham says I am too young to learn French; but though I am a very little girl I heard you tell papa, the other day, I was a very clever one; and what you say is right. Mamma says you are always right; and if that is the case, I will learn French directly, because I am a clever girl, whether Mrs. Pelham likes it or not, and I will tell her that Emma says so."

"No, indeed, Mary, but you must not tell Mrs. Pelham any such thing," cried Emma, but not without kissing the cheek of her smiling little cousin; "because, in the first place, it would be extremely rude; and in the next, you would be telling an untruth. If Mrs. Pelham, who is your governess, thinks you are yet too young to learn French, you cannot suppose that I would contradict her assertion."

"Well, but," retorted the little pleader, "suppose that papa and mamma were to go over to France, and take me with them, how silly I should look if I did not know how to ask for what I might want; every body would think I was a fool,—would not they, Emma?"

To which Emma gravely replied,—

"No, my love; every body are not considered fools who do not study the French language; and it will be thought quite sufficient at your age if you learn to speak your own correctly."

"Well, but do pursuade Mrs. Pelham to let me learn French, dear Emma, and I will love you so."

"And do you not love me now, Mary?" enquired Emma.

"Oh yes, dearly,—as much as I love my sisters, and brother William, and brother Tanjore,—and oh, how I do love my brother Tanjore, he is such a sweet fellow,—is not he, Emma?"

It is not certain what reply was made to the artless innocent at this question; but it is certain that the fair, transparent skin of the lovely Emma seemed as if she had suddenly caught the reflexion of some blushing roses, which now rested with the most brilliant color on her glowing cheek; and the result of the foregoing conversation was, that Mary Trelawney was half a French women before the end of the next succeeding year, owing to the kind intercession of her beautiful cousin.

And never was her amiable propensity and wish to oblige more strongly exerted than in behalf of her cousin, Tanjore Trelawney, who never offended his father or his tutor, but some means were devised by the gentle Emma, to put them on a friendly footing again, so that Tanjore always use to call her his "little dove;" "because," cried he, "Emma always carries the olive branch along with her; —the moment she opens that pretty mouth of hers, there's peace; if my father, for instance is ever so angry, he always smiles when Emma speaks to him."

"Well that is not at all strange," uttered William, with whom his brother had been conversing, "when you know what a favorite she is with every body else; and she is an orphan too.—yes, dear Emma is an orphan; but for all that she will never want protection—oh never, while the Descendents of Trelawney live!"

William uttered this with peculiar warmth and energy; all the father beamed in his fine expressive eye, and Tanjore regarded him at this moment with the most particular attention; at length with a look of the most cunning archness, he suddenly exclaimed,—

"What do you suppose William, I was just then amusing myself with the thoughts of."

To which William replied,—

"I really cannot tell, Tanjore; your thoughts are always fancy's dreams."

"Are they," said Tanjore, laughing; "why then, upon my word, this is the prettiest dream I ever had waking,—I was actually thinking what a charming wife Emma would make for one of us."

The cheeks of William instantly assumed a color of the brightest crimson, while he answered his brother, in a tone of pettishness which was by no means usual with him on other occasions,—

"Your thoughts are highly ridiculous and improper; Emma is our sister; we have always been taught to consider her such, from the days of our earliest infancy."

"Yes, when we were little boys and girls, I remember," cried Tanjore, now laughing more immoderately; "it was all very well then to call Emma sister, but now we are both growing men, I don't consider her any such thing, I assure you; she is no more than our cousin, and would make a very pretty wife; and I know very well, William, that you think so, though you don't choose to say so."

Tanjore, without waiting for William's reply, now scampered away, either unconscious that what he had just uttered had inflicted pain on a brother's heart, or that their lovely cousin was an object of more moment in his thoughts than she was in his own; for the heart of Tanjore was at this period of youth's happy and delightful season, free as the mountain air, and with limbs elastic as the bounding doe, and spirits animated with health, fresh as the roseate morning, he presented himself to Mr. Trelawney to reserve his accustomed gift on his mother's birth day; on his way thither, however, he first encountered Fothersgill, whom he saluted in the following manner,—

"Mr. Fothersgill, what has my father given you?—It is my mother's birth day, you know, and he always gives every body something on this day; come, do tell me, for I am dying with curiosity to learn the extent of my father's generosity, for the most important reason possible,—I want to borrow some money of you, Mr. Fothersgill?"

To which Fothersgill gravely replied,

"Mr. Tanjore Trelawney, I stand wholly amazed at your temerity; you have in the first place, Sir, asked a most improper question; and in the next departed from good manners.—I really stand amazed at your———"

But Tanjore was flown, and heard not the last part of the sentence which his quaint tutor had addressed to him; he was already seated in an arm-chair in his father's library, receiving from his hands his accustomed gift, which on this occasion was only the one half of what he had expected to be presented with.

"There, Sir," cried Mr. Trelawney, counting the money in his hands; "this will make you remember your improper conduct last

year, when you led your pointer into your sisters' dressing-rooms to destroy all their white mice; it was a wanton act of cruelty, and I now give you your deserts."

Tanjore received the money from the hands of his father, with an air of humility, and with a good humoured smile, exclaiming,

"No, indeed, my dear father, you have not given me my deserts."

"As how, Sir," said Mr. Trelawney, not glancing a second time at his rosy, laughing, and urchin-like countenance, fearful that the punishment he was now imposing would immediately relax of its severity.—"As how, Sir, I say?" repeated Mr. Trelawney.

"Because," answered Tanjore, "if you had only considered what I had merited from my deserts, you had not given me any gift at all. —But my sisters have long since forgiven my fault; and my father ——"

Mr. Trelawney now turned his expressive eye full on the countenance of the darling of his heart; and nature spoke volumes in the praise of Tanjore.--He strained him to his heart in silence,—ran to his desk, counted out a double portion of his yearly present, and bidding him make a proper use of it, hurried out of the library; not to conceal but to enjoy the sensations of a fond, indulgent, delighted and gratified father.

CHAPTER III.

"Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
"The dark unfathomable caves of ocean bear:
"Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
"And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Gray.

That Mr. Trelawney had been sufficiently disgusted with the mode of fashionable living, during his long abode in the splendid and magnificent mansion of Lord Fitzosbourne, could not be doubted, for he had beheld nothing there but a succession of frivolities (to call them by the mildest possible terms,) from which a thinking and rational mind would very naturally have revolted, and from which he himself had frequently retired to his book and his studies, which, though silent companions, afforded him sources of pleasure and amusement he had looked in vain to find in the gay and festive scenes which were occasionally passing and repassing at Fitzosbourne House; and, to add to the natural aversion which Trelawney had to all such scenes, 'Rosa and the White Cottage' were ever present to his glowing fancy, and which probably painted the calm and sequestered scenes of humble life with a more vivid coloring than they really were, had not the pastor's daughter shone so brightly and conspicuously on the canvas. In the beautiful landscape, drawn by creative fancy, she was ever an object which, sleeping or waking, his delighted imagination loved to trace; she had followed him even to his first interview with his destined bride, Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, the glaring defects of whose mind and manners had reminded him more strongly of the lovely Rosa, and more firmly than ever had rivetted her chains around his already so greatly captured heart.

With such impressions, Mr. Trelawney became at length the husband of the happy Rosa; and when he found himself really in the

possession of this inestimable treasure, for which he had so long sighed, he immediately determined to share her enjoyment, which he was fully aware could not be obtained in the bosom of riotous dissipation, and for which he knew that Rosa had never been formed and consequently felt no ambition to shine in; and these were the principal reasons why Mr. Trelawney wished his children to be educated in the manner which has already been stated, that they might not either acquire a perversion of taste or sentiment, or imbibe a passion for fashionable propensities, in which nature and feeling are sometimes overlooked, or considered wholly as unnecessary appendages to exalted rank and fashion.

Hence accounted for the introduction both of Mr. Fothergill and Mrs. Pelham into the family of Mr. Trelawney, the latter a gentlewoman both by birth, education and manners, and whose occupations had been for several succeeding years wholly confined to the paths of literature, by which she had never been able to get beyond the bounds of mediocrity; but why she had not done so need not be inquired into, for Mrs Pelham, though unceasing in the labors of her profession, was both a needy and a poor authoress. She had no high-sounding title to her name, no snug little annuity on which she could comfortably retire for the residue of her life, and write her compositions *en passant* or *tout pour plaisee*. No, Mrs. Pelham was precisely obliged to write for bread, or bread she could not procure; and this was a circumstance, most unfortunately for her, as well known to her publishers as to herself, to whose rapacity she was constantly exposed, and by whose unfeeling and mercenary principles she was invariably persecuted.

In this situation, by no means enviable, Mrs. Pelham continued till she advanced to higher steps, hitherto having only 'wasted her sweetness on the desert air,' and attracted the attention of Lady Honoria Belmont, who, being still unmarried, after the decease of the noble Duke, her father, lived but to promote the happiness and benefit of her fellow creatures, by appropriating the one half of her wealth to the service of humanity

Her Ladyship's attachment to Trelawney had never ceased, and although hopeless, it was likely to remain unchanged to the end of his existence The brilliant glows of a youthful passion, it is true,

had fled for ever. It had never been revealed to mortal; and though 'concealment, like a worm in the bud, had fed upon her damask cheek,' yet it had admitted reason to its aid. Gifted with an understanding of the finest order, and with talents which rarely fall to the lot of such exalted personages, Lady Honoria, after a short struggle, did not yield to the indulgence of a passion which she knew, from its first approaches, was hopeless and unavailing; and when she heard that Trelawney was really married to the pastor's daughter, she retired to her closet, searched out a part of the sacred volume which exhorts us to patience and fortitude, even in the most trying moments of our lives, and there found relief and consolation from the heartwounding thorn of reflection

We will not say that Lady Honoria was so much of the stoic, that a tear did not escape from her lovely eyes, when she read the following paragraph in the news of the day:

"Yesterday morning, at Kenilworth, in the county of Warwickshire, by special license, Tanjore Trelawney, Esq. the rich East-Indian nabob, to Miss Rosa Frances Clarendale, youngest daughter of Mr. William Henry Clarendale, the highly respected rector of that place. We learn, that, from this event (which has long been protracted by circumstances, now fully authenticated in the fashionable world,) that the poor inhabitants of the neighboring village have received considerable donations from the overflowing purse of Mr. Trelawney, and the amiable and condescending smiles of his lovely bride."

It was then that Lady Honoria found it necessary to assume a virtue, if she had it not; and that was, seemingly to be reconciled to a destiny for which there was no alternative.

Most joyfully, then, did she avail herself of a pressing invitation given by her brother, Lord Sydney Belmont, and his lovely Jean, to pass some months with them in Scotland, where the wild romantic beauties of that delightful country, and the society of the warm-hearted Highlanders, who welcomed the 'bonnie English lassie' with all the enlivening smiles of Scottish urbanity, charmed her to enthusiasm,—to which were added, the kind endearing attentions of a brother who adored her

Though unrevealed, even to him, the sources of his beloved sis-

T. S. Woolcott Sc. N.Y.

Lady Honoria Belmont.

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ter's habitual fits of gloom and melancholy, yet he well knew the latent cause from which they sprung, and, by every means in his power, assisted too by his lovely Jean, strove to banish from her mind all unpleasing retrospection; and at length they succeeded.—Lady Honoria gradually recovered her cheerful serenity; and the lily, which had so long paled her blooming cheek, was now once more tinged with the rose of health; and her fond brother hailed its first approach with sensations of the most rapturous delight. He was no longer apprehensive of repeating the name of his friend in the presence of his sister, for Lady Honoria herself loved to dwell on his perfections, to talk of his marriage with his beloved Rosa, and even to say, that she ardently prayed that his present prospects of felicity might long continue.

"And will my dear sister be able to meet her friend Trelawney, in Scotland, with the same composure as she once did when he visited us in England?" demanded Lord Sydney, glancing a look of the most affectionate expression towards his beloved sister. "Should I invite Trelawney and his Rosa to Dumfairling Castle, to which he has often promised to come, will my Honoria then avail herself of an opportunity of renewing her acquaintance with a being whom I am certain has ever been anxious for her happiness and welfare?"

Though a deep blush had at first spread its crimson hues on the fair countenanc of Lady Honoria, at the thoughts of meeting Trelawney, yet it lasted only for a moment there, and she replied to her brother with a look of the most ineffable sweetness,

"Certainly, my dear Sydney, I can have no possible objection in mixing in the society of my brother's guests, and most intimate and particular friends; and I am well assured that Mr. Trelawney is one of them: doubt not, but if he visits us at Dumfairling Castle, that Honoria will not shrink from a meeting, and giving a welcome to her brother's old associate and friend."

"I am perfectly satisfied, my Honoria," uttered Lord Sydney; and in the course of the ensuing Christmas holidays, Mr. and Mrs. Trelawney paid a visit to Lord Sydney Belmont, at the Castle of Dumfairling, and were received by Lady Honoria, in a manner that reflected the highest honor to her exalted mind and nobleness of character; for not an atom of her former weakness (if such it could

be called) could be traced in her countenance or her manner, as she addressed Trelawney and his lovely, timid Rosa, with whose interesting and engaging disposition she soon became charmed; a friendship which was not to be bore away by the stream of fashion, or changed with the change of fortune; it was steady, persevering and constant, and Trelawney, if he had before only admired the character of Lady Honoria Belmont, now held it in veneration, beyond all praise, well knowing that, in the society of such a woman, his Rosa would be blest, while her highly accomplished mind and elegant manners would constantly tend to improve and enlighten her.

At this period Mrs. Trelawney was in the seventh month of her pregnancy with Tanjore; and when Lady Honoria, soon after her arrival in England, went to visit her beloved friend, Rosa placed her little boy in her arms, then about five months old.

"Look, Lady Honoria," uttered she, "what a little urchin I have got, since I had last the happiness of beholding you."

"A boy, my dear friend!" exclaimed Lady Honoria; "he should certainly have been a girl, he is so prodigiously handsome; and I am excessively disappointed,—I had already flattered myself with the hope of seeing a little Honoria when I came to visit you; Trelawney, you know, made me a promise, before he left Scotland."

"Which promise should have been held sacred, if this urchin had proved a daughter," cried Rosa; "but now I cannot suppose that you will have any thing to do with him."

To which Lady Honoria, who had been all this while caressing the lovely infant, replied,

"Indeed, Mrs. Trelawney, but you shall not suppose any such thing, for I intend to have a great deal to do with him. What have you called the little rogue?"

"Tanjore," answered Mrs. Trelawney, at the same moment that Mr. Trelawney entered the apartment.

The babe was still in the arms of Lady Honoria, and Trelawney exclaimed,

"How highly is my boy honored, Lady Honoria, by your condescension in becoming his nurse;—ah! I will one day make him sensible of his happiness in sharing the smiles of Lady Honoria Belmont. He is uncommonly like his mother, is he not?"

To which Lady Honoria replied,

"Never did I behold features so exactly similar; but remember that he is mine; you know I bespoke him, some months back, and though he is not an Honoria, I believe I shall like him equally well in the character of a little Tanjore."

From this period of his infantine days, it was very natural to suppose that little Tanjore, as he increased in growth and beauty, should become a reigning favorite with Lady Honoria Belmont; and so he was; for she never would listen to any tales reported of him, not even from his fond father, always answering his complaints of Tanjore's encreasing propensity to mischievous tricks, in the following manner:

"Well, well, this wont last for ever."

To which Mr. Trelawney would smile, and say,

"But, my dear Lady Honoria, they have lasted long enough; he is perpetually doing what he ought not to do."

"So are we all," cried Lady Honoria, "though twice the age of Tanjore; we are all doing wrong, and constantly deceiving ourselves, in the thought that we are acting right, till the consequences of our own folly absolutely stare us in the face, pointing out to our deluded senses the path which has bewildered us. But why don't Fothersgill correct his incorrigible pupil?"

"That Lady Honoria," answered Trelawney, "is a secret which I cannot precisely make out; he has been severe enough with William; but I actually believe that he is amused with the tricks of Tanjore, and is grown so fond of the little urchin, that he does not like to punish him, though he knows that he is in fault. However, I must insist on an enforcement of my commands, and the very next time that the boy commits a fault, I will see that he is corrected in a proper manner."

"Do so," cried Lady Honoria, scarce able to suppress a smile at the pretended anger which Mr. Trelawney had manifested, as he talked of the follies of his darling boy; and, determinded that she would seemingly acquiesce in any punishment which should in future be inflicted on Tanjore, she added with a look of gravity, as Mr. Trelawney rose to depart,—

"Remember, now, to set the example of punishment yourself on

Tanjore, the very next time that he offends ; and neither Fothersgill or any other person, however blindly partial to the faults of Tanjore, in that case I should imagine, would attempt to dispute a father's prior right to the management of his child.'

"You are right, Lady Honoria," said Trelawney, seemingly well pleased that she had at last entered into his plans with respect to the correction of Tanjore ; "the boy shall not be spoiled for want of a proper punishment ; and if Fothersgill dares to dispute my authority he shall instantly quit my service. Though I own it will hurt me much to part with him, yet Fothersgill must not be suffered to spoil my children ; it would be extremely reprehensible, you know, Lady Honoria, were I to permit it."

"Oh, assuredly," cried Lady Honoria, now stifling a laugh, which she could not easily suppress, "punish Tanjore ! by all means, punish him severely, and let me see that you do it, Mr. Trelawney—yourself—and Fothersgill is totally out of the question.'

Mr. Trelawney then took his leave, highly satisfied with his own feelings, as having gained the approbation of so warm an advocate as Lady Honoria Belmont to back his suit, with respect to the management of his young favorite, who in a few succeeding days after the conversation with Lady Honoria Belmont, gave ample scope for his fathers using severity towards him, in the following manner.

The whole family were one morning assembled at breakfast, when Mr. Trelawney demanded to know if they had a mind to a little frolic in the village of Kenilworth, as he was going for a few days to the White Cottage, whither he intended also to invite Mr. and Mrs. Clarendale, with their cousins Lucy and Sedley, to enjoy the pleasures of a rural fete, given in commemoration of his wedding day.

"But remember," cried Mr. Trelawney, "that, though it is a day which I consider to be the happiest of my whole life, the day on which I obtained your mother for a wife, yet I will not wholly contribute to the expences of the entertainments I shall propose, without each of you, my children, putting in your mite towards it. You know you have all your yearly gift ; let us see how generous you will be with it, and according to what you are pleased to deposit in my hands, so will I appropriate it to the pleasures and amusements which you will receive during our stay at the White Cottage ; at which you will observe, that your uncle and aunt Clarendale, and

your cousins Sedley and Lucy, will be only the invited guests.—They will have nothing to contribute towards the expences of the entertainment they will receive, except by their acknowledging that they have been gratified by sharing in it.

Now, then, my children, I am most anxiously awaiting your reply to my proposition."

Mrs. Trelawney, having insidiously stole a side glance at Tanjore, was soon informed, by one of the most expressive countenances in the world, that all was not right in that quarter and that the proposition just made by his father was likely to be productive of more pain than pleasure ; and, not daring a second time to cast a look towards her treasured boy, Rosa fixed her eyes on the silver coffee-pot, from which she was pouring out some coffee, while her heart beat tumultuously in her fond maternal bosom, lest that her darling might now be exposed to the displeasure of his father.

Emma, Alexina, Ellen and William, had all laid their contributions on the table ; and even Mary out with her little neatly netted green purse, while she archly exclaimed,—

"There papa, that is all I have got now ; you gave me two guineas on mamma's birth-day, but Mrs. Pelham knows what I have done with the rest,—don't you, Mrs. Pelham."

To which Mrs Pelham replied,—

"Oh yes, my love, I can give your papa a very good account of it."

"I beg Mrs. Pelham, you will not put yourself to that trouble," cried Trelawney, now, for the first time, darting a look of enquiry at his son Tanjore ; "if you know to what uses Mary has appropriated her money, that information is quite sufficient,—

"But I would know, Mr. Tanjore, why you alone choose to be mercenary on this occasion ?" continued Mr. Trelawney. "When your brothers and sisters have so cheerfully contributed the assistance to forward the progress of my fond endeavors to render you all happy, why you, Sir, I should be glad to know, remain silent among them all ?–what are your motives for this extraordinary conduct ?"

Mr. Fothersgill had, for the space of several minutes, began to sit very easy on his chair ; and when his pupil was thus addressed by his father, he found his situation to be almost insupportable, apprehensive (but certainly not knowing what had occasioned the par-

simony of his young favorite) that his conduct might be called into question by Mr. Trelawney ; but what was Fothersgill's surprise, to hear the following sentence escape from the lips of his pupil, at the same moment that he gave him a look of such supplication, aided too by one from Mrs. Trelawney, that he was forced into silence, while he heard him pronounce,—

"It is not from mercenary principles that I withhold my contributions on the present occasion, for you know my dear father that my disposition is not mercenary ; but——but I really have not got the money, and that is the whole truth of the business."

To which Mr. Trelawney replied, with a look more stern and displeased than ever he had addressed Tanjore before,—

"That, Sir, is very likely to be the case, I have no doubt, but your extravagant propensity might induce you to part with all your money, had I given you twenty times as much ; however, though this be the truth, it is a truth which does not perfectly satisfy your father's feelings, with respect to its propriety ; and I must request to know in what manner you have disposed of your money ; tell me this, and if I find that it has been properly bestowed, I will, double the value of the sum, and never once repent of my generosity."

"Dear Tanjore, tell your father all the truth, I implore you," said the fond and anxious mother, with tearful eyes, which rested only on the changed countenance of her darling boy.

But Mr. Trelawney was still more highly displeased, and exclaimed,

"No, Mrs. Trelawney, I insist upon your not imploring your son on any such subject ; if he is sensible of his duty, he will perform it without any intercession being considered necessary ; and I beg that he may not be entreated to give an explanation of his proceedings, of which, were he not ashamed, he would instantly disclose. Mr. Fothersgill, you are his tutor, and if you do not know any thing about this business, I must think you either wilfully negligent of your pupil's morals, or shamefully blind to his faults and indiscretions."

To which irritable speech of Mr. Trelawney even the quaint and quiet Fothersgill was at length roused, and he answered him in the following manner :

"Mr. Trelawney, Sir, I stand amazed at your petulance; when

your son's morals are really in danger, it is time enough for you to reprove me; and when I find him really guilty of indiscretions it will be then time for me to correct him. With respect to what uses he may have appropriated his money, Sir, I know *no more* than you do; but this I will boldly attest, that if you had trusted him with the treasure of a golden mine, he would rather exalt than debase himself by your generosity. I have known him to give his last mite to relieve the distresses of the unfortunate; yes, young as he is, thoughtless and volatile as he is considered, he considers the wants of others with more tender compassion and just discrimination, than I have known wiser and older heads to do. Now, Mr. Trelawney, if these are faults in Mr. Tanjore which you wish to have corrected, why you must correct them yourself, Sir, that is all I have to say. You are my patron, and I have ever duly acknowledged and felt grateful for your favors. But when I behold such god-like propensities in a youthful spirited mind, you must not persuade me that they are faults, or that I should falsely attempt to pervert their charming impression; for before I can do that, Mr. Trelawney, I must change my nature altogether; and so I have the honor of wishing you a good morning."

And away stalked Fothersgill out of the room, with a slow and measured step, but returned instantly with a stranger, who had accosted him at the door and said, that he had the most urgent business with Mr. Trelawney, and must speak with him immediately.

Mr. Trelawney expressed some surprise when the stranger, who followed close at the heels of Fothersgill, thus suddenly addressed him,

"I came hither, Sir, in the name of my brother, to offer you his most grateful acknowledgments for the relief which you so compassionately afforded to his unfortunate family during his confinement in a solitary prison, from which, I thank heaven, that he is at last emancipated. His wife, his children, had inevitably perished but for your timely and liberal donation, which. indeed, was conveyed to them through the hands of an unknown friend; but ah, Mr. Trelawney, we know from whose hands it came, you can conceal everything, but the overflowing generosity of your noble soul."

The lips of Trelawney were perfectly sealed with astonishment and surprise during the whole time that the stranger had been speaking, but when he ceased, he exclaimed,

"I should have been extremely happy, Sir, in confessing myself the author of the benefaction to which you allude, but justice bids me positively to disclaim any merit which belongs to another; I was never apprised of your brother's misfortunes, and therefore consequently could not have been the individual who has so generously stept forward to relieve him."

"How, Sir," uttered the stranger, "were you really not the unknown friend who sent the sum of ten pounds to the distressed wife of my brother, and have I not the honor of addressing Mr. Tanjore Trelawney?"

"You are right, Sir, in the name, but not in the person. There is some mistake probably in the business," said Mr. Trelawney, expressing still greater astonishment than before.

"I do not know, Sir," uttered the stranger, "for on one of the enclosed notes there was the name of Tanjore Trelawney written though not legibly, and I think I have now the hand-writing in my possession of the parcel which enclosed the money, on which is written, 'from a friend unknown.'"

"Have the goodness to produce it," uttered Mr. Trelawney.

The stranger immediately took the paper from his pocket-book and gave it into the hands of Mr. Trelawney, who no sooner caught a glance of the well-known characters than he exclaimed, with an agitation he could scarcely conceal,

"You are right, Sir, the gift you received was certainly from Tanjore Trelawney; but it was from the generosity of the son, and not the father! and there is my son, Tanjore Trelawney, who now sits before you."

Oh, ye immortal bards, that soar in the bright regions of sublime fancy, drop but one feather in your flight, that I may dip it in the colors of all creative poesy, to paint the glowing countenance of a fond mother, and the highly transported feelings of a doating father, who unable to utter a single sentence, burst into a flood of tears, and then hurried out of the room, desiring the stranger to follow him, which he immediately did into his study, when Mr. Trelawney, recovering his self-possession, addressed him in the following words,

"Sir, though an entire stranger, you have this day been the means of making me the happiest father in existence, and I beg you

not only to receive the enclosed as a tribute of my gratitude for my now enviable sensations, but an offer of my most sincere and unfeigned thanks;—at the moment of your arrival hither, my son had been receiving a severe reproof, for what I had imagined was due to his thoughtless extravagance, by having expended the whole of the ten pounds which I had given him for pocket money.—Judge of a father's joyful sensations, to find that he has appropriated it to the noblest purposes for which riches were designed; the exercise of humanity!"

The money was a draft on Mr. Trelawney's banker, for the sum of fifty pounds, for which he would not receive the thanks of the stranger, who bowing gratefully, instantly departed from Trelawney's house.

Meanwhile Fothersgill enjoyed the completest triumph he had ever experienced in the course of his life; nor did Mrs. Trelawney fail to tell Lady Honoria of this morning's occurrence, at the earliest opportunity. Notwithstanding which, young Scapegrace continued to transgress, and his father continued to reprove him; which when Fothersgill thought ill-timed or unseasoned generally produced the following quaint sentence,—

"Mr. Trelawney, Sir, I stand amazed at your severity!"

To which Mr. Trelawney would reply,

"What, Fothersgill pleading again for Tanjore, when you know that he is in fault."

"Sir," cried Fothersgill, "I do not consider him any more in fault than when he gave the ten pounds to the stranger in distress."

These words generally put an end to all disputes between Fothesgill and his patron, and Tanjore was immediately restored to favor. He was always in mischief, however; and when he had nothing else to think of, he would frame excuses to steal into the dressing-room of his sisters on purpose to torment them, or teaze Mrs. Pelham, with whom, however he was no small favorite. Sometimes he would attack his eldest sister, Alexina, and scatter the contents of her work-box all over the room; then he would lay siege to Ellen's book of drawing, and run away with one of the most finished heads in the whole collection; but most of all he loved to romp with the little lively Mary, till he managed to tear her frock all to pieces, and then she would exclaim,

"I wish, Tanjore, you would be quiet, and let me alone, see how you have torn my frock, Mrs. Pelham will be so angry, and so will Emma, and though I know you don't care much about Mrs. Pelham, yet when Emma is angry, you are ready to cry."

Emma silently stole a glance at Tanjore at this moment, from beneath the fringe of her dark blue eyes, and perceived that the observation made by little Mary had put his face in scarlet, for he colored deeply while he replied,

"I am sure, Mary, you never saw me do any such thing."

"But indeed I am though," retorted Mary, "and I have heard you sigh so heavily, and look so sadly when Emma was displeased with you; is it not all true now, sister Ellen?"

To which Ellen, who was leaning over her drawing replied, "Nonsense, why do you ask me such questions, Mary; do you think that I have not sufficient employment on my hands without watching Tanjore's or Emma's looks?"

Well, you need not be so cross about it, need she Emma?" cried Mary, and Emma was obliged at last to speak; which she did in the following manner, and with a gravity which was quite unusual with her on other occasions,

"Really, my love, I was so engaged with my work that I have not attended to the one half of what you have been saying."

"What not about my brother Tanjore?" cried Mary, with peculiar archness in her countenance and manner, at which it was almost impossible to resist smiling, and Alexina and Emma both laughed heartily, while Tanjore very busily employed himself in pulling a little silken purse, which belonged to one of his sisters, completely to pieces; and Emma, not without betraying some slight embarrassment, answered,

"Oh yes I have heard you say that Tanjore was sorry when he thought he had offended me, but I am sure he has repeatedly done so without betraying the least symptoms of sorrow and regret; in short he is too volatile to be much concerned about his friends. I do not think he can be serious for ten minutes together."

The silk purse being now completely demolished, Tanjore fixed his eyes full on the countenance of the blushing Emma, while he uttered with a peculiar and even affecting expression,—

"I must contradict your assertion, Emma, when you say that I cannot be serious for five minutes together. You have now made me serious whether I like it or not, by the uncharitable sentiment you have just expressed towards me. I did not imagine such unkindness could have sprung from that fair bosom; however I will not complain of your severity, if you think I have merited it; I shall only bid you remember that a time may come when vou will have more cause to blame my stability and my firm unshaken resolutions, than charge me with levity, fickleness and change. Then, Emma, you will not accuse me of insensibility or apathy towards my friends; and immediately he whisked out of the room, humming the air of 'Away with Melancholy,' that no one could possibly have imagined that he had just uttered so grave a speech as that which he had addressed to his lovely cousin, in whose gentle bosom a sentiment had unconsciously sprung, the nature of which the affrighted timid and apprehensive maid dared not encourage or breathe a thought of, much less enquire into; and long after the departure of Tanjore she remained profoundly silent, without once removing her eyes from her work, fearful that their expression might be discovered, and hardly conscious herself what that expression originated in, she started, however, when William Trelawney entered the room, and, tapping her gently on the cheek, exclaimed,

"'What art thou musing on, meditating maid?'"

To which Emma replied, blushing deeply, which was not unremarked by William,

"I am just now meditating in what manner I am to finish my work."

"Then you must finish it some other time," uttered William, gently removing her work-box, and spreading some beautiful flowers on the table, "for do you know that I am sent to summons you to the drawing room; and you, Alexina, and you, Ellen; for my uncle Henry and aunt Clarendale are come to spend some days with us; and Lucy and Sedley too. As to Lucy you never beheld so enchanting a creature in your life: she is ten times handsomer than ever."

"Ah, brother William, but do you know what you said when Lucy was here before," cried Mary.

"Ah, do tell us, Mary, that's a dear," cried Alexina, laughing most immoderately at the confusion exhibited on the countenance of her brother.

"I am sure I cannot recollect what I said," uttered he; "something about my cousin Lucy, I suppose."

'No, indeed, but it was not, though," cried the laughing Mary, "for it was something about Emma. Papa said that Lucy Clarendale had the prettiest blue eyes in the world, and you said; 'Then I am sure, Sir, you never looked at the eyes of our dear Emma; they are blue, and just like my dear aunt Rebecca's and that is the reason why I prefer Emma's eyes before Lucy Clarendale's. And papa and mamma laughed so after you were gone, you cannot think, brother William; and they said something else, but I am not going to tell you what it was; don't you believe it."

At this moment Mrs. Pelham entered the room, to the no small relief of William Trelawney; and the young ladies retired to dress all but Emma, who, placing William's beautiful nosegay in her fair breast, immediately accompanied William to the drawing-room, where she was presently locked in the embraces of her uncle, aunt, and two cousins; Mr. Henry Clarendale whispering to his beloved sister, as he intently and earnestly surveyed the countenance of his lovely niece,

"What a likeness of our dear Rebecca."

To which Rosa replied,

"I thought you could not fail to remark it. Tell me, Mary, did you ever behold so strong a resemblance of my poor sister."

"Except that I think Emma's hair much darker than her mother's," answered Mrs. Clarendale, "in all else the sweet girl is the perfect counterpart of Rebecca."

At this moment the voice of Tanjore was distinctly heard.

"There is Scapegrace," said Mrs. Clarendale, and smiled; and in he bounced, first saluting his aunt, and then catching Lucy in his arms, whom he almost devoured with kisses;

"Now, aunt, what do you say to that?" uttered he, after he had completely discomposed the fine flowing ringlets of Lucy's hair.

"Why that you are the most boisterous creature in existence," said Mrs. Clarendale, unable to resist laughing at the cunning urchin

look for which Tanjore was remarkable; "but where are the dear girls?—how is my little merry nymph Mary?—how are Mrs. Pelham and Mr. Fothersgill? I must ask all these questions in one breath, because I have so much to say in private to your mother."

"Well, here they all come to answer for themselves," uttered Tanjore.

And Alexina, Ellen and Mary all ran up to their aunt Clarendale, whom they perfectly adored, and were most affectionately saluted by her.

"Dear girls, how you are all grown?" exclaimed Mrs. Clarendale, surveying the fine graceful and elegant figure of Miss Trelawney with unspeakable satisfaction; "oh, may every succeeding year thus be productive of happiness and improvement to you all."

A glistening tear stood in the eyes of Mrs. Clarendale, as she contemplated the lovely group of youthful innocent beings before her, and resting her affectionate looks for a moment on the peculiarly interesting countenance of her beautiful orphan niece, she fancied that it was marked with a pensive character she had never observed in it till the present moment, and which occasioned her to whisper in a low voice to Mrs. Trelawney,

"Has not Emma been well? she is much paler methinks than she used to be."

To which Rosa replied,

"I have thought so myself, but I have fondly enquired into every change that I see marks the countenance of my darling; but she does not complain of the slightest indisposition, and I can only attribute it to the delicacy of her complexion; Rebecca you know always looked pale, except when she blushed, just like Emma."

Mrs. Clarendale made no remark on this observation, but it is certain that some thoughts had intruded themselves on her imagination, which she did not choose to reveal, respecting the altered looks of the lovely Emma, who blushed when Tanjore had suddenly darted into the room, and whose delicate complexion received a much deeper and warmer tint when Tanjore had taken Lucy in his arms and so affectionately embraced her. These were the thoughts which had intruded on the mind of Mrs. Henry Clarendale, and it was too perceptible that William Trelawney doated on the charms of his lovely

cousin, and that his father would probably have no objection to seeing him united to Emma. The discovery just made by no means told a flattering tale of the happiness and future hopes of poor Emma or William Trelawney, as in either case disappointment must ensue.

Mrs. Clarendale, however, kept her own suggestions, (for they were made by no one else,) carefully locked up in the repository of her thoughts, and heartily praying that no unhappiness might occur to her beloved Rosa, or her so dearly and tenderly regarded fostered child, by too early indulged attachments of the heart.

Meanwhile the young people delighted in each other's society on the present occasion, and Mr. Trelawney, during the time of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarendale's stay in the metropolis, exerted himself to procure them a succession of amusements; one or other of the elder parties always accompanying the younger branches to scenes of novelty and pleasure.

One night, however, only Mrs. Pelham and Mr. Fothersgill were deputed to attend the young ladies and gentlemen to one of the theatres, and as Mr. Trelawney had himself a private box in each of the respective houses, there was no danger of mixing in, or of their being annoyed by, improper company; and the carriages being ordered at an early hour, away they sallied forth under the escort of Mr. Fothersgill and Mrs. Pelham.—Miss Trelawney, William, Sedley, Emma, and Mrs. Pelham in one carriage; while Mr. Fothersgill took charge of the younger ones, in another; namely, Tanjore his cousin Lucy, and Ellen and Mary.

Great charge being given to Tanjore by his father, that he should not play off any of his pranks, and reminding him that he was the protector of his sisters and cousin to a place of public amusement, and that he should hold him equally responsible for his conduct as either his elder brother or Mr. Fothersgill, in the care of them.

"What, Sir," said Tanjore, deeply coloring, "do you think that I would permit any insult to be offered with impunity to my sisters or my cousin? No, Sir, I would suffer myself to be torn in pieces first; when I was a boy I always thought how happy I should be when I was old enough to take care of my mother, and this thought has grown up with me from infancy; I always think of my mother when I see a woman insulted, and for her sake, never will I see a woman wronged."

Tanjore, without waiting to hear what his father would advance on this subject, seized the hand of Lucy Clarendale, who was standing next to him, and immediately scampered after his sisters and Fothersgill, who was conducting them to the carriage, which immediately drove from the door; and no sooner was Tanjore out of hearing, than Mr. Clarendale exclaimed,

"Your son Tanjore is altogether one of the finest spirited young fellows in existence; I never saw so promising a youth.—Did you observe the animation and the quick lively intelligence that sparkled in his eyes just now, as they rested on the face of his mother?"

And yet, Henry, you will admit that we are all too partial to him, and are spoiling the boy as fast as possible," said Trelawney, on observing that his mother absolutely dwelt on his perfections with rapture, and was pointing them all out to her friend Mary, as if she had no other child but Tanjore in the world; and Trelawney now gently reproved her,

"My love, you are wrong; indeed, my Rosa, you are quite wrong, in thus yielding to your uncommon fondness for your youngest son; you forget that you have other children equally amiable, and more praiseworthy than your spoiled boy. Can there exist a more noble, a more engaging youth than William Trelawney; and I am proud to say, that more affectionate children than my Alexina and Ellen cannot be; and as to my little poppet Mary, when I say that she strongly reminds me of the amiable being whose name she has the honor to bear, it is needless to enumerate her perfections, or dwell upon her praise."

"Thank you, Sir," said Mrs. Henry Clarendale, "I see that though we are both growing old, you have not forgot to compliment; well, but positively I wont hear a word more about Tanjore, he is a charming fellow, and I have no doubt but, if I was like Rosa, I should spoil him too.—The ten pounds you know; come, come, that was beyond all compare."

"So, my love, you have been telling Mary that too," said Trelawney, and smiled.

"Certainly, she tells me every thing, as you once did, you know, Trelawney," said Mrs. Clarendale, laughing.

"But what do you mean to do with your Sedley, pray. Henry?"

demanded Trelawney; "do you intend that he shall follow any professional pursuit."

Not a clerical one, that I am resolved," answered Mr. Clarendale; "I would not force my boy into any mode of profession to which he has an unconquerable aversion. His grandfather left him five thousand pounds, and I think, from his habits of industry, he may one day acquire the sum of five thousand pounds more."

"I tell you what I will do," said Trelawney, "in a short space of time I intend to send Master Tanjore to travel, and, if I do not accompany him myself, I shall make Fothersgill as my deputy; now, Sedly is remarkably steady, and just such a companion I should like for my son, for the gravity of the one will correct the impetuosity of the other. Have you any objection to Sedley being the companion of his cousin's travels?"

"Ask his mother," cried Mr. Clarendale, "for my own part I would not reasonably object to any proposition which is at all likely to prove beneficial to my son."

"I have only one slight objection," answered Mrs. Clarendale.

'And what is that, Mary?" said Trelawney.

'The great expences which would naturally attend on such an expedition," replied she.

"Which will not cost you one penny," said Trelawney; "give me Sedley for two years, and in the meantime I will give Lucy the sum of five thousand pounds to buy her a husband; what say you now, Mary, to my plan?"

The astonishment of Mrs. Clarendale was as great as that of her husband's; but Trelawney would not permit her to offer any acknowledgment of thanks; and we will leave them enjoying the most rapturous sensations, resulting from the generosity of Trelawney, while we take a peep at the youthful, happy and delighted party then proceeding rapidly to the scene of novelty, pleasure and amusement at the doors of the theatre.

CHAPTER IV.

"Gentle girl, if thou wilt be my love,
I will advance thee high;
I'll grace thee with a chaplet made of pearl,
Set with choice rubies, sparks and diamonds, plant
Upon a velvet hood to hide that head,
Wherein two sapphires burn like sparkling fire;
This will I do, fair Bettris, and far more,
If thou wilt love the Lord of Doncaster."

The bill of fare which was presented for the evening's amusement to an uncommonly brilliant and crowded audience, was that of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, and the after-piece a musical one, in which most of the vocal performers of celebrity appeared; and our youthful party with their sage conductors, (Mrs. Pelham and Mr. Fothersgill) met with no interruption in alighting from their respective carriages, nor on proceeding in their way to Mr. Trelawney's private box, except that all eyes were directed to an assemblage of so much youthful beauty which was guarded indeed, like "the Hesperian Fruit," but not by objects of a very formidable or terrific appearance, for the graceful and elegant forms both of William and Tanjore Trelawney attracted universal admiration as they conducted their lovely smiling sisters and cousins to the entrance of the box, in the front seats of which Mrs. Pelham placed the lovely Lucy Clarendale, as being the greatest stranger, and Ellen and her younger sister, while she occupied the centre of the second row herself, with Emma on one side, and Miss Trelawney on the other, and the third and fourth row contained Mr. Fothersgill and the three young gentlemen, Tanjore having stationed himself next to the door, as he could not bear confinement, not even during the intervals of the performance, his eyes being in all directions and his ears too; for he presently listened to the following dialogue between two ladies, an elder and a younger one, who sat in the next box, and who, though

unattended, were of the most respectable appearance, and that was immediately after Miss ——— had made her *exit* in the character of Ophelia, which was performed indeed with her usual *eclat*, but by no means with her usual sweetness; there was a vein of affectation, and a total want of conception of the character as drawn by the Immortal Bard, which called forth the severest animadversions from the two ladies; the younger exclaimed,

"Well, I shall never be solicitous to behold a specimen of the abilities of Miss —— in that character again; how shockingly she has represented it."

To which her companion replied,

"Mis-represented it, you mean, my dear; for there is certainly no representations at all in the business. I positively never beheld any thing half so contemptible, no, not even in a barn. But what does it signify; she is Miss ——; she has got a great name, and the world thinks her a great creature; but she should stick to her line, for it is evident and plain enough to be perceived, that she knows as little of the language of Shakspeare as I do were I to attempt to warble out the notes of Catalini."

"I own she does not appear to understand the meaning of her author," cried the younger female critic, "but do you know, madam, that I am told Miss —— is both good natured and liberal."

"Then I can assure you that the report is erroneous," answered the old lady, "she is neither the one nor the other; for her good-nature, as it is called approaches nearer to idiotism than to any thing else, and her liberality extends no further than ostentation. To real and genuine good nature she has no pretensions, and with private acts of kindness, and benevolence to individuals, she is totally unacquainted."

As the overture to the after-piece was just commencing, here the conversation ended, and the attention of Tanjore Trelawney was directed to another quarter,—two sparks of fashionable notoriety having just entered, to annoy, but certainly not to gratify the audience, by their loud whispers and their ridiculous unmeaning gestures and remarks, which they intended should pass off for genuine wit and humor, but for which it was morally impossible that they could ever be mistaken.

"What devilish pretty girls there are in that box," cried one of

them, to his companion, who immediately levelled his glass at the face of the lovely Emma and the elegant figure of Miss Trelawney, notwithstanding the evident looks of disgust and displeasure with which they continued to be regarded by Mrs. Pelham, or the threatening glance which shot indignant from the eyes of Tanjore, as he surveyed the dandy-like appearance of these amiable and delectable sprigs of fashion.

Unfortunately, however, their eyes were not only attracted by the beauty of the lovely girls, but had rested on the exceedingly grotesque figure of Fothersgill, who in a curious cut drab-colored coat, and a vest of no very modern date, had put on as curious a shaped hat, to prevent the effects of cold, which as it did not intercept any person from a sight of the performance, he had been permitted to wear during the whole of the evening, and to which he had added, a pair of green spectacles, the *tout ensemble*, therefore, of the quaint tutor's appearance was sufficient to excite the risibility of persons even less disposed to riotous mirth than the two fashionable dandies, who, at the expense of Fothersgill, now heartily indulged in repeated roars of laughter, notwithstanding that silence had more than once, been imperatively called for, from several parts of the house; a demand with which these fashionable gentleman seemed in no humor to comply.

Meanwhile Tanjore was by no means an inactive personage, his blood had already mounted to his cheeks, and his eyes had shot forth the most peculiar glances of disdain, while he fiercely whispered in the ears of the petrified Fothersgill,—

"If those puppies presume to laugh at you again, Fothersgill, I will knock them down."

To which the alarmed tutor replied,—

"My God, Mr. Tanjore, I stand amazed at your temerity. Consider where you are, and be quiet I implore you. As to those foolish boys, I dont mind them in the least, I assure you, sit still, that's a good soul, now pray do, and to please you I will just take off my spectacles and give them one of my broad looks."

"And if that won't do, they shall presently have one of my broad hints, and that won't be a very gentle one, I promise you," cried Tanjore, looking disdainfully towards them.

By this time the tutor had not only taken off his spectacles, but

his square little hat, and a burst of loud and immoderate laughter from one of the fashionable sparks immediately followed.

It was then that the indignation even of Fothersgill himself was roused to some degree of retort, and stepping up to the side of the box, he exclaimed, with a quiet, quaint, but contemptuous expression.

"Pray, young gentlemen, in what school may you have acquired such specimens of good-breeding."

"I will tell you, my old boy," returned one of them, "if you will inform me whereabouts you manufactured your queer little hat."

"And also recommend me to your tailor, my old one, will you," cried his companion, "rat me, if the cut of that coat is not admirable."

To which Fothersgill sharply replied,—

"And I believe, gentlemen, if I was to trouble myself to do that, that neither the hatter or the tailor would thank me for the compliment, or consider themselves much benifitted by the honor of your custom."

Foth ersgill having said this, marched back to his seat and quietly sat himself down again, and here the affair would probably have ended; but as the curtain had dropt at the conclusion of the first act, when Fothersgill had addressed this conversation to the young sparks whose impudent and daring effrontery to the old gentleman had several times attracted the attention of many personages who had sat near them, and who now enjoyed the retort made so spiritedly by the tutor, they received a cheek to their ill-seasoned pleasantry which they by no means expected, and were now fully bent on revenging the pretended affront which their consequence had sustained, by breeding a disturbance in the house, or to use a more appropriate term for these gentlemen, by having a spree. One of them, therefore, immediately came over to Fothersgill, and brandishing his dandy cane in a threatening position exclaimed,—

"Quiz me, old boy, but I shall call you to account for what you have just asserted; you have made an attack on our honor as gentlemen, and rat me if I don't make you pay for it, unless, indeed, that one of those lovely girls would condescend to intercede for you."

William Trelawney, Sedley Clarendale, and Tanjore, now all rose from their seats, and were immediately up in arms to resent the affront put upon Fothersgill; while Mrs. Pelham exceedingly alarmed, requested that the carriages might be ordered immediately to

leave the theatre, which was now beginning from the altercation which had ensued, to be extremely disagreeable to the situation of her beauteous charges. Miss Trelawney and Emma both joining their entreaties, that their brothers would not involve themselves in a quarrel with utter strangers, who might take every advantage of their situation, or of any unguarded expression which might in a moment of involuntary resentment, escape from their lips; but the wild impetuous Tanjore would hear nothing, but springing forward, he pushed his brother and Fothersgill on one side, and darting a look of fury at the fashionable spark, addressed him in the following manner,—

"If you don't immediately get out of this box, Sir, which is the private property of my father, I will knock you down with one hand and lay your companion flat with the other. As to these ladies, I have to apprise you that in the first place, they are my sisters; and in the next, that I will shake any man into atoms who dares to offer them an insult. The old gentleman in the drab colored coat is also under my protection; he is my tutor, and I owe him a respect which will not permit me quietly to see any affront or injury shown to him; therefore, you will be pleased to take the hint I have just given you, either quit this box by fair means, or I will make you by force, that is all I have to say in the business," and Tanjore opening wide the box door, the completely abashed, cowardly and disappointed sprig of dandyism walked out, followed by his silent companion, and as they did not return to their box again, it was very naturally supposed that they had paired off together, heartily glad that they had sneaked out with a whole skin from the little hero, who, though not very formidable in his appearance, either in bulk or stature, had manifested a spirit and courage which they would have been very sorry to have come in contact with.

All eyes, however, as well as all ears had been directed to Mr. Trelawney's box, from whence the scene of confusion proceeded, and the spirited conduct of the young hero, as they styled him, was most enthusiastically applauded, especially by that part of the audience which consisted of many lovely and well dressed females.

Meanwhile order and harmony being once more restored, Tanjore had stationed himself behind his grateful and highly gratified tutor,

who surveying his fine expressive and animated countenance with the most unspeakable satisfaction, softly whispered,—

Dear Mr. Tanjore, though I stand amazed at your temerity, yet my heart feels and acknowledges your uncommon excellence of disposition; you have faults, but they always yield to noble propensities. What a lesson have you given this night to the puppies of the age! God bless you, God bless you, Mr. Tanjore: I shall say no more, but I shall think the more of you, you may depend upon it."

To which Tanjore replied, laughing,—

"I wish, Fothersgill, that the next time you favor us with your company to the theatre, you will leave that deuced little queer hat at home; I have been looking at it this half hour, and upon my soul, it is enough to excite risibility, if one was disposed to be ever so grave."

"Well, well, I will leave off that and my drab-colored coat too, to please you," cried the delighted tutor; "though, I assure you, that they are both exceedingly well made, Mr. Tanjore. When your sister Mary was born, I paid Mrs. Trelawney the compliment of putting on my drab-colored coat, which was then quite new, and it is somewhat of a favorite yet, still I will put it aside to please you."

"That's a good fellow," uttered Tanjore, at the same moment he perceived the eyes of an elegant, well-drest man of fashion, who sat exactly opposite to them, in a superb box, fixed on the blushing countenance of his eldest sister; and tapping the lovely girl on the shoulder, he softly remarked, not heard by Mrs. Pelhrm,—

"I verily protest, Alexina, that you have been making a conquest this evening; do you observe your opposite neighbor? he has never removed his eyes once from our box ever since he came into the theatre; and it is either Emma or you at whom he is so intently looking."

To which Miss Trelawney replied, but certainly not without a blush of the deepest dye overspreading her fair cheek,—

"Then I am sure it must be Emma who has so deeply engaged his attention. Every body looks at Emma, you know, with admiration."

"All but Tanjore Trelawney," cried the now blushing and embarrassed Emma, in so low and faultering a voice, and with a manner so dejected, that it reached no ear but that to which it was ad-

dressed, and penetrated no heart, save his alone, which now beat with the most tumultuous emotion; and perceiving that his brother and Sedley Clarendale were at that moment deeply engaged in conversation with Fothersgill, on the merits of the performance they had just witnessed, he contrived to press the hand of Emma with a fervor which at that moment he was unconscious of, while he softly whispered,

"You do not know, Emma, how often I do look at you, and how often I am then obliged to conceal sensations which ill deserve the unmerited reproach you have just given me. Ah, Emma, I am only too conscious of your perfections! spare me then a further trial of my feelings, for did you know how sufficiently they are already tortured on your account, and on that of another, whose name I will not mention, you would not add to the sufferings I endure."

On these words, Tanjore immediately quitted the side of Emma, and took his old station beside of Fothersgill, resuming his usual air of gaiety, till the curtain dropped at the conclusion of the performances; but the agitation of the lovely Emma was too perceptible on her countenance to escape the notice even of Mrs. Pelham, who was not very observant on these occasions, and she exclaimed, as William stept forward to conduct them to the carriage,

"My dear Miss Bradbury, what is the matter with you? I never saw you look so pale. Well, I protest I am heartily glad that the evening's amusements have concluded, I assure you, without some disagreeable business resulting from the conduct of those extremely ridiculous and ill-bred young men;—what a bore they have been to us, have not they, my dear loves? Miss Clarendale, you look fatigued, my sweet little Mary, too, was frightened out her wits."

"Oh, yes, indeed, Mrs. Pelham, I was so alarmed, you cannot think," cried the sweet girl, "not for myself, but for my brother Tanjore, I was so afraid that they would beat my brother Tanjore, but my cousin Lucy kept up my spirits all the while they staid in the box, did not you, Lucy? and you said that my brother Tanjore had courage enough to fight twenty such baby men, did not you, Lucy? But then, you know, Mrs. Pelham, it was all owing to Mr. Fothersgill's queer little hat. Lucy, you said you could hardly help laughing yourself, at the strange figure of Mr. Fothersgill."

"Mary, how can you say any such thing?" said Lucy Clarendale, deeply blushing on perceiving Mrs. Pelham was by no means pleased with any ludicrous observation being made on Mr. Fothersgill; and she replied, somewhat in a grave tone, to the smiling little chatterer though not overheard by any of the party,

"My dear I cannot suppose that your cousin, Miss Lucy Clarendale, who is old enough to know better, would encourage you in so gross and glaring a departure from good manners; it is excessively rude to laugh at any one, let their appearance be ever so singular; you may laugh with them, but not at them. And I hope, my dear Miss Mary, you will in future recollect that your brother's tutor is not a proper object for your derision."

To which the little abashed, blushing Mary replied,

"Indeed, Mrs. Pelham, I am very sorry that you have had occasion to reprove me;—I will never do it again; for when I see Mr. Fothersgill put on his little queer hat, I will always go away, and have my laugh out by myself, and then nobody will see that I am guilty of ill-manners."

The *naivete* with which this was said by the little offender, completely sealed her pardon; as it was impossible not to love and admire the affectionate disposition of this fascinating little creature; and the whole party being now ranged in the carriages, in the same order that they were before, they proceeded at a very rapid pace towards Berkeley Square; Emma answering all the enquiries which were made to her by her fond and affectionate aunt, when they reached home, by saying that she felt the effects of a most violent head-ache, the whole time that she had been at the theatre.

To which Mrs. Trelawney, taking her hand, with an air of the tenderest expression, exclaimed,

"But, my dearest love, why did you not tell Mrs. Pelham? I am very certain she would not have wished you to stay a moment longer than was agreeable to your own feelings."

"No, indeed, I would not, Miss Bradbury," said Mrs. Pelham; "but you know, my love, I never heard you once complain of this *intolerable* head-ache the whole time of our witnessing the performances, so that I had not the least idea of your being uncomfortable. When we were coming away, I then observed to Miss Trelawney,

that I thought you looked pale, and told you of it; but still you did not say that you were unwell."

"Ah, but it was not till my brother Tanjore was going to quarrel with the two gentlemen, that Emma began to turn so pale, Mrs. Pelham," cried little Mary, with a look of arch cunning in her round gipsey face, which at any other time would have forced a smile from Mr. and Mrs. Trelawney, but which now had a very contrary effect on their feelings, as they rested their eyes on the face of Emma, whose cheeks were immediately suffused with a colour which far exceeded the brightest tints of the rose, and then immediately faded to the paler hue of the lily. Fortunately, however, for this lovely and too susceptible girl, neither Tanjore nor William were at this moment present; and the alarm in which she was thrown, by the apprehension of a serious quarrel taking place between her cousin and the fashionable dandies, was given to her uncle and aunt as the cause of her fears, and served this once as a pretext for the emotion she now betrayed; and she had greatly recovered from her embarrassment when William and Tanjore again returned to the supper table, Fothersgill and Mrs. Pelham having, in their short absence, explained the whole of the affair which had passed at the theatre to Mr. Trelawney, together with the heroic and spirited conduct of Mr. Tanjore Trelawney; at which Mr. Trelawney, expressing his full approbation of the manner in which his son had acted, exclaimed

"On any other occasion, Tanjore, I should certainly have condemned your too incautious haste, in addressing personages of this description, with whose characters and principles you are totally unacquainted, and with whom it is excessively dangerous, as well as disgraceful to enter into any dispute; but after what Fothersgill and Mrs. Pelham have just related, I must admit that you had a very sufficient plea to attack them, on the side of the defenceless, and resent the impropriety and folly of their conduct."

Mr. Trelawney then turned towards Fothersgill, and smiled, while he uttered in great pleasantry,

"And so, Fothersgill, your queer little hat and drab-colored coat were a fund of amusement to the dandy beaux! Well, I really must positively confess, that the hat (to use their phrase) is the queerest little hat that I ever saw; and the drab-colored coat is altogether a

him in any other light than that which so lately had began to banish peace from her gentle bosom; but to do this was no easy matter, till she worked herself up to something like a momentary resentment for the double meaning which his words contained; for it was evident that Tanjore, even if he really loved, repented that his heart had yielded to this impression, or why did he wish to conceal it: Was it then thought a crime in the eyes of Tanjore, to acknowledge the sentiments she had inspired? which if honorable, he need not blush to own.

"If then," reflected Emma, "he is so fearful of confessing a passion which he feels reluctant to encourage the approaches of, shall not Emma be equally tenacious?—yes, he shall see that I can banish the intruder from my bosom as well as he, nor will I listen again to his dangerous and insidious speeches, uttered perhaps only in boyish vanity, because he has lately discovered some weakness in my manner towards him, of which he is disposed to take advantage; meanwhile he plainly tells me that he wishes to conceal it; but no, no, Tanjore this will never do for Emma;—if ever I love, and am beloved, the object that is so dear to this throbbing heart shall neither blush nor fear to own it,—till then adieu. Cousin Tanjore, you shall find that Emma is not to be the sport of your trifling and inconstant mind."

These were certainly not the most generous reflections that could be made on the conduct of Tanjore Trelawney, and by such an amiable character as the lovely Emma; but let it be observed, that Emma inherited all the prudence of her mother's disposition; she shrunk from the least shadow of impropriety, as the sensitive plant shrinks from the touch of the bold aspiring hand; it was just the way that Rebecca herself would have acted, and the only way which under existing circumstances, that Emma could adopt, to hide the secret of her own heart, the weakness of which she resolutely and prudently resolved if she could not conquer, at least to put under the government of the strictest propriety and delicacy. Nor was Emma by any means a stranger to that name which Tanjore was so unwilling to repeat, she well knew that it was his brother whom he alluded to, and that William passionately loved her; nor was she unconscious that his passion was not regarded by her uncle and aunt

with the slightest mark of disapprobation, but on the contrary, there were many instances which had lately occurred, which had given her reason to suppose that her dear aunt would have no objection to her forming an attachment with her cousin William, provided it was correspondent with the feelings of her own heart; nor was Emma blind to the perfections of the accomplished and amiable William, whom it was impossible not to esteem, to respect, to admire; but she felt that it was very possible not to love him with that tender, soft, enchanting passion that she regarded his too seducing and bewitching brother; in fact, Emma felt love, in all its sweet and painful variety, for Tanjore; and cherished friendship the most sacred and pure, while it was firm and lasting, for William.

Under the influence of these reflections, Emma arose from her sleepless pillow, having, as was her usual custom, implored of her Heavenly Father, that protection of her helpless and inexperienced heart, which to those who fervently rely on the dictates of his unerring wisdom is never asked or solicited in vain.

Emma, young as she was, had been taught this impressive lesson from the lips of her grandsire, Mr. Clarendale, nor was the scene which had been exhibited to her youthful mind in the chamber of her dying mother forgotten in her retentive memory;—she had recollected all that had passed there, and what had been remarked in her days of childhood that she would be as prudent and as amiable as Rebecca.

"And shall I disappoint this prophecy of my most dear and respected friends," uttered she, as she entered the dressing-room of Mrs. Pelham, with a calm, sedate and tranquil air, "shall I prove myself unworthy of being thought the daughter of such a woman as my mother. Oh, gracious heaven, forbid that any thought or action of mine should disgrace the memory of my sainted mother."

Whether these words were overheard by any person in an adjoining apartment, as Emma walked with a slow and measured step along the corridor which led to the dressing-room of Mrs. Pelham, cannot be precisely ascertained; but certain it was that Emma was startled by a deep and profound sigh, but from whence or from whom it had proceeded, was a point which it was impossible to determine.

Trifling as this incident was, however, it had completely paled the rose on Emma's blooming cheek, and when she made her appearance to Mrs. Pelham, that lady involuntarily exclaimed,

"My dear girl, what has alarmed you? something has, I am certain, or you would not look thus disordered.—Sit down, dearest Miss Bradbury, and compose yourself; I would not have Mrs. Trelawney see you for the universe."

Emma did sit down in the first chair she could find, but recollecting that by repeating the cause of her terror, she would only expose herself to the laughter and ridicule of her cousins, she remained silent; while the little prattling Mary ran towards her, and kissed her pale cheek.

"Dear Emma," cried the affectionate little creature, "how white you do look; I dare say that you have been frightened by brother Tanjore's pointer. Brother Tanjore delights to frighten one always with that nasty ugly dog.

To which Emma, greatly recovered, smilingly replied

"My dear, I really have neither heard nor seen your brother Tanjore's dog."

"Well, I am glad of that," said Mary; "then pray, Emma, what makes you look so sadly?"

"Perhaps Miss Bradbury does not feel quite well," said Mrs. Pelham, "and in that case, I wish, my dear Miss Mary, that you would sit down and be quiet, and not torment her."

"Do I torment you, dear Emma," said Mary, obeying the commands of her preceptress. though with a very ill grace.

"No, my love," answered Emma, "but I am really not very well, as Mrs. Pelham has very kindly observed, and had much rather be left to my own reflections, than enter into conversation, for which I feel too low-spirited."

Mary was now profoundly silent, but her downcast looks very plainly bespoke that she was not very well pleased either with Mrs. Pelham or her cousin Emma; and after having worked a little at her netting, she suddenly exclaimed,

"I wish mamma would take us out to-day. May I be permitted to ask her, Mrs. Pelham."

To which the preceptress gravely replied,

"No, my love, I do not wish you to do any such thing. I must positively request that you will attend to your studies; you do not recollect how rapidly time flies, and I would have you make the most of it, my dear Miss Mary, while you are yet young, youth is the most proper season for improvement."

The little round, though sparkling eyes of Mary now exhibited an expression of the most cunning archness, at which it was almost impossible to help smiling, and fixing her intelligent countenance full on the face of Mrs. Pelham, she exclaimed,

"Then what does the song mean when it says,

Youth's the season made for joy;"

which papa often sings, and bids me play it to him, Mrs. Pelham, yet I can never make papa tell me the meaning of it.

Mrs. Pelham was now seized with such an immoderate fit of laughter that she found it difficult to reply to the young enquirer in a manner that she thought was appropriate to the question she had just asked, in which Emma could not help joining, while she uttered,

"Oh, Mary, you are the drollest little creature in existence;" and at this moment the Miss Trelawneys and Miss Lucy Clarendale entered the room.

It had always been a customary rule for the young ladies to breakfast in the apartments of Mrs. Pelham, in order that they might go to their studies immediately afterwards; but they were always expected to dine at the table of their father; on no account would Mr. Trelawney permit his family to be absent, as he very properly considered that there they would acquire that easy polish of good-breeding, which in witnessing the manners of exalted personages of rank and fashion, they would consequently afterwards themselves adopt.

And it was not unfrequently that after Mrs. Pelham and her lovely pupils had breakfasted, that Mr. and Mrs. Trelawney honored her apartments with a visit, where they would usually stay for an hour or two, to view the progress which their children had made in their respective studies and accomplishments. The result of which was

that they were more emulous of improvement, as Mrs. Trelawney always gave a prize to the young candidates, whenever she was informed by their preceptress that they merited such marks of encouragement. Was this laudable system more adopted by *fashionable parents*, were they more frequently to inspect the education of their offspring, instead of leaving them wholly to the management of those whom they place about them, many failings, and even vices, of the present age might be spared instead of being handed down to posterity, as they too frequently are, from one generation to another.

Sometimes, however, Mrs. Pelham's visitants consisted only of Messrs. William and Tanjore Trelawney, who, leaving Fothersgill to his meditations and favorite folios, would contrive to steal to the apartment of Mrs. Pelham, some few hours before dinner, to enjoy a little chit-chat with their lovely sisters, which they could not do without some little reserve in the presence of Mr. Trelawney.

Mrs. Pelham was not surprised, therefore, when a gentle tap announced their approach the morning after they had visited the theatre with the additional company of Sedley Clarendale, who exclaimed on his entrance,—

"You must pardon an intruder, Mrs. Pelham, who would never have had the temerity to venture here, but for the assurance given me by my cousins, that you would kindly receive me."

To which Mrs. Pelham replied,—

"Indeed, Mr. Sedley, I cannot consider you an intruder in the slightest degree; I am, on the contrary highly honored by the pleasure of your company, pray be seated, I beg of you."

Sedley now took a seat next to Mrs. Pelham, and while William stole to the side of Emma, Tanjore had already began his usual sports and was romping with his sister Mary, all over the room.

The young ladies had all began their several occupations,—Miss Trelawney was at her harp; Ellen at her drawing; Emma at her work, and Mary was assisting her cousin Lucy to wind up some silk.

Meanwhile Mrs. Pelham had taken up a favorite author, and was just going to read aloud, for the amusement of her pupils, when they were thus suddenly surprised by their unexpected visiters.

Emma did not once raise her eyes towards Tanjore, though he had several times looked over her shoulder, while she continued work-

ing, but when William addressed her, and kindly enquired after her health, she turned her lovely blue eyes full upon him, and in a gentle softened voice replied,—

"I am much better than I was last night, I thank you, William," and instantly resumed her work.

The cheeks of Tanjore, at this marked preference shewn by Emma to the attentions of his brother, at a moment when he had not been able to obtain one glance, reddened like scarlet; but he appeared to check the impression which her coolness made upon his feelings, by yielding to sudden fits of the most immoderate gaiety, nor did he cease romping with Mary, till according to custom, he had done considerable damage to her muslin frock, and she exclaimed,

"There now, brother Tanjore, look what you have done to my frock; indeed, Mrs. Pelham, I told him that he would tear it, and so he has, only see."

"For shame, Tanjore," cried Miss Trelawney, "I wish you would find some better amusement than in tearing Mary's frocks; I protest, she has scarcely a frock on which you have not left your coat of arms."

"I wish, Alexina, you would mind your own business," answered Tanjore, a little piqued; "there is Mrs. Pelham, I will go and talk to her, and have nothing to say to any of you."

Mrs. Pelham very soon perceived that something had put her young favorite a little out of sorts, for to say out of humor Tanjore never was, and she determined to exert the best of her abilities to restore him to his usual brilliancy, and spirit; and she answered,—

"Ah, do so, Mr. Tanjore, and leave those naughty girls to themselves. Miss Mary, you had better finish winding up Miss Clarendale's silk."

"Brother Tanjore, will you give it to me," cried Mary, looking archly at her brother.

"Give you what," answered Tanjore, pettishly.

"Why Lucy's silk that you have got in your pocket," cried Mary, laughing most immoderately.

"I thought that my father gave you a pretty good lesson on the subject of laughter, last night, Miss Mary," retorted Tanjore.

"Yes, but he did not say that I might not laugh at you," cried Ma-

ry, "and who can help it? there is my cousin Lucy's silk sticking out at one of your pockets, and Emma's gloves hanging at the other."

A burst of laughter now immediately succeeded from the whole party, which was a climax to the already mortified feelings of poor Tanjore, who now exhibiting the most evident marks of confusion, indignantly exclaimed,—

"Emma's gloves, what have I to do with her gloves?" and he threw them on the table with a highly offended air, "this is some of your tricks, Mary, and if I ever catch you making fool of me in this manner again, why remember that I shall be inclined to treat you with more severity than I do now," and to the astonishment of all present, Tanjore immediately made a sudden retreat from the apartments of Mrs. Pelham, who gently reprimanded the lively Mary for taking any ridiculous liberty to render her brother an object of raillery

"You see, my love, that he is seriously offended with you," cried Mrs. Pelham; "indeed, it was very foolish of you to put Miss Bradbury's gloves in your brother's pocket."

Mary reddened, and almost shed tears, while she exclaimed,—

"Indeed, Mrs. Pelham, I would scorn to tell you an untruth, but it was not me who took Emma's gloves out of the drawer.'

"Then who did?" demanded Mrs. Pelham.

"It was my brother Tanjore himself," replied Mary, and more than that he——" Mary at this moment some how or other caught the eye of Emma, and made a full stop; while Emma arose and quietly taking her gloves and replacing them in the drawer, mildly uttered,

"It is nonsense of Tanjore to quarrel with his sister about such trifles; I am sure that neither the gloves nor the wearer of them, are of such consequence as to produce so close an investigation as to the propriety of whoever removed them from the drawer, and whether it was Tanjore, or whether it was Mary, is not of the slightest moment to me."

This settled the business at once, no more was said by the party about either the gloves or Tanjore, who in a few moments returned, as if nothing had occurred to have given him displeasure; his spirits were even increased to a pitch of hilarity, and he entered into the most lively conversation with Mrs. Pelham; now and then, however, giving a sly glance at Mary, whose little pouting lip and downcast look

proclaimed that she had by no means relished the rebuke she had received from him.

"I wish, Mrs. Pelham, you would tell us some of your entertaining stories," cried Tanjore.

"Me, Mr. Tanjore," answered Mrs Pelham, "I protest, that I was never entertaining in my life."

"Ah do not say that dear Madam," uttered Sedley Clarendale, "for you once entertained the whole world, when you were an authoress."

"And that is precisely what I should like to be," cried Tanjore; "oh, I should glory in being an author, how delightful to soar in the regions of fancy, to live in the clouds!"

"And if you were an author, it is very likely that you would be permited to live there as long as you chose, Mr. Tanjore," cried Mrs. Pelham, laughing, "from the little probability you would have of existing any where else."

"But, Mrs. Pelham, did you not feel delighted when you used to sit whole nights over your compositions?" resumed Tanjore.

"Wasting the midnight taper and my own thoughts together, very delighted, Mr. Tanjore," cried Mrs. Pelham, "to be greeted in the morning by some surly publisher, with the flattering salutation of,—"Your book wont do, ma'am; I have had no time to look at it; but it wont answer my purpose, it is not the kind of book I want;" and other observations, Mr. Tanjore, equally pleasant and gratifying to the feelings of an author; say, is not this delightful, is not this charming when you have expended whole days, whole nights, whole months, on the composition?"

"Why really Mrs. Pelham, it is a most mortifying reflection," answered Tanjore, "but still I should like to hear some of your more fortunate encounters in journeying over the mountain of Parnassus, you did not always encounter difficulty, did you Mrs, Pelham?"

To which she answered, suppressing a deep and painful sigh,—

"It was my misfortune, Mr. Tanjore, to encounter nothing else. I did not, indeed, expect to find roses without thorns; but some of those have pierced my heart too deeply ever to be forgotten."

At this moment a gentle tap announced the approach of a visitor at the door of Mrs. Pelham, and one they least expected to see at this early time of the day, in the person of Mr. Trelawney.

CHAPTER V.

"I am not enamoured of this painted idol,
"This strumpet world; for her most beauteous looks
"Are poison'd baits, hung upon golden hooks.
"When fools do swim in wealth, her Cynthian beams
"Will wantonly dance on the silver streams;
"But when this squint-eyed age sees virtue poor,
"And by a little spark, sit shivering,
"Begging of all,—reliev'd at no man's door,
"She smiles on her, as the sun shines on fire,
"To kill that little heat; and with her frowns
"Is proud that she can tread poor virtue down,—
"Therefore, her wrinkl'd brow makes not mine sour,
"Her gifts are toys, and I deride them."

"Let me not be the means of any interruption to good company," cried Mr. Trelawney, with one of those warm breathing smiles of native benevolence with which his fine intelligent and expressive countenance was almost always animated, as he viewed with unspeakable delight and satisfaction, his group of lovely and amiable children, and as they had all respectfully arisen at his entrance, and Mrs. Pelham still remained standing, he instantly desired that they would resume their seats, gently forcing Mrs. Pelham into the chair she had just quitted, and taking a seat without further ceremony close beside her.

Still there was an expression on the countenance of Mr. Trelawney that was unusual, for in a few minutes it partook in some degree of sadness, as he communicated the following intelligence with a manner which was peculiarly affecting to the youthful party.

"My dear children," uttered he, "you well know there is nothing can add more to my own pleasures and comforts than to see you happy with yourselves, nor can any thing diminish those pleasures more than in beholding you the reverse; but at this moment we must all participate in the general concern, because it is material-

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Lady Jaen Campbell.

ly connected with the dearest interest of those who are the objects of our esteem and veneration,—our dear and highly respected friend, Lady Honoria Belmont has this morning received some communication from Scotland, the nature of which has nearly overwhelmed her with affliction; in fact, the lovely and amiable Jean, her Grace the Duchess of Belmont, is no more; she departed this life under the attack of a sudden and severe indisposition, and the whole family are now under the impression of the most deep and heart-wounding sorrow and regret; nor do I wonder at it, when I consider the almost unrivalled excellence of the being who is so suddenly lost to them forever.

"The name of Lady Jean Campbell was sainted in the memory of Scotland, and she is now sepulchred in the hearts of her brave countrymen, who will never cease to moisten her remains with the tear of affection, which sympathy has drawn from their bosoms.

"Caledonian friendship resembles the constancy of the ivy, which clings to the oak, which it never forsakes; in the rough tempest it is still firm and unshaken, as in summer sun it smiles to the opening breath of morning, yet will it not leave the shade that has so kindly protected it; and when the rude blast rumbles o'er its leaves,—yet, it clings fast to the faithful bosom, in whom it knows no change, nor is not torn from thence till death dissolves the concentrated union, which nought else had power to render perishable or frail."

This affecting apostrophe to the memory of the amiable Duchess, whom they had all known and admired, was not lost on the children of Mr. Trelawney, not one of whom but was presently melted into tears; nor was the sensibility of Mrs. Pelham less excited, as she well knew how dear the lovely Duchess had ever been to the heart of her benefactress; and poor little Mary, sobbing aloud, exclaimed,

"Oh, papa, how sorry I am for Lady Jean; how sadly she will grieve for her dear mamma, though the Duchess of Belmont was so kind and good to every body, that I dare say she was soon carried up to heaven, and is now made an angel—don't you think so papa?"

"Yes, my love," answered Mr. Trelawney, regarding the youthful prattler with inexpressible tenderness; "there is indeed little doubt but that the amiable Duchess now for ever dwells with angels."

He then turned to Mrs. Pelham, who still held her handkerchief to her eyes, and informed her that she would be pleased to get herself in readiness to attend the summons of Lady Honoria, who was desirous of seeing her in this moment, so trying and afflicting to her feelings, adding,

"Mrs. Trelawney is already gone to condole with her suffering friend; and when the carriage returns, Mrs. Pelham, it shall convey you to Belmont Lodge. 'Tis unfortunate, however, for Mrs. Trelawney to be absent from home on this day, as I had previously invited Lord Wyndham here to dinner, and the hour being late, I cannot send in time to prevent his Lordship coming. We must, therefore, arrange matters as well as circumstances will admit of; and though it is exceedingly painful to my feelings to see company at this juncture, I know not consistently how to avoid it on the present occasion. Emma, I am now going to request a favor of you, my dear girl, and hope you will not refuse me."

A favor, and from Emma, dear uncle!" said the blushing girl, with surprise and astonishment alternately blended in each lovely feature; "you have only to impose commands upon Emma, and doubt not but they will always be most cheerfully obeyed."

"It is not commands, my dearest creature, that I am going to solicit on your gentle nature," uttered Mr. Trelawney, viewing a countenance which at this moment shone with all the mild and beautiful expression of her mother, and now more than ever recalled to his mind's eye the image of the long sainted Rebecca; "it is only a request, a simple request, that in the absence of your aunt you will this day sit at the head of my table. Your aunt Clarendale has positively refused me; and my Alexina is yet too unfinished, and has not courage enough to undertake so arduous a situation; but you, Emma, are more accustomed to see company, and I have no doubt will acquit yourself of this ceremony with grace and propriety."

The lovely Emma blushed at this compliment, paid to her by Mr. Trelawney; and, with the most becoming diffidence, answered him with her usual sweetness:

"I will do my best, my dear uncle," uttered she; "but indeed I must beg you to grant me your kind indulgence, if my anxiety to pay every attention to your noble guest should be greater than my ability on the occasion."

"Well, well, we shall see to-day in what manner you will do the honors of the table," said Mr. Trelawney, with a most cordial smile of approbation; "and if I really do discover any very glaring defects in my Emma, I certainly will tell her of them."

On this assurance, the sweet girl seemed perfectly satisfied; and the absence of Mrs. Pelham being now indispensibly necessary, the young ladies had permission to finish their studies for the remainder of the day, Mr. Trelawney being about to retire with the young gentlemen, telling his daughter Alexina to hold herself in readiness to produce some of her most pleasing selections for her harp, in the probability that Lord Wyndham would request her both to sing and play on this his favorite instrument.

"For I can assure you," said Mr. Trelawney, "that I am this day going to introduce you to one of the most accomplished highly-finished gentlemen in Great Britain, in the person of my friend Lord Egbert Wyndham; and when I add, that his Lorship's accomplishments, though eminent, are yet his least perfections, you will naturally imagine that he possesses qualities of far more intrinsic value, in my estimation, than even those I have already mentioned; there is not a nobler heart beats in any bosom, than in my highly venerated friend's. Of course then, my love, you will exert the best of your abilities both to please and gratify your father's friend."

As this speech was directed more particularly to Miss Trelawney, than to any other part of the lovely girls, William could not avoid suggesting a thought that it was designed only for Alexina herself, for some peculiar reason best known to his father, and felt infinitely relieved, that his lovely cousin on this occasion only, was considered a secondary object, as Mr. Trelawney had not once glanced towards Emma, while he gave this highly flattering portrait of his friend; for William, notwithstanding his utmost efforts to conceal it, by no means relished the thought of Emma being chosen by his father for the very distinguished station she was this day appointed to fulfil, and that her uncommon loveliness would by this means attract the most universal admiration, from all who beheld her, created sensations which though he endeavored to suppress, were too perceptible in the changes of his countenance not to be discovered by the penetrating eye of Mr. Trelawney; to which may very possibly be attri

buted the very particular manner in which he had so exclusively addressed his daughter; certain, however, it is, that it had occasioned a very gratified sensation to arise in the heart of Alexina, for it implied that her father thought highly of her accomplishments, or he would not have appeared so desirous of wishing her to display them before his accomplished friend, and this had produced a charming suffusion of bright and mantling blushes, on her otherwise always interesting countenance.

Meanwhile the apparently wild, thoughtless and happy Tanjore remained in his usual animated and brilliant spirits, which neither diminished nor increased by the expectation of seeing his father's noble guest; not that he had been insensible to the domestic calamity in the family of Lady Honoria Belmont, with whom he was so great a favorite that his influence over her was unbounded; but Tanjore had peculiar ways of testifying those external marks of affection, for those objects whom he loved, very different to other persons, for when Tanjore was really affected, mortified or grieved, it was morally impossible to discover it in the expression of his countenance, except indeed that his spirits then assumed a warmer and more brilliant glow of vivacity; and he nodded to his sisters, as he quitted the room with his father, in the most significant manner, softly whispering in the ear of his eldest sister,

"Take care, Alley, that you are not caught to-day for the first time; you hear what you have to expect from Lord Wyndham. My father has spared no pains in recommending him to your notice, and I would lay any wager that some of you are caught in the snares of Cupid before you are aware of it."

Miss Trelawney now blushed deeper, while she carelessly uttered,

"How can you talk so absurdly, Tanjore, of Cupid and his snares, and Lord Wyndham, whom I have never yet seen, and when I do may very probably not like, and it is more than probable that he may not like me; besides, you forget that Emma, who is really very handsome, will engross all attention, and attract every eye towards her."

Tanjore betrayed some little confusion, but it was so trifling that he instantly recovered his self-possession, and burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, while he exclaimed,

"That is a good one; so because Emma is a pretty girl, you have taken it in your head that every body is to fall distractedly in love with her."

"Why don't you, Tanjore, think Emma a very lovely girl?" demanded Miss Trelawney, with rather more meaning in her countenance than she was willing to express by words; and Tanjore, without staying to tell Alexina any more of his mind, immediately made the best of his way out of Mrs. Pelham's apartment, leaving a conjecture on that of his sister, respecting her fair and lovely cousin, which had more than once slily intruded itself on her imagination; and the young ladies being wholly left to themselves, entertained one another with the most interesting conversation, in which little Mary was now freely permitted to indulge.

"I dare say that papa and mamma will have us put on mourning for the poor Duchess of Belmont," said she; "but you know, as we cannot do that to-day, what ought we to wear now that papa expects company to dinner?—I wish that you would let me wear my lace frock, sister Alexina, and my beautiful French kid shoes, and my pearl necklace that mamma gave me on her birth-day?"

To which Miss Trelawney gravely replied,

"And it is well for you that mamma does not hear you express such idle and ridiculous vanity, Mary, or she would feel much hurt that you should think so lightly of the sorrows of our respected friend, Lady Honoria Belmont, whose sufferings she is gone to share; and yet you are talking of putting on lace frocks and French kid shoes, when you ought to imitate the conduct of our amiable mother,—indeed, Mary, I am quite ashamed of you."

To which reproof, though Mary was not wholly insensible, yet she replied with her usual archness, which instantly produced a laugh from the whole party, in spite of the utmost gravity depicted in the countenance of Miss Trelawney.

"And pray, sister, is there any greater mark of impropriety in my putting on my lace frock and kid shoes, than in your singing songs, and playing on your harp, on purpose to entertain Lord Wyndham? And if there was any impropriety at all in the case, would papa himself tell you to do it?—No, indeed, that he would not; neither would he be angry at my wearing my French shoes."

"Well, well, you may wear your lace frock, if you please," said Miss Trelawney; "only, that's a dear girl, don't teaze me now, for I am thinking of something very particular."

"I dare say that you are thinking of Lord Wyndham," said Mary, "if one was to know the truth of your thoughts, sister Alexina—don't you think so, Emma?"

"Oh, my love, do not ask me about other people's thoughts, for I really don't know what to do with my own," said Emma, laughing.

"Positively I am thinking how I shall perform the task which my uncle has this day imposed on me. I wish, Lucy, you would just step to my aunt Clarendale, and tell her I want to ask her a few questions before she begins dressing. Dear me, I am so flurried, Alexina and Ellen: how I shall envy your superior lot, in having nothing to do, while my attentions must be directed to every body, and be particular to none. This, I believe, is one of the rules I must observe."

To which Miss Trelawney replied,

"Well, but you do not consider that I have a much harder task designated to me, Emma, that of exerting all my powers to please one who may possibly be indifferent, and even repellant, to my very best endeavors to amuse his capricious fancy. I do not know that I ever felt so diffident of my abilities, now that I am called to display them before the superior judgment of this Lord Wyndham."

"Well, but he cannot be a very disagreeable man, nor yet very formidable, I should think," retorted Emma, "by the description which my uncle has given of him."

"And it is only affectation in you, Alexina, to say that you have not some degree of curiosity to behold him," remarked Ellen: "for my part, I confess that I am all impatience, till the dinner bell summons us to attend my father in the drawing-room, that I may see this Lord Wyndham, whom he so greatly admires."

At this moment, Mrs. Clarendale made her appearance, with Lucy, who, at Emma's request, had gone to her mother with her message; and she entered laughing most heartily at the embarrassed looks of the blushing Emma, who entreated her aunt to assist her as much as possible in the ceremony she had to go through,—at which Mrs. Clarendale exclaimed,—

"Why, my dear girl, one would actually imagine that you were going to be presented at court, instead of sitting down to dinner at the head of your uncle's table, and receiving the compliments of all his guests; and the only reason why I declined doing this was because I really thought that youth and beauty would look much better there than my old fashioned little body, with my equally old-fashioned double-bordered muslin cap; but come, my dear girls, it is high time for you to think of dressing, and as there is neither Mrs. Trelawney nor Mrs. Pelham in the way, I must undertake the management of your toilet."

And little Mary then rapturously exclaimed,—

"Ah, then I will run to my drawer and take out my lace frock, and my French kid shoes, and my pearl necklace,—may I not aunt Clarendale? for I know that you will permit me to wear them."

To which Mrs. Clarendale, kissing the glowing cheek of her little favorite niece, replied,

"Assuredly, my darling, I wish you to appear to every advantage in the presence of your father's expected visiter."

On these words, Mary posted away with all imaginable dispatch to prepare for the important ceremony of having her hair curled.—Meanwhile Mrs. Clarendale accompanied the Miss Trelawneys to their dressing-room, where Emma and Lucy promised that they would speedily follow them; but the few moments they were left together produced the following remark from the lips of the blushing Lucy, and a sort of struggling sigh escaped from her lovely bosom as she exclaimed,

"Mamma does not say any thing what will be most proper for me to wear, Emma, though she is so solicitous for my cousins; though what is the use of it, even if she were so; she knows that she cannot afford to give me the ornaments which so richly adorn and decorate the bosoms of the Miss Trelawneys---I have no necklace, no, not one: papa says I have no occasion for finery."

Now Emma certainly loved her cousin Lucy, perhaps with greater partiality than she ever cared to avow in the presence of the Trelawneys; but she was shocked to discover in so lovely a flower a weed that might in time destroy its sweetness, and throw a dark shade over its fairest charms, and that weed was to all intents and

purposes---envy! and she determined that it should not take root in Lucy's mind, if by any means she could possibly eradicate it, which she attempted to do by the following prompt reply to Lucy's observation:

"My dear Lucy, it is not the ornaments which decorate our bosoms which can add a single virtue to our minds, or give a charm to our persons, if, like a bright jewel, they do not glitter within; and I am very much of my uncle's opinion, Lucy; you certainly require less ornament to adorn your person than any girl I know; but I shall not pay you so high a compliment as to say that your mind is quite so faultless as your form; why else have you spoken of our cousins Trelawneys in the manner you have just done, if you were not envious of them? Believe me, they have not a single ornament which they possess that they would not cheerfully and willingly share with you or me, if we requested them to do so; they are free open-hearted and generous girls, and I must never hear you speak of them so slightingly again, Lucy; you cannot imagine how it distresses and pains my feelings."

Lucy blushed deeply, and tears were already starting to her eyes; but Emma's affectionate heart never intended to inflict a pain she could not heal; she had reproved Lucy for her fault, and she had no other way of doing it than by naming it in the plain language of truth and sincerity, which does not admit of any disguise; but after this Emma intended no more to reproach her; if the hint she had given her was not sufficient, she felt that a repetition would have no avail; instantly therefore taking a necklace from one of her drawers, which she had lately purchased out of her yearly present from her uncle Trelawney, she tied it round her cousin Lucy's beautiful snowy neck, and while she imprinted on her glowing cheek a kiss of unutterable affection, addressed her in the following words, which we have reason to believe never afterwards faded on Lucy's recollection:

"There, dearest Lucy, is a necklace of no mean value, for it is the gift of one who loves you too well to see you guilty of a fault without telling you of it; and as it is the first imperfection I have discovered in my Lucy's mind, may it ever remain the last. Wear it for my sake, and when you look upon it think of Emma, and do not love her less when you remember the cause of her bestowing the gift."

At this moment Mary, full drest in her lace frock and French shoes came running into the room, exclaiming,

"My gracious, Emma and Lucy, what has kept you so long in Mrs. Pelham's room? there are my sisters Alexina and Ellen half drest, and they look so delightful; and my aunt Clarendale desires that you will both come directly; she is out of all patience."

Emma immediately obeyed the summons of her aunt, making a pretext that she had lost something, and that Lucy and her had been employed in looking for it.

Mrs. Clarendale soon perceived the gift of Emma glittering on the fair neck of her daughter, and smilingly exclaimed,

"So, Emma, I see what you have been about; Lucy, I do not know what your father will say to such finery; however, it is the gift of Emma."

"I am sure that he will permit me to wear it," answered Lucy, and immediately began dressing herself in a plain robe of delicate white muslin, which, in addition to a wreath of jessamine flowers, tastefully arranged in her uncommonly luxuriant light auburn tresses, was no small advantage to a face and form which scarcely needed any ornament to set it off.

The fine figure of Miss Trelawney, indeed, shone conspicuously in the midst of her blooming cousins; but Alexina had rather an elegant face than what might be generally called a handsome one, and her complexion resembled her father's and brother William's; it was dark, expressive and dignified; but her brilliant black eyes, full of sensibility, intelligence and sweetness, amply compensated for the absent rose and the fairer lily.

Ellen was confessedly a more lovely girl, but she was neither so elegant or dignified as her sister; while the little opening rose-bud Mary had no pretensions to either; she was neither handsome nor yet could she be styled ordinary, but there was just a happy medium between both, with such a combination of harmony and pleasantry, and soul-breathing energy, when her gypsey countenance was lighted up with cunning smiles, that gave her an air of witchery and fascination beyond what beauty ever gave without it. When Mary laughed, it was next to an impossibility to remove the mystic charm she threw around her, to which was added a prompt and quick intelligence; and

"About what, Mary? pray let us hear it."

To which Mary cunningly replied,

"About my cousin Lucy."

"About Lucy!" repeated Emma, almost rending her glove in a fresh place; "what can your brother Tanjore have to say about Lucy?"

"Why, he said," cried Mary, "that you was very fair, certainly a great deal too fair, cried my brother Tanjore; but, for a beautiful complexion, what think you of Lucy Clarendale's? there's lilies and roses in full perfection."

Emma's cheeks somehow or other, during this conversation, had assumed a color of the most brilliant hue; and at the conclusion of Mary's speech, which had set her sisters and Lucy into a fit of involuntary laughter, it was well that Emma had occasion to seek for a fresh pair of gloves, and by which means escape into her own apartment, before a certain agitation which marked her countenance had become perceptible to the eyes of any other person.

Ashamed of her weakness, however, which had very nearly exposed her to the ridicule of her cousins, she determined to conquer it as much as she possibly could, more displeased with the trifling and inconstant disposition of her cousin Tanjore than ever, at the same moment that she condemned herself for being hurt at it, mentally exclaiming,

"It has already cost me a pair of gloves but he shall never occasion me to commit such a piece of folly again——not that I am displeased at his praising Lucy, who is certainly a most lovely girl;—but he need not have done it at my expense. It was, indeed, but a paltry and insignificant pretext for his own want of stability; and I shall not forget it."

Emma had but little time to indulge in further reflections, for the first dinner-bell began to remind her of the dignified place she was going to take at the head of the table; and she rejoined her cousins only just in time to attend the summons of Mr. Trelawney.

Alexina had been at no small pains to collect the most beautiful and approved lessons for her harp, as also some of the most favorite airs, among which were the following:—"The last Rose of Summer," "Love's a Tyrant," and "Gentle Stranger," with some Scotch

melodies, which she had been taught to sing in the first style of excellence by a native of Caladonia; and these melodies being the favorites of her father, Alexina had taken great pains to improve herself in the Scottish dialect.

"Now, Emma, let us go to papa," said Miss Trelawney, and the lovely girls all together descended to the drawing-room, in which, were already assembled Mr. and Mrs. Clarendale, Mr. Fotheragill, (who on this occasion, had been invited by Mr. Trelawney, the drab colored coat being exchanged for a complete suit of black, in which the quaint tutor made a most respectable appearance) and the three young gentlemen elegantly attired, and a finer family of both youthful sexes were perhaps never seen together, than those which had now met in the drawing-room of Mr. Trelawney.

But the eyes of William were never off Emma; and the eyes of his brother never once on her; though he heard the repeated exclamation burst from the lips of his aunt Clarendale, of,

"Look at our dear Emma, how beautiful she is to-day, Trelawney."

To which Mr. Trelawney answered, in a low voice,

"She is certainly a sweet creature, but I have often told you, Mary, that you over-rate her personal beauty; since, if you are really not blind, you cannot look on Lucy Clarendale without acknowledging that Emma is greatly her inferior in point of personal attractions; it is the recollection of our lost Rebecca, of whom Emma is the counterpart, that renders you insensible to the perfections of others."

And it was not without some degree of a father's pride, that Mr. Trelawney turned his partial eye on his own fair promising family; he could not help admiring the uncommonly fine, elegant figure of his eldest daughter, the blooming loveliness of Ellen, nor the laughing sprightly face of Mary; among which, however, his son Tanjore, still shown like a bright beaming star. The uncommon beauty of his features, and brilliant complexion, glowing, like the tints of morn, with health and exercise, formed a striking, but by no means an unpleasing contrast with the more mild, grave, and dignified countenance of his brother William.

At length a most elegant and superb equipage, with the most

splendid liveries, drove up to the door, and Mr. Trelawney then exclaimed,

"There is Lord Wyndham's carriage;" and a thundering knock at that instant announced his Lordship's approach.

He was immediately ushered up, and Mr. Trelawney waited at the door and received him with the most cordial smiles of welcome.

Every body knows that in perfect and genuine good breeding all stiff, formal and fastidious ceremony is set aside; so well understood was this by Lord Wyndham, that after the first introduction to the family of Mr. Trelawney, his Lordship began to enter into the most familiar conversation with that easy air of elegance, which so peculiarly distinguishes the manners of a well-bred educated man of fashion.

When, however, Mr. Trelawney introduced his daughters to his noble friend, having first presented Emma and Lucy, when he pronounced, "Miss Trelawney," and the eyes of Lord Wyndham were bent towards her, as she gracefully curtseyed to him, what was the surprise of the blushing Alexina, to discover in the countenance of Lord Wyndham, the elegant man of fashion, whose looks had been so intently fixed on her, the night that they had visited the theatre, and a sort of embarrassment mutually prevailed.

But this embarrassment did not last long, for Lord Wyndham very shortly found an opportunity of drawing Miss Trelawney into conversation, without showing any marked preference to either of the lovely girls; for as frequently he conversed with her youthful sisters, and with Emma, and Lucy Clarendale, he would then direct his attention to the young gentlemen, and occasionally ask them questions about their respective studies; so that before they sat down to dinner, Lord Wyndham had actually become a favorite with them all.

Tanjore, stealing one moment, when every body else was profoundly engaged, to whisper slyly in Alexina's ear, the following sentence, calling forth the deepest blushes of vermilion on her cheeks.

"Alley, take care of your heart; what a handsome man Lord Wyndham is, you have seen him before you know, and I then

thought by your eyes that Cupid was hatching some mischief, though you pretended that Emma was the object of his attention. That was a good one!

There was certainly some probability attached to the observations made by Tanjore, for that Emma (all lovely as she was) was not the exclusive object of Lord Wyndham's attentions was obvious, for as soon as dinner was formally announced to be on table, when they all arose respectively from their chairs, his Lordship presented his hand to the fluttering Alexina, and conducted her down the stairs which led to the grand saloon, where a most elegant and appropriate dinner was prepared for the reception of the noble guest.

Now who will presume to insinuate that Lord Wyndham, by some means or other, pressed the lovely hand of Miss Trelawney as he conducted her to the saloon; and if he did, would there have been any impropriety in so trifling a mark of his admiration? perhaps the excessively fastidious may pronounce, yes; and some of our fair readers may pronounce, no; but as it remains a matter of doubt whether his Lordship did or did not, we will not discuss the point, but leave it at the discretion of Miss Trelawney to decide the question at some future part of this history.

We are well aware who it was that pressed the hand of the lovely Emma, as he led her, covered with blushes, to the head of his magnificent table, with a short apology to Lord Wyndham, for the absence of Mrs. Trelawney, and the cause of it; at which his Lordship expressed his most unfeigned concern.

"But surely, my dear Trelawney," uttered his Lordsnip, "you have consulted etiquette more than friendship by not sending to apprise me of this domestic and afflicting event in the family of Lady Honoria Belmont, to whom, you know, I am not an entire stranger, you cannot suppose that I would have intruded here to day, with a knowledge of such an affair, which must have exceedingly distressed your feelings and those of your amiable family."

To which Mr. Trelawney replied,

"My dear Lord, if I had considered you a stranger, I should this day have deprived myself of the pleasure I always feel in your society, and my children of the happiness of being introduced to one of their father's most esteemed friends"

Lord Wyndham bowed most gracefully to the apellation by which he was so cordially distinguished by Mr. Trelawney, and the dinner commenced, as dinners usually do, where friendship, sociality, and good humour crown the festive board.

Meanwhile the lovely Emma performed wonders in the dignified station in which her uncle had placed her, now and then receiving looks of the warmest approbation from Mr. Trelawney, and greatly assisted by the kind attentions of her aunt Clarendale, who sat at her left hand, and Lord Wyndham on her right, to whom she paid every marked deference that good manners and propriety suggested, and certainly never had Emma appeared to such superior advantage, nor ever looked so beautiful, her delicate complexion being perfectly animated with the roseate blushes of the most unaffected modesty; and poor Tanjore had much difficulty in removing his eyes from so seducing and dangerous an object, where he knew that other eyes would follow him, and that the result would be attended with consequences dangerous to his own peace, and destructive to the happiness of his brother; being seated next to Lucy Clarendale, therefore he had no alternative but one, and that was to look at the pretty Lucy, fearful of looking at somebody else; and though Lucy more than once repeated softly,

"I wish, Tanjore you would not stare me out of countenance; I protest that every body is observing you; how can you be so ridiculous?"

Yet Tanjore continued to teaze her, till a look from his father made him desist.

And while this was going on at one end of the table, at the other Lord Wyndham was adding every charm to the zest of conversation, by the elegance of his manners, and the well chosen subjects he had introduced in his discourse. As to the quaint tutor he was perfectly enchanted with him; observing to William and Tanjore, when they rose from table, that he stood amazed at the condescension of my Lord Wyndham.

"What, because he had the patience to listen to your arguments?" said Tanjore.

"No, Sir," replied Fothersgill, blending a look of some severity towards his incorrigible pupil; "because he never once lost sight of

good manners, when he recollected that he was talking to his inferiors, which I am sorry to say, Mr. Tanjore, that you have been guilty of this half hour." And Fothersgill marched off, without staying to hear in what manner his pupil would defend himself from a reproof for which he must be conscious he had given ample cause.

But good humor was perfectly restored to the countenance of the tutor when he again encountered his pupil in the drawing-room, where all the party were already assembled. Miss Trelawney being stationed at her harp, on which at the pressing solicitations of Lord Wyndham, she had played several lessons in so superior a style of excellence, that his Lordship could not avoid giving her every just praise, due to her talents, without paying her any of those fulsome compliments so disgustingly annoying to a female of sense and rationality; for if men think it necessary to do this, let them flatter fools, for a woman of any discernment will always despise it, when she reflects that it has neither truth nor sincerity to recommend it.

This, however, was not the case with Lord Wyndham, who, after the second performance of Miss Trelawney, directed his compliments more to the father than the daughter, by exclaiming,

"There is much credit due to you, Trelawney, for the finished performance I have just listened to; for had not Miss Trelawney been indefatigable in her studies, she would never have acquired so elegant a taste and so superior a style of excellence, which, when we admit can only be obtained by constant and unceasing application and perseverance, excites our warmest approbation and praise."

To which Mr. Trelawney replied,

"I am thankful, my Lord, that my children know so well how to appreciate the advantages which result from a well-seasoned application, and that they have proved themselves grateful for those advantages I have placed in their hands, by never wilfully neglecting their studies."

And after the lessons, Mr. Trelawney himself requested his daughter to accompany her voice to the beautiful ballad of "The last Rose of Summer," the words of which (written by that delightful poet Mr. Moore,) in point of delicacy and expression, and simplicity of style. have no rival; and Miss Trelawney, whose tone of

voice was not powerful, was well adapted for the performance of this lovely ballad, which required only sweetness and simplicity to give its proper expression and style; to which Miss Trelawney did so much justice, that his Lordship again expressed his warm approbation in the most unequivocal terms. And at length his Lordship was prevailed on, by Mr. Trelawney, to favor them with a specimen of his vocal and musical abilities.

To which Lord Wyndham replied,

"Then you must take the effects of a severe cold, which has recently tormented me, into the bargain."

Mr. Trelawney smiled; and perhaps it was a little incredulously; which produced the following observation from his noble friend:

"I hope, Trelawney, you do not think that at my time of life, I should ape so much of the boy, as to form a pretext for not complying with your request, which I had really no cause for; you cannot suppose me to be so ridiculously absurd."

"And if you were, my Lord," uttered Mr. Fothersgill, "you would then only be imitating the example of some of our most reputed and fashionable singers, who frequently pretend to have severe hoarseness and colds, when they are really as perfectly free from it as your Lordship appears to be at this moment.'

The quaintness of the tutor, as he uttered this plain English compliment, but for the presence of Lord Wyndham, had certainly excited the risibility of the whole youthful party; but they were restrained by the necessity which good manners and good breeding imposed; and Lord Wyndham, without further ceremony, immediately favored them with

"When first this humble roof I knew.

from the Lord of the Manor, in such a style of exquisite sweetness, that at its conclusion Mr. Trelawney and Mr. Clarendale rapturously expressed their approbation in the warmest and most flattering terms, the former of whom exclaimed,

"Bravo! bravo! my Lord! never did I hear you in more delightful voice. I will credit your Lordship's assertion, when you

declare that you have been laboring under the effects of a cold; but I am positively of Fothersgill's opinion—you do not labor under it at the present moment, that is evidently certain."

His Lordship smiled, and once more being solicited by Mr. Trelawney to delight them with another melody, Lord Wyndnam inquired of Miss Trelawney if she had in her collection of music the opera of Rosina; "which, though (added his Lordship,) not of recent date, is yet replete with a sweetness of composition and chaste expression, which some of our modern composers are very frequently deficient in;—they are all sound, but the music of Shield is all heart. Have you any of the airs, Miss Trelawney?—if not, I will do myself the honor of procuring the opera for you."

Alexina confessed that she had not, when little Mary, blushing deeply, for she had been very silent in the presence of Lord Wyndham, though an attentive observer of all that he had uttered, now with the most modest diffidence exclaimed

"But I have, sister Alexina, some of the music of Rosina—I have got a song and one of the duets—I have learned them both, and am quite perfect in them; and Mrs. Pelham says I can play and sing them delightfully."

"Can you, my little angel?" cried Lord Wyndham, regarding her youthful and innocent countenance, as if at that moment some tender recollections had recurred to his memory,—"why then pray let me have the pleasure of hearing you. What is the song and duet?—cannot you recollect?"

"Oh yes, my Lord," cried Mary; "and you shall hear me, if my sister will let me sit in her place."

Miss Trelawney willingly resigned her situation to Mary at her harp, when to the utter surprise of Lord Wyndham, and the transported feelings of her fond father, the little songstress, in a voice enchantingly melodious, executed the difficult air of "Whilst with village maids I stray," without the slightest defect; and Lord Wyndham, with a gentle suppressed sigh, exclaimed,—

"Ah, Trelawney, with such children you are more enviable than he who possesses the treasures of the golden mines. Sweet opening flower of youthful innocence, may you one day expand in full and ripened perfection to sunny rays of bright beaming prosperity, un-

clouded by a sigh, unchilled by disappointment, unsullied with a tear!"

Come, my dear Lord," cried Mr. Trelawney, greatly affected by this apostrophe, addressed to his darling daughter, "I will positively not allow you to be sombre here. Mary strike up some lively air to amuse Lord Wyndham."

But though Mary did this at the instant command of her father, and the sweet voice of Alexina joined her in a lively duet, yet, owing to some peculiar cause, probably not wholly unknown to his friend Mr. Trelawney, the spirits of Lord Wyndham seemed to have taken a sudden flight, but whether to love's romantic region, or wrapt in the shades of pensive melancholy, he wished to retire to muse on past scenes of painful retrospection, how is it possible for us to define? But we rather suspect that the little rosy winged boy had something to do in the business, and that the bright eyes of Alexina Trelawney had banished repose on this evening, for the first time, from the slumbers of the amiable Lord Wyndham.

CHAPTER VI.

"Oh my love is fair
"As a living flow'r,
"In that moonlight hour,
"When fairies sport in the perfum'd air.

"Oh, my love is bright,
"As the glancing ray
"That gems display,
"But, oh, she is mild as the morning's light."

It was a late hour when Lord Wyndham took his departure from Berkeley Square, with a promise to his friend Mr. Trelawney, that his visit to him and his amiable family would be repeated at an early opportunity; and as he smilingly bade all the youthful party good night, his eyes rested for a moment on Alexina, while he ad-

dressed her father in language which was too peculiarly marked for its meaning to be mistaken, and Miss Trelawney gracefully curtseying to his Lordship, modestly withdrew her eyes from his evidently impassioned but respectful gaze, as he pronounced,

"If you expect me to trouble you very frequently with my visits in Berkeley Square, you must not remove the magnet of attraction, which is in this apartment;" and though his Lordship's eyes had certainly strayed in that quarter where the harp stood, yet some how or other they happened to come in contact with a greater power of attraction in the elegant form of her on whom his thoughts were exclusively fixed; but whether such th oughts had actually entered the imagination of Mr. Trelawney or not cannot be determined, as, after the departure of Lord Wyndham, he preserved the most profound silence towards the evident admiration with which Lord Wyndham had regarded his daughter.

Not so, however, was her brother Tanjore, who rallied his sister most unmercifully on the conquest she had made, as also William, who, on the certain conviction that his lovely cousin was not the object of attraction which had brought Lord Wyndham to Berkeley Square, had, in consequence, freely indulged in a flow of spirits which was quite unusual with one of his grave temperature and disposition; and the very instant that his Lordship's carriage had drove from the door, he stole to the side of the blushing Alexina, while he exclaimed,

"Give me leave, my dear sister, to congratulate you on having decidedly made a conquest of one of the finest fellows in England."

"Me, brother!" cried Miss Trelawney, "I really am not conscious of having done any such thing."

"Oh fie, Alexina!" replied William, laughing; "you are actually now blushing from the reflection of having for once in your life answered your brother with insincerity. Can you suppose that we have this day all been so blind as not to perceive the impression you have made on Lord Wyndham?"

To which Miss Trelawney modestly replied,

"My dear brother, I have certainly answered you most truly, and what do you require more of one who knows so little of mankind as I do, much less of that passion which they say is so inconstant and wavering, that although there are many copies of it, yet there is but one original. How foolish I should appear in the estimation of

all my friends, and how deeply I should lament my folly if this mighty conquest, which you say, I have made of Lord Wyndham, were only to originate in a little effusion of compliment paid to the talent of which his Lordship is himself so passionately an admirer—in the power of music! With the same propriety you might as well have observed that our sister Mary too had made a conquest, for I am sure his Lordship was equally lavish of his praises to Mary as to me."

"Now, that is an excellent good joke of Alley's, is not it, William?" cried Tanjore, heartily joining his brother in a laugh against their blushing and now evidently confused sister, who, having no other way of being revenged on William for the exercise of his mirth towards her, archly whispered, but not loud enough to be overheard by any one present,

"I believe you would not have offered any congratulation to Emma, had you also taken it into your head, that she had made a conquest of Lord Wyndham; would you, William?"

There was no reply responded to this sly insinuating question; for William, with a deep blush mounting to his cheek, contrived to shuffle away, fearful of encountering further raillery from his sister, on a subject which he could least contend with; for it was that which was nearest to his heart.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Trelawney had returned from her deeply afflicted friend, Lady Honoria Belmont, with whom she had left Mrs. Pelham; and Mary exclaimed, the very instant she beheld her,

"Oh, mamma, I wish you had been here to have seen Lord Wyndham, he is such a delightful man, you cannot imagine; is not he, sister Alexina?"

Alexina blushed deeply, which was not unremarked by Mrs. Trelawney, who replied,

"My dear, you have asked your sister a most improper question, and one you must not expect her to answer; it is not delicate for young ladies to call gentlemen delightful men."

To which Mary, first coaxing a kiss of her dear mamma, which was very willingly granted to her, archly replied,

"Then it was not very delicate for Lord Wyndham to call me a

delightful little girl, when I sung and played my two last new songs on sister Alexina's harp; was it mamma?"

To have resisted smiling at the cunning look which accompanied this question of Mary's, would have been scarcely possible at any other opportunity; but Mrs. Trelawney was too deeply affected at the sorrows of Lady Honoria Belmont to enter into the spirit of conversation, even with her darling Emma, on whom, however, she always smiled, and kissing the cheek of her lovely niece, demanded to know of Mrs. Clarendale how Emma had acquitted herself in the character her uncle had assigned her?

"Oh, charmingly, I assure you," cried Mrs. Clarendale; "and except that she bore her honors a little too blushingly, one would have imagined that the dear creature had been used to the ceremony all her life."

Mr. Trelawney confirmed the opinion given of Emma's capability, and she received the warm plaudit of her fond and affectionate aunt, who patting her fair cheek, exclaimed,

'Well, my love, since you have acquitted yourself so well in your character to-day, you will have a more difficult though not so public a one to perform to-morrow; you must be our preceptress to-morrow in the absence of Mrs. Pelham, as she will probably not leave the residence of Lady Honoria Belmont for some successive days, it was a favor which I could not by any means deny to our amiable friend, whom, I grieve to say, I left exceedingly indisposed; but remember, Tanjore and William, I will banish you from the apartments of Mrs. Pelham, all the while that Emma is preceptress there."

"Yes, mamma, indeed you must," cried Mary, "for brother Tanjore always spoils our work, and brother William won't let Emma read, because, as he says, he had much rather hear her talk to him."

William caught the eye of his father at this precise moment, (which did not by any means betray displeasure,) and colored deeply; while Tanjore affected to be highly amused with Mary's remark, but those deeply read in the studies of LAVATER could have told a very different tale, from the expression of a countenance which nature never formed for disguise or hypocrisy.

"And what have my Lucy and Ellen been about, that you do not tell me one word of them?" cried Mrs. Trelawney, patting the cheeks of both of these lovely girls; "what did they do to contribute to the amusement of your noble friend, my dear Trelawney?"

To which Mr. Trelawney replied,

"Why Lucy joined Alexina in a duet in a manner which pleases me much, and my Ellen, was only on this occasion a listener her forte confessedly not being musical, but I am well persuaded she has been equally attentive to her studies as her sisters, and that had Lord Wyndham seen some of her beautiful drawings he would have been highly gratified."

Perhaps there is no praise more pleasing than that which is echoed from the lips of a fond parent to the ear of a truly amiable and affectionate child; and the lovely Ellen heard the praises lavished on her drawings by her father, with the most pleased and gratified sensations.

"And I hope I shall always endeavor to please my papa,' was uttered with the most modest and amusing sweetness.

In short, Mr. Trelawney was so kind and so just a father to all the merits of his fine family that he would never tolerate any extravagant encomiums lavished on one, without contriving by some means or other that the rest should take a share in it; and he had felt for the situation of his lovely girl, when her sisters were receiving so many compliments from Lord Wyndham, on their musical abilities; not that Ellen herself had betrayed the slightest uneasiness; she was too generous a girl, and was of all Trelawney's daughters the favorite of Mr. Fothersgill and Mrs. Pelham; not that either of them were disliked, except that the quaint tutor thought that Miss Mary was a little too forward of speech, and that Miss Trelawney was a little somewhat too dignified in her manners to be altogether so pleasing as her sister Ellen, who was always invariably the same; and it was certainly true that Ellen resembled her brother Tanjore more than any other part of the family in point of character, and was, therefore, more like her mother, of whose disposition Tanjore was the very counterpart

The young ladies had retired to rest, with an injunction from Mrs. Trelawney, that they should rise early in the morning, to go to their studies, under the direction of their new preceptress, Emma.

"For it is probable, my dear children," cried she, "that I may not see you again till a late hour in the evening, as I conceive it an indispensably necessary duty to pay every attention to our dear Lady Honoria, while she remains so severely indisposed, and it is not at all unlikely but that your father will also accompany me in the morning to see her; we shall, therefore, both be absent, but I trust and hope, this circumstance will the more strongly remind you of every part of your respective duties to your uncle and aunt Clarendale." So saying Mrs. Trelawney affectionately kissed each of her children, and bade them good night, Mary as usual coming in for the largest share, and Tanjore for a sly kiss, as he followed his mother out of the room, where the following conversation took place between them:—

"My dear boy, you look I don't know how."

To which Tanjore, laughing, replied,

"And how is that, my dear mother?"

"Why, a little flurried or so; how have you passed the day? and how do you like Lord Wyndham?" curiously demanded Mrs. Trelawney.

And Tanjore without a moment's hesitation, answered,

"Oh, who can dislike Lord Wyndham; he is altogether the most elegant, pleasant man I ever beheld; and as to the day, mother, why it went off with eclat.—Lord Wyndham was excessively agreeable, and sung us several songs; he is a delightful melodist. Alley played and sang too, and I never saw her appear to better advantage."

"And did not our Emma appear to advantage too?" said Mrs. Trelawney.

Oh, what an unfortunate question was this for poor Tanjore to resolve, yet resolve it one way or other he knew that he must; and assuming all the *nonchalance* imaginable, he replied, as quick as possible,

"Emma!—yes, I believe so;—she was tolerable enough; but I scarcely know——I did not observe her very particularly."

How judiciously has it been remarked, that for true and genuine

love there is no disguise which can veil it so effectually but that its beamy ray will be perceived, like the dazzling sun through the dewy clouds, though it only shines for a moment, yet in that moment it is clearly perceptible; and it was the attempt that Tanjore had made to disguise his feelings that he more openly disclosed them to his mother, who, marking the deep crimson blush that tinted his cheek, yet not immediately guessing from what cause it had so suddenly mounted there, stared at him with some surprise, while she exclaimed,

"You believe that Emma was tolerable enough, and you did not observe her very particularly! Why, your aunt Clarendale told me that she looked like an angel, and yet you affirm that she was only tolerable enough!—How is this, Tanjore?"

"Why, all I can say is," said Tanjore, "that my aunt Clarendale thinks one thing and I think another; so there is precisely a difference of opinion."

With these words, Tanjore scampered off, for the first time in his life glad to escape from the presence of that dear mother whom his soul adored; and whether it was the sudden manner in which he had quitted her, or the rapid, quick, involuntary blush which dyed his cheek, or a something equally strange and peculiar in his looks, which he had discovered in the impartial light in which he had spoken of his lovely cousin, Mrs. Trelawney conceived that it was quite unnatural, and that Tanjore must have some strong motives for so doing, which he had found it necessary to conceal;—yet what motive could she reasonably assign for such extraordinary conduct?—There was but one, and that one a mother trembled to pronounce, much less to own, that her imagination had ever suggested; for were this the case, what would become of her darling boy? How visionary were his hopes if they rested on Emma, who was beloved by his brother William so passionately that neither Mr. Trelawney nor herself entertained any other thought but of seeing him united to that lovely girl, whom they always loved as a daughter in reality. But, merciful heaven! what misery, what pangs of disappointment were in store for her beloved Tanjore if he loved Emma—Emma, the destined wife of William Trelawney! But Emma loved not Tanjore. "There was some consolation in that," thought Mrs.

Trelawney. "If my Emma knows her duty, she will encourage no thought of Tanjore, conscious that she is beloved by William. Oh, heaven forbid that Emma should love my Tanjore!—but, sweet girl, she knows not yet what that tormenting passion is; she is pure as the white lily, whose delicate blossom she so perfectly resembles—my Emma yet is faultless as she is fair! Oh, may every good angel grant she may ever continue to remain so!—Image of my long sainted and adored sister, may the dear and sacred charge thou hast committed to my care ever emulate her mother's prudence and her mother's virtues! Yes, beloved offspring of my gentle Rebecca, I will not doubt the fond assurance thou hast already given of thy mother's spotless worth."

And with these words Mrs. Trelawney closed her affecting apostrophe to the memory of a still tenderly beloved sister; but anxiety ever haunts the pillow of a fond and tender mother when danger in any shape threatens to assail her offspring; and the thought of Tanjore being unhappy chased sleep away from the weary eye-lids of Mrs. Trelawney, which was not unperceived by her adoring and affectionate husband, who, very far from guessing the real cause of his beloved Rosa's inquietude, either placed it to the account of the sufferings and grief she had been endeavoring to alleviate on the mind of the amiable Lady Honoria Belmont, which had exhausted her spirits and wearied and oppressed her naturally delicate frame; but when with the morning's returning light, he still found her under the influence of dejection, he became alarmed in the fear of some approaching indisposition, and tenderly taking her hand, while he carefully examined every lineament of that beloved countenance on which he had never yet looked but with encreased love and admiration, exclaimed,

"My Rosa, why so pensive, my dearest love; you are pale too, and have not enjoyed your usual undisturbed repose; I will not allow you, much as I highly esteem our respected friend, to enter so much into her griefs as to deprive you of your own tranquillity, or unnecessarily expose your health to personal danger or inconvenience, and in short, I must even blame Lady Honoria for yielding to such excessive grief, at an event, which, however greatly afflicting to her feelings, should be sustained with fortitude, and tempered with philosophy."

At no time of her life had the amiable Rosa ever succeeded in disguising her feelings, and never could she do that with Trelawney; to whom every thought, every action, every wish, was revealed with that delightful confidence, without which the bands of matrimony are only fetters that chain the heart, but can never unite or blend it together in mutual harmony, love or esteem; but in a case like the present, Mrs. Trelawney felt it impossible to disclose to her husband the only half formed idea which had suggested itself so fearfully and painfully to her imagination, and from two ostensible causes she wished it to remain a secret in her own breast; even though it were a burden to her she would bear it, sooner than give Trelawney any occasion for uneasiness; or that he should have any reason for feeling angry or displeased with her darling Tanjore. The necessity therefore of disguising her feelings was so obvious, that she immediately exclaimed, with a faint smile resting on her beautiful features,—

"Indeed, Trelawney, I am quite well in health, and am suffering no personal inconvenience from my visits to dear Lady Honoria, and though you do not see me mirthful, I am by no means in a state of dejection so great as you imagine; but come, you shall accompany me to Lady Honoria's, and try what power you will have there to dispel melancholy."

"To that I have not the slightest objection," answered Mr. Trelawney; "I will certainly go with you to Belmont Lodge, and charm you both with my incantations, since my Rosa has been pleased to make me a magician."

The carriage was now ordered. Previous to her departure, however, Mrs. Trelawney could not avoid taking a peep at her darlings in Mrs. Pelham's apartment, where, on her entrance, the very first object that met her fond maternal looks was Tanjore standing behind Lucy's chair, while she was employed in netting a silk purse, to be presented as a parting gift to Emma, in return for her pretty necklace, which Tanjore was insisting that she should give to him instead of his lovely cousin, but which Lucy had positively refused to do, having wholly designed it for Emma; and this having produced a sort of altercation between them, and quite interrupted the order which Emma, in the character of preceptress, had attentive-

y observed till Tanjore had broken in upon them, she very mildly entreated Mary, who had wholly disengaged her attention from her studies, and was beginning to chatter with her usual volatile flow of spirits, to mind her occupation.

"You know, my dear," cried Emma, "it is not pleasant for me to be continually reminding you of your duty, which I must do if you do not attend to my instructions."

"Well, Emma, it is really my brother Tanjore's fault," cried Mary, looking very grave on the occasion, and resuming her book with redoubled activity; "don't you see how he has been teazing Lucy? and he wont let me alone. If you want us to be quiet, why don't you send my brother Tanjore away. There now, you look angry at me, Emma, but you don't look angry at brother Tanjore."

"But I shall feel very angry if he prevents you from attending to your studies, for all that," cried the lovely Emma, not once looking at Tanjore while she made the remark; while he almost instantly sprang towards the door, and, with a look which crimsoned the face and neck of Emma in one moment, exclaimed,

"I will give you no opportunity, then of exercising your severity towards me, by feeling displeased with one who never to his recollection intentionally offended you."

"My gracious, Emma, how you blush," cried the little officious Mary; but Miss Trelawney gently reprimanded her, and bade her mind the work which Emma had given her to do, at the same time that the generous girl who really felt for the situation of poor Emma, who exhibited the most powerful confusion, exclaimed,

"I protest, Mary, you are grown the most presuming, bold little creature imaginable: and I am very certain that mamma would not suffer you to be guilty of so much rudeness;—little girls like you should not be making remarks whenever you think proper; it is excessively ill-bred, and I hope this is the last time that I shall ever have occasion to tell you of it."

The effect which this well-timed rebuke had on the little offender was, that she afterwards observed the most profound silence; but it was evident that she was not pleased with her sister, who, however, always had the power of keeping her in order, even when Mrs. Pelham could not manage her; and at this very uncom-

fortable moment to the feelings of all the youthful party, Mrs. Trelawney entered the room, to the no small delight of Mary, the embarrassment of Tanjore, who instantly got behind Lucy's chair, and the extreme mortification of the lovely Emma, whose cheeks were yet deeply tinted with roses, and whose look and voice were very far from retaining their usual composure; and Mrs. Trelawney instantly perceived, at one glance, that something had occurred to put "sweet bells out of tune," and more than half suspected that Tanjore was the cause of it, she directed a look of some reproach towards him, while she uttered,

"I thought, Tanjore, you had been particularly requested, last night, not to offer any interruption in the apartments which are exclusively designed for the studies of your sisters, and in which it is highly improper that they should be disturbed. Why do you persist thus ridiculously and foolishly to disobey the commands of your father?"

"I did not come here without being invited, mother," cried Tanjore, with one of those looks, at which that mother never could be angry with him, and she could not resist smiling while she answered,—

"Well, but pray who invited you? none of your sisters, I should imagine, from their present looks, at least, not Mary, who does not appear very highly gratified with the pleasure of your company."

This was a fine opportunity for Mary to be revenged of her sister, for the lecture she had given her, but Mary was of too generous a nature to take an advantage which had any degree of meanness in it, and she only hung down her head in silence, not once looking either at Emma or Tanjore, till her mother exclaimed,

"Emma, my dear girl, I believe I have appointed you to a most unthankful office; which of these refractory pupils has been tormenting you?"

To which Emma, in a tremulous voice, replied,

"Indeed, dear aunt, I have no fault to find with any of them.

"Then," cried Mrs. Trelawney, "I am at no loss to discover who is in fault, Tanjore has been teazing you all, and it is excessively absurd of him."

"If Emma speaks the truth, she will not say that I came hither to offer any interruption, either to her or my sisters," cried Tanjore, in a tone so peculiarly resentful towards the lovely girl, that in a voice almost stifled with emotion she exclaimed,

"If Emma speaks the truth (which she hopes she has never once deviated from) she will say that you have no cause thus unkindly to tax her with a want of it in the present instance; it is true that I thought Mary paid less attention to her studies when you came into the room, and when I corrected her for it I imagined you would have then seen the impropriety of remaining here after it, but you staid on purpose, I believe, to let my aunt see how much you have had the power to pain and ——" Emma could get no further, her feelings were wholly overpowered, and to the utter astonishment of her now deeply afflicted aunt, and the inexpressible torture of Tanjore, burst into an agony of tears, which she had no longer any power to suppress.

Never had Mrs. Trelawney beheld Emma in this situation before; never had she seen the feelings of the gentle girl so highly wrought upon, as to produce the effect of such involuntary and bitter tears, in which it appeared that the unkind insinuation of Tanjore, which she felt she had not merited, was one of the causes which occasioned them; but Mrs. Trelawney feared there was another cause too strongly apparent, both in the agitation of Tanjore and Emma, to doubt the nature or reality of, and she alternately looked at the one and the other, both dearest objects of her affections, without being able to utter a word, either to console the one for having her feelings pained, or to reproach Tanjore for being the cause of it.

Meanwhile, all the lovely girls pressed and crowded round her, Mary in particular throwing her arms in the most affectionate manner around Emma's neck, while she exclaimed,

Dear Emma, don't cry any more, or you will make us all cry too. See, you have already brought the tears in dear mamma's eyes, because she cannot bear to see you unhappy; and I am sure my brother cannot, for all he has vexed you so, can you, brother Tanjore?"

"I beg, Mary, that you will mind your own business," cried

Tanjore; "but to convince you all that I had no intention of offending Emma, I am very willing to make any reparation she thinks necessary, here in the presence of my mother."

"Will you, my dear Emma, shake hands with your cousin Tanjore?" cried Mrs. Trelawney, wishing to reconcile matters as speedily as possible, and to give them an appearance of as trivial a nature as they would admit under existing circumstances, and she therefore smilingly added, "come, my dear children, shake hands, and never let me see you indulge in such foolish quarrels again; so very ridiculous, indeed, that they hardly are worth thinking of. Tanjore, it was very wrong of you to vex poor Emma, and, Emma, my love, it was really silly of you to mind him, when you know what a Scapegrace he is. There, there, shake hands and let us have no more of it." Mrs. Trelawney said this with an air of pleasantry, which perfectly answered the end she designed, that of making light of the affair, so that none of the rest of her children might think seriously of it.

And Emma, whose feelings were now more tranqulized, at her aunt's request, had already extended her lovely hand to meet that of Tanjore's, but they both trembled in the grasp, not of friendship, but of love too unutterable to be expressed, except by that secret intelligence which it gives to the soul, causing either rapture or misery, according to the nature of its hopes and fears, and the basis on which it is formed; and harmony and good humor being once more restored, Mrs. Trelawney, taking good care of Tanjore, desired him to conduct her to the carriage, in which Mr. Trelawney was already seated, and had wondered what had detained her so long; on which Mrs. Trelawney exclaimed,

"I have been looking for Scapegrace, and I protest that I never know where to find him, because, you must know, that I promised Lady Honoria to bring him in my hand."

Thus was Tanjore taken by surprise, and obliged to accompany his father and mother to Lady Honoria's whether he liked it or not.

But Tanjore would have liked to have returned once more to Emma, on whom his soul hung with dotage; he would have liked to have heard her once more repeat that she forgave him, and

he would then have liked to have knelt before her in adoration and in praise.

All this Tanjore would like to have done had he been permitted, or not been withheld by the imperious and stern voice of honor and duty, which so often warned him to desist from loving this too lovely and enchanting maid, the heart's selected of his only brother, and, well he knew, the chosen object destined by his fond parents for the bride of William.

With one determined effort of resolution, therefore, Tanjore resolved to think no more of Emma than he did of one of his sistens, and to let his mother see that he did so was now the decided plan he intended to adopt with his lovely cousin, in all the interviews he should ever afterwards have with her, either in public or private; for nothing seemed so cruel and unjust to the mind of Tanjore, as to supplant his brother in the affections of the woman whom he so fondly loved, and by this means undermine the happiness of this dear brother's future prospects of felicity. To purchase the love of Emma by such a sacrifice would, he felt, were he even united to Emma, embitter every moment of his existence, and that he should be miserable were he in possession of a treasure over which he would have occasion to drop the bitter tear of repentance.

But while these unpleasing reflections occupied the mind of Tanjore, not less painful ones filled the bosom of the anxious mother, in their ride to Belmont Lodge; all which was ascribed to a very different cause by Mr. Trelawney, who, as they approached near to the residence of Lady Honoria, as he watched the excessive changes in her still lovely countenance, exclaimed,

"Well, I really shall be excessively rejoiced when these melancholy duties are over, and our dear Lady Honoria again mixes in society; for positively, my love, these mournful visits have infected you with melancholy."

"Well, and so I thought myself," said Tanjore, "for I never saw my mother so out of spirits as she has been this morning."

Mrs. Trelawney looked at Tanjore with tearful eyes; there was something so affectionate in the manner of Tanjore when he made this remark, that Mrs. Trelawney could scarcely support the idea that his whole existence might probably be embittered by a hopeless

and unconquerable passion for an object whom he could never possess; how deeply had she drank at that bitter fountain herself, and she fervently prayed to heaven that the cup might be spared from the lips of Tanjore. And though she could not impart to her husband the burden of her full heart, yet she determined to have some private conversation with the second friend of her heart, her dear Mary, and draw forth her real sentiments on the subject of Tanjore and Emma having an attachment to each other,—for surely if I have any notion of it, Mary must have the same, thought Mrs. Trelawney, and Mary will certainly tell me all she thinks about it.

When they arrived at Lady Honoria's, Mr. Trelawney found her in much better spirits than he expected.

"Mrs. Pelham has done wonders with me, Trelawney," uttered she, holding out her hand towards him.

To which he replied,

"Well, you know she deals in wonders; she has sent some of her wonders into the world, and the only wonder is to me that she has not been better rewarded for her ingenuity."

So high a compliment paid to the merit of her truly deserving favorite could not fail to be gratifying to the feelings of Lady Honoria, who, pleased with the sight of Tanjore, began to be insensibly relieved with the conversation which they contrived to introduce, on purpose to amuse her, not once adverting to the melancholy event which had occasioned her to lament so deeply the sorrows of her beloved brother, had not Lady Honoria herself mentioned it to Trelawney, but with more composure than she had hitherto done in the presence of any other person.

"You know, Trelawney," said she "how utterly impossible it is for me to say any thing to my poor brother on the nature of so unexpected and heavy a calamity, which has so suddenly deprived him of one of the most virtuous and loveliest women in existence. You know I cannot say any thing to him in the shape of consolation on such a subject; for, oh, how lovely, how amiable, was Jean Campbell; you knew her Trelawney, and you will ever acknowledge that my brother has indeed lost an angel, and Scotland a bright star, whose influence over their hearts is now no more, and whose glory is now set for ever."

"Ah, no, dear Lady Honoria," said Trelawney, with a look which could not be mistaken, "say, rather, that she is more glorified than earthly honors ever made her, and a brighter star than ever shone on earthly splendour; she is transmitted to a fairer, purer sky than ever mortal eye yet looked on,—she sleeps in balmy slumber of more than mortal bliss, for it is the slumber of eternity, that never knows sorrow, nor ever wakes to pain."

Lady Honoria was now most powerfully affected, and for a few moments wept audibly; after which she grew more composed, and talked of Scotland, and of Dumfairling Castle, which she proposed to visit very shortly, as the only remedy, which would be most expedient, to heal the heart-wounding sorrow of her brother.

"But I have one request to make to you, Trelawney," added Lady Honoria, with a melancholy smile, "which I hope you will not deny a poor petitioner in the midst of her afflictions, and if you will not grant it to me, I must apply to your wife."

"Indeed," said Trelawney, "and do you entertain a better opinion of Rosa's clemency than of mine?" In the midst of afflictions it is most likely that I should not be ableto withstand your suit, and let it be of what nature it may, I promiseLady Honoria, before she informs me, that it shall not be denied."

"It is only," said Lady Honoria, "that you will allow me to select a companion from your own family to accompany me down to Scotland, where probably I shall not remain more than three months, and then I will return and bring my hostage back again."

Mr. Trelawney actually thought that Lady Honoria alluded to Mrs. Pelham, of whose society he was so extremely fond; and he therefore replied,

"I have promised, and I feel it a necessary duty to perform; and though my children will feel a great deal of inconvenience in parting from their preceptress for a length of time, yet I will cheerfully resign Mrs. Pelham to Lady Honoria for three months."

"Mrs. Pelham!" echoed Lady Honoria, "it is not Mrs. Pelham whom I want."

"Perhaps it is my wife?" said Trelawney, and smiled.

To which Lady Honoria replied,

"No, but it is your wife's child!—in one word, dear Trelawney,

I wish you would permit me to take your son Tanjore down with me to Dumfairling. My brother has never seen Tanjore, and he has often heard me talk of him; besides, he will really be acceptable, his fine flow of spirits will serve to chase away more sombre thoughts."

"Or rather he will divert you like the tricks of a monkey, which is sometimes amusing," said Mr. Trelawney, and, glancing at that moment at the face of his mother, he thought she looked reproachfully at the remark he had made on her darling boy, and added, with a more serious expression, "yet I trust there are times when Tanjore can be a rational being as well as other young men of his age."

"Well, but this is no direct answer to the proposition I have made, Trelawney," said Lady Honoria, a little impaintly; and Trelawney immediately replied,

"Assuredly, Lady Honoria, after what I have already said I can reasonably have but one answer to give you, and that is, my boy is much at your service, and he is highly honored by your Ladyship's continued good opinion towards him."

"Which it will ever be my proudest happiness to preserve to the end of my existence," said Tanjore, most gracefully pressing the snowy hand of Lady Honoria to his lips.

"Does this look like the tricks of a monkey?" said Lady Honoria, with a most fascinating smile.

"No, indeed, it is very like the action of a man," replied Trelawney, highly pleased with the behavior of Tanjore on this occasion; while his fond mother gazed on him with the most unutterable delight, nor could any thing be more agreeable to her feelings than this invitation given by Lady Honoria at this precise juncture of affairs: it was delightfully apropos, as the absence of Tanjore was indispensably necessary for the peace of poor Emma, and equally beneficial to the happiness of Tanjore. Besides, there was another advantage attending this journey down to the North: Tanjore would have more opportunity of mixing in the society of other youthful females, equally beautiful and accomplished as her lovely niece, and that Tanjore might there behold some object whom he would like as well as Emma; and perhaps it was not improbable that the youth-

ful daughter of the Duke of Belmont at this moment entered the imagination of Mrs. Trelawney; she had seen her once, and never was there a more beautiful creature, and, like her departed mother, she promised to be as much a Scottish heroine in mind as well as in her noble and commanding features; her name also was Jean, and she was the only child of the Duke, and the sole heir of her mother's wealthy possessions; and, prompted by a far stronger motive than curiosity, Mrs. Trelawney suddenly asked Lady Honoria what age Lady Jean Belmont was?

"She is more than half advanced in her sixteenth year," answered Lady Honoria, "and a finer creature I never beheld, in form and feature; but I confess that she is too spirited,—her spirits absolutely run away with her, and her father calls her his 'mountain wild flower,' and well he may, for his beautiful Jean is as wild and as free as the mountains on which she was born; but then with all this delightful vivacity she has mind—soul—energy! with a heart open as the light of day, a brow fair as the summer clouds, and a temper mild as the spring, when first it sends forth its infant buds on the mountain air. It is no wonder, then, that she is beloved, and that her name, like her mother's, rings with praises through all the Scottish vales; or that her father should perfectly idolize her, nor is it likely that he will now love her less;—so you see, Mrs. Trelawney, that Tanjore will be at no loss for society when he goes to Dumfairling: the mountain wild flower will be a most delightful companion for our lively and animated Tanjore."

This was exactly what Mrs. Trelawney wished Lady Honoria to remark, and though her Ladyship had uttered this without design, the design was answered, for the observation tinted the cheeks of Tanjore with a colour much brighter than the rose-colored curtains which ornamented the drawing-room of Lady Honoria Belmont; and he was not without some curiosity to behold the "mountain wild flower," which bloomed so fair and fragrant in the gardens of Scotland; nor was Tanjore much averse to the intended expedition, because he felt how necessary absence was to the state of his present feelings, and imagined that if he was once to be removed from the sight of his too enchanting cousin, that he would effectually be cured of his hopeless attachment towards her; and the first expres-

sion he made use of, on his return to Burkeley Square, to his brother and his tutor, was, as he bounced into the apartment in which they were both sitting,

"What are you thinking of, Fothersgill?"

To which the quaint tutor replied, with a look directed towards his pupil of peculiar kindness,

"I was thinking, Mr. Tanjore, it was long since we met."

On which Tanjore exclaimed,

"But you will have to calculate much longer on my absence when I shall be gone for no less a period than three months. What say you to that, Fothersgill?"

"Mr. Tanjore, I stand amazed at your intelligence," said the tutor, with an air of concern, which was by no means an assumed one; "and where are you going for a period of three months, my dear Mr. Tanjore?"

Perhaps there was an emphasis laid on the word *dear*, which occasioned Tanjore to glance a look of returning kindness towards his tutor, while he instantly replied,

"To Scotland; the finest country in the world for bracing the nerves, improving the morals, and opening the heart to the warm and generous glow of friendship and hospitality, Fothersgill."

"Sir you are an Englishman," said Mr. Fothersgill, with a sort of national pride mounting to his sunburnt cheek, "where the man who bears an upright heart about him never yet wanted a friend, nor found the door of hospitality closed against him."

"I have not lived long enough to prove your assertion to be true, Fothersgill," said Tanjore, "and therefore will not contend the point with you."

"And are you really going to Scotland, Tanjore?" demanded William, in a tone which too plainly sounded to the ear of Tanjore —"I am glad to hear it;" and he rather tartly replied,

I am not much in the habit of telling untruths; I am going to Dumfairling Castle with Lady Honoria Belmont, on a visit for three months, which I dare say not one of you will regret but Fothersgill."

It is unkind and ungenerous of you, Tanjore, to form such a supposition," said William, coloring deeply, "and one that pains me more than you can imagine.

"Well, perhaps I am wrong," said Tanjore, immediately recovering his vivacity, which had only for one moment departed from him; and, extending his hand towards his brother, he smilingly added, "You know what a giddy, thoughtless fellow I am; I often say uncivil things, but they never come from the heart."

To which William gravely replied,

"Then you should never speak them to the heart, Tanjore, which you have done to mine. From the lips of a stranger I should not have considered it so seriously, but from those of my brother it inflicts a wound which strikes deeply, for it is not the sentiment of affection, nor the language of sincerity;" and William arose and immediately quitted the room, leaving Tanjore and his tutor staring at one one another with astonishment and surprise.

CHAPTER VIII.

"*Celia.*—I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

"*Ros.*—Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier."

As you like it.

When the astonishment produced by the sudden retreat of William Trelawney had a little subsided on the mind of the tutor and his pupil, the latter exclaimed,

"There's a breeze for you. Tell me, Fothersgill, if you really think I said any thing to make William angry?"

To which Fothersgill, replied,

"Why really, Mr. Tanjore, it is a delicate point, and I would rather be neuter on the occasion, if you will give me leave; if not, I will say that you are sometimes too warm, and Mr. William Trelawney is sometimes too cold; so there happens to be extremes on both sides, which, in all cases is likely to produce an argument; and that is all I have to say on the business."

"I am sure if I thought I was wrong, I would instantly make atonement," cried Tanjore, the fine fire of his animated countenance

instantly melting into the softest sensibility, "May I perish this moment, if I would wound the feelings of any one human being intentionally, and much less those of a brother, whom I love so affectionately. I never had a quarrel with William in my life, Fothersgill"

"And I hope that you never intend to have one, Sir," cried Fothersgill. "You are possessed of a most excellent heart; and I never yet found you deficient in all those generous and amiable traits of disposition so requisite to form a cement of all just and natural ties with friends and relations, who, if they do not repose a proper confidence in the breast of each other, cannot expect that we should entertain that warm affection for them, or feel our hearts beat with that unshaken fidelity towards them, if we are not considered worthy to retain a place in their mutual concerns. Reserve will never chill with apathy a generous heart; and suspicion will do worse, it will totally extinguish the glow of all natural affections in a feeling bosom, and rigidity and indifference must eventually succeed. Oh, how charming, Mr. Tanjore, it is to behold love and amity preserved in an amiable family, between sisters and brothers, aunts, uncles, nephews, nieces and cousins, how fair and lovely are the blossoms of such a family compact,—where the seeds of discord never grew, and envy never reigned. Oh, they are more beauteous than the budding rose, when first it woos the fragrance of the soft and gentle dews, which fall from summer skies, or courts the sunny rays under which it smiles and ripens to its full luxurient beauty and perfection; every twin bud clings to its parent tree, like brother and sister, and when they wither, and their leaves fall, still they are not forsaken; for their descendants flourish;—they spring again in the same root, with the same affection do they live and bloom together and, to time immemorial, present the living emblem of a family tree of roses without thorns; and even so, Mr. Tanjore, do I view your charming family; it is a case in point, look at your dear sisters, how fondly they are attached to each other, and how proud they are to behold each other's accomplishments, without ever being excited by envy, or wounded by jealously, suspicion or reproach; and look at your lovely cousins,—there's cousins for you!—look at Miss Emma Bradbury ——"

"I wish, Fothersgill, you would contrive to amuse me with talk-

ing of some less sombre subject," cried Tanjore, feeling himself quite unequal to the task of dwelling for a moment on the perfections of the lovely Emma, "for I protest I have been listening to your eulogium on family love till I think it is high time to finish the portrait, prettily drawn I confess, but, in many parts, very unlike originals of the present day. But, my dear fellow, do let us change the subject; my sisters are all very well, and so are my pretty cousins, and I love them all, I do, upon my soul,—the whole family tree together;——but, you know—" here Tanjore, unconscious to himself, struggled to suppress an almost involuntary sigh, the nature of which we will not have the rudeness to inquire into, while he gaily added, 'but you know I am going to Scotland, and let me talk of that, I pray you, while I 'have an appetite,' as the man says in the play."

As Fothersgill by no means relished the thoughts of a separation from his young favorite, the journey to Scotland by no means had the effect of raising his spirits, and he was obliged to have recourse to his snuff-box, by way of dissipating unpleasing reflections, while he exclaimed looking earnestly on the expressive countenance of his pupil

"Well, Sir, you may talk of your intended expedition to the North with, 'what appetite you may;' but I cannot say I have equal relish for such discourse,—I do not like to part with you."

"What, not when I leave the family tree behind me?" cried Tanjore, laughing, yet at the same instant by no means insensible to the warm attachment which was so strongly manifested towards him by his tutor, who not immediately replying to this observation, enquired,

"But I suppose, Mr. Tanjore, you will not take your favorite pointer with you to Dumfairling—Juno will remain behind?"

To which Tanjore, laughingly, replied,—

"Why, I cannot exactly say that she was included in the invitation given by Lady Honoria Belmont; yet I have no doubt but the poor rogue will be taken care of in the absence of her master."

"Indeed!" cried Fothersgill; "and how do you know that, Mr Tanjore?—in whose charge have you left Juno?"

"Why, I mean to leave her in your's, Fothersgill," replied Tanjore, "if you will be troubled with her; and I shall then feel no un

easiness on her account, because I know that you will not neglect her."

"No, Mr. Tanjore," answered Fothersgill, feeling his heart quite full, as also the preference given him by Tanjore, "I would sooner neglect myself first, than neglect the faithful animal which you value —'Love me, love my dog:'—is an old adage, but nevertheless there is great truth in it. I shall therefore attend to Juno with the nicest punctilio, you may rely upon it, Mr. Tanjore. I shall be very kind to her, and whenever I think of her absent master, she will receive an additional mark of attention, which I should not wonder will be frequently in the course of the four and twenty hours; and there is Miss Emma, too—she will probably——"

Fothersgill was here interrupted from finishing his sentence by Tanjore giving him such a smart slap on the shoulder, that made him involuntarily start, while his laughing pupil reminded him of the lateness of the hour, and that it was time to think of attending to the duties of the toilet before they were summoned to dinner.

"I believe the family dine alone to day, do not they, Mr. Tanjore?" cried Fothersgill; "at least I have not heard that company is expected in Berkeley Square."

"Oh, I am sure I cannot tell," answered Tanjore, "who my father invites; but I hope there will be some addition to our fire side party,—the more the merrier, I say; it enlivens the scene, and as I profess myself to be one of mirth's crew, I always wish to disperse melancholy;" and away marched Tanjore, just to walk a race round the park with Juno, and then return to dress, leaving Fothersgill to his meditations, which were not just at that precise moment of a very remarkably lively kind; in short the tutor had for sometime remarked a change in the mind and manners of his young favorite, which inclined him to think that his heart did not retain its usual quick temperature, and though he attempted to wear an air of his former sprightliness, that it was frequently assumed, and especially when Miss Emma was either present, or accidentally had become the subject of conversation: it was then that Tanjore evinced signs of the most restless anxiety, always wishing to evade, and to conceal as much as possible his opinion of his too lovely cousin; and while the tutor had made these observations to himself, the preceptress, Mrs.

Pelham, had not been tardy in forming similar conclusions on the very evident alteration which had recently taken place in Miss Bradbury where the alternate blush and rising sigh, too frequently gave alarm; and as ladies are much quicker sighted even than gentlemen in this respect, Mrs. Pelham was at no loss to what cause to attribute these marks of sensibility in the lovely girl, and to tremble at the sly advances of the insidious enemy, who would shortly undermine her repose, but these were thoughts which Mrs. Pelham knew better than ever to reveal, and most heartily wished, for the happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Trelawney, that her suspicions might be unfounded, as well as for the felicity of the two amiable beings for whose welfare she felt so deeply interested.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Trelawney who had brought Mrs. Pelham home with her from Lady Honoria's, immediately sent her to her pupils to relieve her lovely niece from a task in which she had no doubt that she had sustained some fatigue, and instantly repaired herself to the dressing-room of Mrs. Clarendale, whom she found busily employed with Lucy in packing up her wardrobe, as they were under the necessity of leaving town the ensuing day, Mr. Henry Clarendale having duties to attend which could not by any means admit of a longer absence from home.

"I wish Henry would not take you with him," cried Mrs. Trelawney; "surely, Mary, you might, if you pleased, prevail on him to let you remain in Berkeley Square a few days longer. Cannot Lucy be his house keeper for a short time. You know, dear Mary, I never like to part with you," added Mrs. Trelawney, with a pensive sigh, and viewing with tearful eyes the preparations which were making for their departure.

On which Mrs. Clarendale replied, and not a little surprised at some agitatien which was visible on the countenance of her beloved friend,

Nay, dear Rosa, if you go on in this way I positively will not come to see you again for these six months; why what a baby you are. As to Henry, if I could stay a few days longer, I would certainly do it, without asking any leave in the business; whoever thinks of asking husbands' leave, now a days? and I am not going to set the example I assure you; but the fact is that my sister Elizabeth

and Mildmay are coming to stay a week at the Hermitage, and she would think it very unkind if I was not at home to receive her: she can seldom get out for so long a time, such is the multiplicity of business in which Mr. Mildmay is engaged, I really have not seen Elizabeth for these six months, and it is owing to this circumstance, and this only, that I am under the immediate necessity of returning home, my dear Rosa; otherwise doubt not my inclination, nor my affection to have complied with every wish of yours."

Lucy Clarendale having now finished the employment which her mother had given her, received permission to join her cousins in Mrs. Pelham's apartment, and she was no sooner gone, than Mrs. Clarendale exclaimed

"For heaven's sake, Rosa, what is the matter with you? your pale looks absolutely frighten a body. Have hubby and you been playing at cross purposes? or what is the cause of this dejection?"

"Nonsense, Mary, you know that Trelawney and I never quarrel; or, if we do, he never leaves me till we are reconciled again," cried Mrs. Trelawney, a little pettishly; "no, Mary, it is something more serious that is the occasion of the uneasiness you behold,—it is a mother's anxiety, it is a mother's fond solicitude for a darling child, and the happiness of a being equally dear to her, that is the cause of the pangs that I endure."

Mrs. Clarendale now completely changed her lively notes to those of the tenderest concern for her beloved Rosa, whose eyes now swam in tears, and she exclaimed,

"The pangs that you endure, my Rosa!—how you alarm and distress me by an expression of such a tendency; pray explain more fully the nature of your fears, for I am very sure there is not a child belonging to you who would willingly give their mother pain."

"But, if they could not help it, Mary,—if they were unconscious that a fond mother had discovered what they can no longer conceal," said Mrs. Trelawney, speaking in very low and faltering accents.

To which Mrs. Clarendale replied,

"I cannot understand you, my dear friend, indeed I cannot."

"Then, Mary, it is because you will not understand me," retorted Mrs. Trelawney; "I know you are not blind, Mary, any more than myself."

"But I shall ever be blind to prejudice,—the more when it only tends to excite a suspicion of those we love," said Mrs. Clarendale, with great spirit; "I see that you have taken something into your head; but if you will not tell me what it is, how am I either able to answer you, or console you?—perhaps it is wholly groundless, if so, keep it to yourself.

"Mary, I did not think you would add to my sufferings," cried Mrs. Trelawney, "I thought you would instantly have known what I alluded to."

"Not unless you will lend me your eyes, my dear," replied Mrs. Clarendale, determined to make her speak more plainly on a subject the nature of which she now began to anticipate with some degree of uneasiness and anxiety; and Mrs. Trelawney stammered out,

"Oh, Mary, I have discovered that an attachment subsists between my Tanjore and our dear unhappy Emma. It is true that neither of them have confessed it, and it is probable that they never will, but for all that, vain are their attempts to hide it. Oh, Mary, judge of my feelings at this discovery, to you only made known, and feel for a mother—feel for the companion of your early days, pity your Rosa.

The heart of the affectionate Mary, which was the same generous one which had beat in her bosom when she was Mary Bradbury, felt for the sister of her soul, and, straining her beloved Rosa to her bosom, she mildly exclaimed,

"Dear Rosa for heaven's sake, do not cherish suppositions which will only render you miserable, without a cause; perhaps they are nothing more."

"Oh, would to heaven that it were so,—that I could be convinced that they were so," said Mrs. Trelawney, clasping her beauteous hands together; "for if Emma loves Tanjore, what will become of the happiness of my poor William, whose heart, whose every hope rests on Emma, and when his father discovers her weakness for Tanjore, who knows, Mary, what inquietude it will produce on the mind of my dear Trelawney; I dare not reveal my thoughts to him on such a subject, and they are the only thoughts I ever concealed from his knowledge."

Mrs. Clarendale knew the unbounded influence which she held over the mind of her too susceptible friend, and she determined to

exert it at the present moment, and, with that good plain sense, which is always more useful than ornamental acquirement, she thus addressed her,

"Rosa, my love, you know we are both past the romantic season of life, when women are apt to think and act foolishly, because they do not know any better; but, you know that we are both wives and mothers, and have grown more old fashioned than we were twenty years ago. Now let the children alone; and if they are in *love* with one another, it is neither you, nor I, nor Trelawney, nor any body else, will succeed in persuading them out of it; they are both conscious that they ought not to encourage this growing infirmity, and if they are let alone, perhaps when they are separated from each other, which will shortly be the case, they will get the better of it. As to Tanjore, he is so noble spirited a boy, that I would stake my life on his honor with respect to Emma; he knows that William loves her and that she is already, or nearly, considered in the light of his affianced wife, and he would sooner die than supplant his brother in her affections.—So much for your boy Tanjore; now then for Emma you have less to fear, for she is your sister Rebecca all over; she may love Tanjore, but her prudence will exceed her love, or I am very much mistaken. I know that Emma would disdain a thought that was not blended with purity or connected with honor, and this girlish passion will in time be weakened, nay perhaps subdued, and give place to a more lasting and permanent attachment for William, whose virtue she already esteems; in the meantime, Tanjore whips down to Scotland with Lady Honoria Belmont, he there beholds some Caledonian beauty, perhaps, by way of supposition we will just say, Lady Jean, the lovely daughter of the lamented Duchess, and who can tell what may be the result; at all events, he will have sufficient time to forget Emma, and Emma to forget him. Violen attachment is least of all likely to be a lasting one; nothing violentt ever lasts long; but if you now attempt to wrest the secret from their youthful hearts, if Emma is told imperatively that she must not love Tanjore, and he is commanded not to love Emma, depend upon it that the very compulsion will occasion them to act contrary to their duty, of which they have both now an exceeding proper notion; let nature then gently take her course, and my beloved friend cease

to torment herself with these useless pangs and vain fears, and above all things place an implicit confidence in your own child and that of our sainted Rebecca's, and trust to a kind unerring Providence for all the rest."

"Oh, Mary, friend of my heart, sister of my bosom," said Mrs. Trelawney, "how have you comforted, how have you consoled me! Indeed I have been wrong and foolish in cherishing a sentiment so hurtful to my own feelings, and so injurious to my poor Tanjore and Emma. Dear girl! no one action of her spotless life can I call into question;—but then you know, Mary, one cannot help thinking of those days when we ourselves both fondly loved. I am sure, if Trelawney had ever married Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne before the "Mysterious Marriage" took place, that I should have died."

"Then more simpleton you," said Mrs. Clarendale, now heartily laughing, in order to restore the spirits and animation of her friend before she was ready to appear in the drawing-room; "I should not have died for your brother Henry if he had ever slighted me, I promise you. No, no, Rosa, this may do all very well to fill up the pages of a romantic history; but no woman in her senses will ever do such things in the present day;—men have set us the example of inconstancy; of infidelity, and though I do not mean to infer that we are to follow it; let not any one imagine that I would immorally in-infuse such a doctrine into the heart of my dearest friend; but I can only say that men, after such infidelities, after such apostacy, have not any right either to demand or expect sacrifices from us women, and none they should have from Mary."

After the foregoing conversation with her beloved friend, the heart of the fond anxious mother sat lighter on its throne; and by the time she had dressed, and met her husband in the drawing-room, there were but very few traces of the former uneasiness, which had robbed her lovely cheek of its usual brilliant glow.

The young ladies were already there assembled, and little chattering Mary was the foremost to tell dear mamma of the present which her sister had received from Lord Wyndham.

"It is a lute, mamma, so delicate and so beautiful," said Mary, "with Venus and Cupid, and a pair of doves—Cupid is the god of love, and Venus is the goddess of beauty. I know what beauty means, but

I cannot find out what this love means, and Mrs. Pelham wont tell me, no, nor yet Emma, nor sister Alexina, and it is very ill-natured of them, because I dare say they all know, and could tell me if they liked."

Her round gipsy face, dimpled with good humour and smiles, and her little black sparkling eyes were blended with such a saucy mixture of archness and cunning while she uttered this, that Mr. Trelawney burst into a most immoderate fit of laughing, and the quaint tutor at that moment making his appearance at the door, Mr. Trelawney exclaimed,

"Fothersgill, you are just come in time to resolve a most important question to my daughter Mary, she wants to know what love is?"

"Yes, and none of them will tell me, Mr. Fothersgill; but you will, if papa will give you leave, wont you? and then I shall know as much about it as Mrs. Pelham and Emma, and sister Alexina:—what is it, Mr. Fothersgill?" said the little prattler, running up to the tutor, as soon as he had quietly and methodically seated himself.

If ever Fothersgill found himself puzzled, it was at this precise moment, for somehow or other he glanced his eyes towards Mrs. Pelham, who sat exactly opposite to him, while Mrs. Clarendale was seized with a fit of risibility, which she would have found it difficult to suppress, had not Mr. Clarendale looked a little reproachfully at her. Meanwhile, Fothersgill stammered out,

"Me, Miss Mary?—I am totally unable to give you the intelligence you require: it is a subject which I never made it my business to study."

"But cannot you find it in the book of Natural History?" cried Mary: "is it a curiosity?"

To which Fothersgill, perceiving that the laugh was quite against him, and more disgusted than ever with little Mary's forwardness, immediately replied,

"Yes, Miss, a prodigious curiosity, which it will be quite time enough for you to discover when you are much older and wiser than you are at present."

"But when I am a woman grown, I may begin to know something about it,—when I am as old as Emma and my sister Alexina, I will learn it," answered Mary.

"Yes, Miss," said the tutor, glad in any way to get rid of the little tormentor; while the cheeks of both the young ladies assumed a color of the most brilliant dye.

But, fortunately at that moment the dinner was announced to be on the table, much to the relief of those whom the innocent Mary had embarrassed, by wishing to be informed on a subject, which has turned the heads as well as the hearts of the gravest and the wisest of sage philosophers, christians, infidels and Turks.

It was with no small satisfaction that Fothersgill perceived that a good understanding was again established between the brothers,—that all little resentments had subsided, and that harmony and good humor once more reigned, without a cloud, among this charming family.

Meanwhile the prediction of Mrs. Clarendale, with regard to Tanjore and Emma, was very likely to be fulfilled; for that lovely girl, ever since the emotion she had betrayed in the presence of her aunt, the morning she had come into the apartments of Mrs. Pelham, had felt ashamed of her weakness, and with it, a necessity, which duty demanded by every tie of honor and affection which she owed to her uncle and aunt, to conquer the influence of an attachment which it was both improper and indelicate to encourage, as William every day manifested fresh proofs of his strong attachment towards her, not indeed by words, but by those delicate and nameless little attentions, which real and genuine love offers at the shrine of its faithful votaries: by this rule of conduct, therefore, the lovely Emma, avoiding all particularities with her cousin Tanjore, set not only the heart of her affectionate aunt at rest, but greatly added to the happiness of her adoring and affectionate William, who vainly flattered himself that he was alone in the possession of the affection of the object whom he silently adored, but William's heart still dreaded the approach of some rival, the ensuing year being appointed both for Miss Bradbury and Miss Trelawney to appear in public, their accomplishments being of a far higher order than most young ladies of their age; and in which Alexina certainly had the advantage of her fair cousin, for Emma had ever been too diffident of her abilities to give them fair play, neither were her powers so great as that of her cousin's, she played but indifferently, and though her voice was soft and melodi-

ous, yet she sometimes sang so much under the influence of timidity, that the effort she made was more painful than pleasing to the ear of taste and science; nor was Ellen Trelawney a more able or finished performer, but in painting she was a proficient, as in many other parts of her accomplishments very superior; but excellence only rested with Alexina and Mary, the latter of whom was a prodigy for her age, but such quick intelligent minds, though it may seem a little paradoxical, are always the most difficult for a preceptress to manage; they require a check to prevent a certain bold assumption which a consciousness of superior abilities occasionally renders young persons so exceedingly disgustful, and of which Mrs. Pelham was aware that her young pupil, Mary, was sometimes guilty; but the check, like a dangerous remedy, required judgment and caution, fearful of damping that genius which shone with such luxuriant brightness. Mary was therefore often reproved, but with such precaution, that Mrs. Pelham always had the satisfaction of perceiving the most beneficial advantages arising from her prudent discipline, and "dear mamma" was obliged to remain but a passive instrument where it was indispensably necessary for the preceptress to take the lead.

Thus were the Descendants of Trelawney, in the season of youth, taught to imbibe the most useful as well as the most ornamental parts of female education, which in maturer days never departed from them; it is then no wonder that they grew up the brightest patterns to the rising generation, or that they emulated so sweetly the blossoms of that family tree, which Fothersgill had so naturally and feelingly described.

As soon as the cloth was removed on this day after dinner the elegant present of Lord Wyndham was produced for the inspection of the whole party; it had been conveyed to Berkeley Square at an early hour in the morning, with a short note, addressed to Mr. Trelawney, which contained the following words:

"Dear Trelawney,

"Present the enclosed as a testimony of my respect, to your daughter Alexina, if you think proper.

"It is the reward of merit, for her charming performance of yesterday; and in that light I beg you will permit Miss Trelawney to

receive my gift. A selection of the most approved master accompanies the Lute.

"I hope the health of Mrs. Trelawney is not impaired by her kind office of friendship with the amiable Lady Honoria Belmont, and that on my return from Brighton, I shall have the pleasure of calling in Berkeley Square, and finding you all well.

"Yours most truly,
"EGBERT WYNDHAM."

The lute was certainly of the most splendid and elegant workmanship, and the ornaments and devices, with which it was superbly decorated, were extremely flattering to the fair object to whom it was presented.

There was certainly a little Cupid, with a pair of gentle doves, for Miss Trelawney to contemplate, and she could not contemplate objects so pleasing without bestowing a thought on the elegant and accomplished donor of this beautiful gift; and from the unaffected blushes which Alexina displayed, it was very natural to suppose that little Cupid was by no means an idle personage in the affair; it was also evident to perceive, that it was not a circumstance viewed with displeasure by her father; or that the fond mother did not at this moment feel proud of the accomplishments of her amiable child. And though Tanjore and William longed for an opportunity to rally their sister on the increasing admiration of the noble Lord towards her, yet they were withheld by the presence of their father, who would not have permitted any such observations to have been made of his daughter, on a subject of so serious and delicate a nature.

There was another subject, however, talked of by Mr. Trelawney, which he was not aware was creating in the heart of his lovely niece the most insupportable torments of love and jealousy; and that was Tanjore's journey to Dumfairling Castle, where the beautiful daughter of the Duke of Belmont would naturally call forth his most glowing admiration; for Emma had seen Lady Jean, and, though so extremely young, she dreaded the influence of her charms on the heart (as she then thought) of the fickle and volatile Tanjore; but why should she dread it?—what was it to her, whether Lady Jean captivated her cousin Tanjore or not, since to her he could be nothing but merely a cousin?—still Emma betrayed a con-

fusion and embarrassment she found it difficult to conceal. Tears, unbidden started to her eyes, as she mechanically employed herself very sedulously in peeling an orange, which she gave to Mary without taking a part herself; she then as mechanically began to peel another, which, having finished, she laid on her plate untouched, while her countenance, ever pale, though ever lovely, revealed the conflict by which her heart was torn.

Never had Alexina felt so much for her lovely cousin, but as she had no opportunity of relieving her, not having any pretext for leaving the room, she was compelled only in silence to pity her, the more as the eyes of her brother were fixed on those of Emma, with a mixture of painful emotions hard to be described.

"Emma why are you at such pains to peel oranges when I know that you are not fond of them ?" cried William, in a voice blended with uneasiness if not reproach; let me give you a pear; here is one of the most delicious flavour;" and he put it on her plate, taking the orange she had peeled on his own.

Emma, fearful that her emotions were discovered by William, for the rest of the party were deeply engaged in conversation, colored deeply; while Mary immediately exclaimed,

"La, brother William, you have already got an orange on your plate, and what do you want with the one Emma was just going to give to Tanjore! Was not that orangeyou peeled, for Tanjore, Emma?"

The climax of poor Emma's mortification was now complete, and she blushed ten times deeper than before; but mustering up all the spirits she could, she exclaimed,

"No, indeed, it was not, Mary,—and you have no right to suppose any such thing; not that I should have hesitated to give an orange to my cousin Tanjore, if he had wanted one, any more than to you or William."

"Well, I only thought———" cried Mary, but she proceeded no further, for her sister gave her such a look, that she was very glad when the hour came for the young ladies to retire, which they immediately did into Mrs. Pelham's apartment, while Emma seized an opportunity of retiring for a few moments into her own, where a shower of the most bitter tears she had ever shed quickly came to her relief, and eased her gentle heart of the intolerable anguish by which it was oppressed.

"So," cried she, "I have again exposed myself to all my cousins and to William, whose affectionate heart I have no doubt I have deeply wounded, by an exposure of sensations I ought to despise; and why do I encourage them? Tanjore himself sets me an example which I would willingly follow, if the weakness of this heart would let me. Well, he is going, that is one consolation however; Tanjore is going, and when he is gone I will try to recover this imprudent folly."

Emma now took her mother's picture from her bosom, and gazing on the lovely resemblance, exclaimed,

"This was Rebecca Clarendale,—the most prudent, the most virtuous of women,—and she was my mother. Again do I implore of heaven that strength and energy which is required in the strict performance of our duty; that my heart may never be weakened by the influence of that destructive passion which is the bane and enemy of all woman kind."

With these words Emma returned her mother's picture to her panting bosom, and bathing her temples with a glass of cold water found herself considerably relieved of all those uncomfortable sensations which had so painfully depressed her spirits before she arose from table, and fearing that her absence would be remarked, she hastened to return to Mrs. Pelham's apartment, when at the very door of her chamber her eyes encountered an object more likely to recal sensations she was endeavoring to forget, than to banish them from her memory, for this object happened to be Mrs. Juno, her cousin's favorite pointer, who by some means or other had crept up stairs, and seeing the door of Emma's chamber half open, marched in without further ceremony.

"Juno," cried Emma, "what brought you here, hussey?" but many a pat did she give Juno with her snowy hand, who, proud of such marks of distinction, wagged her tail and shook her ears, with the most lively demonstrations of joy; "come, Juno, you must not remain here," cried Emma, again patting her head, as the faithful animal followed her down stairs, at the foot of which stood Tanjore, almost motionless with surprise, for he saw that his favorite had been received with some singular marks of kindness, and seemed very unwilling to quit the side of her fair and gentle companion. Tanjore

gazed, and could have sighed his soul away, but he quickly withdrew his eyes from an object who of all he felt it dangerous to behold and in a quick and hurried tone of voice exclaimed,

"I hope, Emma, that Juno has not been troublesome to you; I never missed her till within these ten minutes, and could not imagine whither she had taken so rapid a flight."

"Why do you know that she came into my dressing-room," cried Emma, "when she was no sooner patted and caressed than she wanted to remain there."

"And is it not natural, dear Emma," cried Tanjore, wholly taken off his guard, by the kind manner in which she had spoken to him; "is it not natural to wish to remain with those who treat us kindly."

There was something bewitchingly tender in the voice of Tanjore as he uttered this, and as his eyes were bent on hers with an expression which spoke unutterable volumes; poor Emma felt the necessity of immediately departing from his presence, or remain and seal her fate for ever, by betraying the power he had over her feelings, and she answered as if she was in the utmost hurry to dispatch some commands which had been imposed on her, by saying,

"Yes, and it is equally natural to avoid those whom duty bids us only to esteem, to respect, to admire,—but not to——" Emma paused,—she trembled,—her eyes encountered the impassioned glance of the too conscious Tanjore, who in this wild agitated conflict of his tumultuous feelings, just snatched the hand of Emma to his lips, and the next resigned it, mournfully exclaiming, as he hastily quitted her,

"Be not offended, Emma; it is the last proof you will ever know of the weakness of him who feeling it a crime to adore you, feels also that it is his duty to resign you; he does resign you; but the same duty does not bid me to forget you,—I never can, I never will,—and so angels bless---ever bless you."

Tanjore and his pointer now made a sudden and precipitate retreat, leaving the beauteous Emma looking like the statue which enchants the world, so fair and rounded were her polished limbs, so angelic and yet so pure was the expression of her countenance, and well might it be said, that she had done weeping, but

"Her eyelash yet
"Lay silken heavy on her lillied cheek,
"And on its fringe a tear, like a lone star,
"Shining upon the rich Hyacinth skirts
"O, the western clouds, that veil the April even,
"Glittering above the gleam of tender blue,
"That widen'd as the shower clears off from heaven.
"The beauty wak'd,—a sudden beam of soul
"Flashed from her eye, and lit the vestal's cheek
"Into one crimson, and exhal'd the air."

How long Emma would have remained in the position in which Tanjore had left her was uncertain; but the voice of little Mary who was coming in search of her, quickly roused her from one of the most delightful reveries her imagination had ever dwelt on.

Never had Emma heard the confession from the lips of Tanjore that he loved her, and though that love was hopeless, and he declared that he had resigned her, yet he had also pronounced that he would never forget her; and it created a sensation of so transporting a nature, that she was lost in contemplation, when the voice of Mary awakened her from her pleasing trance. Great anxiety was depicted in the countenance of Mary when she approached her lovely cousin.

"Dear Emma," cried she, "you cannot conceive how frightened, Mrs. Pelham and all of us have been about you."

"Frightened, my love, and about me!" replied Emma; "and what could possibly have alarmed you so much on my account?"

"Why, you know we went to your dressing-room and you were not there; and then I ran into your bed-chamber and you were not there; and then I asked my brother Tanjore if he had seen you, and he said no; and then, we all began to be alarmed," cried Mary, almost panting for breath.

"And did Tanjore say that he had not seen me?" enquired Emma, quite rejoiced that he had taken so necessary a precaution, and that she had not been seen conversing with him.

"Yes, indeed he did," replied Mary; "and I thought he had not, because he had his great dog with him, and I knew you would not suffer him to come near you with his great dog, for fear it should bite you."

"Well, my love, let us instantly go to Mrs. Pelham," cried Emma, "and thank her for her kind anxiety, on my account," and away they tripped to the apartment of their preceptress.

"My dear Miss Bradbury, I hope Miss Mary has not been intruding on you," cried Mrs. Pelham; "but really we have been alarmed that you did not join us after dinner, lest you were unwell."

"Oh no, dear Madam, I never felt better in my life," cried Emma, blushing deeply at the consciousness of what had rendered her so, though she declined saying what had detained her; and Mary, though she felt curious to know, did not venture to inquire, as her sister Alexina had lectured her pretty smartly on her conduct at the table about the oranges.

"You will actually get yourself despised and hated, Mary," cried Miss Trelawney; "and it is well for you that mamma was so deeply engaged in conversation with my aunt Clarendale, that she did not observe you so unpardonably rude, for which I protest that you ought to have been sent out of the room till you had learned better manners."

Mary pouted and almost cried; but at length, with her usual archness and spirit, replied,

"Well, if I was so very rude why did not Mrs. Pelham correct me?"

To which Miss Trelawney replied,

"Because Mrs. Pelham did not think proper to do that while we were at table with papa and mamma, and I suppose she forgot to do it afterwards."

"But you have not forgot to do it, sister Alexina," exclaimed Mary, almost ready to cry; "you have a better memory than Mrs. Pelham."

"Very likely," answered Miss Trelawney; "but I am your sister, and have too much affection for you to see you guilty of ill manners without telling you of it, and which you are old enough to correct yourself without being reminded so often of it. If you were a fool, Mary, I might not be so severe in my reproof; but you have good sense, and should endeavor to make a proper use of it."

The heart of the little offender was now quite full, and she sobbed out,

"Indeed, sister, I am very sorry for my fault, and I will never behave so rudely again."

"Come then and kiss me," cried Miss Trelawney; "dry up those tears, and let us be friends again."

Mary instantly obeyed, and the kiss was freely shared, and sealed with another from the lips of Mrs. Pelham, who had listened in silence to the foregoing conversation, and highly applauded Miss Trelawney for the exceeding proper part she had acted towards the correction of her young and sometimes little refractory pupil.

The young ladies now returned together to the drawing-room, Emma appearing in higher spirits than usual, which exceedingly rejoiced her fond aunt, particularly as the journey to Scotland was again talked of without any visible change in the countenance of her lovely niece.

Tanjore, however, was not there; and the moment he appeared, Mr. Trelawney exclaimed,

"Tanjore, what do you think I have been projecting to Fothersgill?"

To which Tanjore respectfully replied,

"Sir, your projects are always consistent with propriety; and I have ever listened to them with pleasure."

"I do not know how far they may be productive of pleasure in the present instance," cried Mr. Trelawney, highly pleased with Tanjore's reply, "but I am certain they will always be productive of advantage to my dear boy in the end, and that will always be productive of happiness to his father. What say you, Tanjore, to Mr. Fothersgill going down with you to Scotland; have you any objection to such an arrangement?"

"Objection to the company of Mr. Fothersgill," cried Tanjore, in warm and animated tones which it was not difficult to perceive came spontaneously from his heart, "no, Sir, I have the highest respect for Mr. Fothersgill, and always feel happy in his society, and if this is the project to which you were pleased to allude when I came in, I assure you it is one which affords me infinite satisfaction."

"Mr. Tanjore, Sir, I stand amazed at your kindness. I hope I shall ever deserve your good opinion," cried the tutor, taking a pinch of snuff, as if it had received an additional flavor from the high

compliment which had just been conferred on him by his young favorite.

And never had the feelings of a fond father received so much gratification, as witnessing this warm and unshaken attachment subsisting between a tutor and his pupil. It was a proof of merit on both sides; and Mr. Trelawney declared that he felt himself extremely happy that Tanjore appreciated the good qualities of the man whom he had selected to be the mentor and guide of his youth, and never was an evening passed in such universal harmony and good humor.

As to William, he was seated by the side of Emma,—she smiled upon him, and that was sufficent to render him the happiest of mortals; and as to Emma, the praises of Tanjore were to her the highest gratification she could receive, and whatever uneasy and uncomfortable reflections she otherwise endured, she endeavored to conceal them, and to appear happy, were it only to create happiness around her.

Miss Trelawney, she was thinking how long it would be before Lord Wyndham returned again to town,—and when he did return, whether he would call soon in Berkeley Square.

Mr. Fothersgill, he was thinking what a delightful journey he would have to the North, and how he would pass his time among the generous Scots, and in viewing the lofty mountains and sunny vales that give birth to his so greatly admired poet, ROBERT BURNS, with whose lays and melodies he was so enchanted, that he would often ask his favorite Miss Ellen to favor him with "Auld lang syne," or "Scots wae ha wi Wallace bled," till the tears have frequently trickled down his sun-burnt cheeks;—so much for the genuine sensibility of an old-fashioned quaint tutor of the old school.

"I say, Fothersgill, what are we to do with poor Juno?" cried Tanjore, the ensuing morning when they were left together.

"Why, Sir, we must contrive to smuggle her," cried the tutor.

"What, into Lady Honoria's carriage?—oh, the deuce, that will never do," answered Tanjore; "we should soon have her melodious pipes ringing in our ears."

"No, Mr. Tanjore, I do not mean into Lady Honoria's carriage," answered Forthersgill, "but into some of the attendants'; I dare say

they will take charge of her, if you will reward them for their trouble."

"Well, I shall leave you to manage that," cried Tanjore, "for I am now going over to Lady Honoria, with a message from my father, so, farewell till we meet again at dinner."

And Tanjore was out of sight in a moment, and in a short time found himself sitting beside of Lady Honoria, who was greatly recovered from the effects of her indisposition, and now talked of speedy arrangements for their intended exhibition.

"That is, in the course of a fortnight, my dear boy," uttered she; "I shall then be able to travel. Well, and how is your dear mother, and sisters, and Pelham? and pray, Tanjore, how is your pretty cousin, Emma?"

This sudden and abrupt enquiry caused a momentary suffusion to rise on the face of Tanjore, and he replied with some degree of embarrassment,—

"Miss Bradbury was well last night; but I have not seen her this morning, your Ladyship."

Neither the blush nor the embarrassment of Tanjore was unremarked by Lady Honoria, but she instantly dismissed a subject, which she perceived he took great pains to evade himself; for Tanjore talked of the weather, of the wind, the rain, the news of the day,—in short, he talked of any thing, and every thing but Emma, dear Emma.

"Well," cried Lady Honoria, half smiling at the perplexity of her young favorite, "and so you have come expressly from your father with a message, and have quite forgot to tell me the nature of it; I suppose you have left it behind you, my dear Tanjore."

"No, indeed, your Ladyship, I was just going to mention it to you when first I came in," cried Tanjore, "and that is if you will honor us with your company to day to dinner,—he has something of a little importance to communicate to your Ladyship; may I tell him you will come?"

To which her Ladyship replied,

"Not to dinner, Tanjore, it is too long for me to sit now I am in such low spirits; but perhaps I may take a ride to Berkeley Square in the evening, and that may do as well; you shall come for me, precisely at seven."

"Your Ladyship honors me most highly," cried Tanjore, and after some little further conversation he respectfully arose and took his leave: just arriving in time to bid his aunt and uncle Clarendale farewell, for the carriage had drawn up to the door, and running up immediately to the drawing-room, he perceived that his mother and sisters were all in tears, and Lucy sobbed as if her heart would break, so tenderly and fondly were these amiable and affectionate families united together.

"This is always the case with you, my dearest Rosa," cried her brother, fondly straining his beloved sister to his heart, "when I bring Mary to see you she never knows when to come away. There are Lucy and Sedley too both snivelling; and can you wonder, when their mother is setting them the example. Come, Mary, how can you be so silly?"

Mrs. Clarendale now tore herself away from the arms of her dear Rosa, and kissing every one of the dear children repeatedly, she gave her hand to Mr. Clarendale.

"God bless you, Emma," cried the sobbing Lucy, throwing her arms round the neck of her dear cousin, who too much affected even to respond the adieus of the kind affectionate warm hearted girl, pressed her in silence to her beating heart.

"Come, Lucy, mother and father are waiting for us," cried Sedley, and gently taking the hand of his weeping sister, led her out of the presence of her cousins, who were all much in the same situation with Emma,—they were incapable of bidding Lucy farewell.

Meanwhile the boys had taken an affectionate leave of their uncle Henry at the door; and Mr. Trelawney, by no means unmoved with the parting benediction which Mr. Clarendale had given to his Rosa and her children, once more shook the hand of Henry, as he directed a look towards him which spoke volumes, without the aid of words to give it meaning; and it was perfectly understood by Mr. Clarendale, for it plainly said, here is a home when you shall want one,—here is a purse, when you shall require assistance, and here is a heart in which you will ever retain a place. There wanted no further explanation;—and the postillions, setting spurs to their horses, the carriage very rapidly lost sight of dear Berkeley Square.

CHAPTER IX.

"If thou art happy, why to my waking watchful ear
"So often does the stillness of the night betray
"Thy struggling sighs?"

Sheridan.

Lord Wyndham presented a character to mankind which, of all others, required no eulogium to illustrate the fair pages of its unblemished worth; it was a bright star, and though clouds had passed over it, they had never diminished its lustre. At an early age he came into the full possession of the title and splendid possessions of his father, whose ancestors were all the descendants of a noble and ancient family in North Wales; they had been lovely in their lives and when death disunited the family tree, the kindred branches did not disgrace the soil where the seeds of integrity had first been planted; the tender buds expanded and spread wide their lovely blossoms, presenting to time immemorial an emblem of their sweetness and their primitive virtues.

In an humble vale he beheld a lovely maid, obscure indeed in origin and birth, but in mind transcendant in every grace and virtue that could adorn and dignify the character of virtuous and lovely woman; she was the darling and the pride of an aged father's heart, and Lord Wyndham sought to enquire no further into the merits of the case, when he acknowledged that the lovely Louisa was the mistress of his heart, and in despite of the prejudiced opinions of a mercenary world, he married her; nor did he ever once repent of the choice he had made; for with Louisa he enjoyed a greater share of happiness than is destined to fall to the lot of mortal man in a frail and transitory existence. For only one short fleeting twelvemonth was he blessed with the society of this amiable and lovely creature, at the beginning of the second year of his marriage she resigned her spotless breath into the hands of him who gave it to her, leaving an infant son, who survived its mother only three weeks.

This sudden and unexpected blow to his domestic happiness, occasioned for a considerable length of time, a deprivation of all earthly pleasures in the heart of Lord Wyndham ; and he retired for many years to the bosom of solitude, having no relish for the society of that world which, without Lousia, was divested of every charm, and to which though he was sometimes drawn by the repeated and fond solicitations of a tenderly beloved sister, who was married to a noble of high rank and fashion, yet not even her entreaties could prevail with him to remain longer than a limited time in the great and smiling metropolis, which he would always leave in the midst of its gay festivities to return to his lovely Hermitage on the Welsh mountains.

At length, on an occasional excursion and visit to this sister, he met, at the residence of the late Duke of Belmont's, Mr. Trelawney, whose character charmed him, and whose conversation and manners fascinated him, and a friendship of the most lasting and confidential kind ultimately succeeded, and once more insensibly gave him a relish for that society which he had so long relinquished. It was not that Lord Wyndham had formed a resolution never again to marry ; he had seen many lovely and accomplished females with whom a matrimonial connexion would by no means have been obnoxious to his feelings, but he had beheld no object at all resembling Louisa Courtney, and till he could do this he was well assurred that his heart would never again beat to the soft impressions of love without which he considered the marriage ceremony a mere matter of form.

At length, although on a tour through France and Italy, he heard of the marriage of his friend Trelawney with the lovely Rosa Clarendale, whom he had long known was the chosen object of his heart ; for Trelawney had made him acquainted with every incident of his life, and often had the severe destiny of his amiable friend drawn forth the sigh of sympathy from the feeling bosom of Lord Wyndham,—often had he deplored the cruel necessity which compelled Trelawney to obey the Will of his Father, by forcing him to marry such a woman as Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne, while his heart doated on the lovely Rosa.

With what unbounded joy therefore, did he share in the transport

of his friend, on his acquainting him with all the circumstances which had attended the "Mysterious Marriage," and that Lady Alexina had actually turned out to be the daughter only of Lady Glenthorpe; how much did he rejoice that Trelawney had escaped becoming a sacrifice to this hated connexion, and that he was not now only at full liberty to pay his vows at the shrine of faithful love, but had been for some length of time, wedded to the lovely Rosa; and he immediately wrote a letter of congratulation to his friend, assuring him that whenever he returned again to his native country, that it would be the fondest wish of his heart to renew a friendship which no distance of time or change of climate had ever been able to banish from his heart, or render less congenial to his feelings. And so it proved; Lord Wyndham arrived in England, but had not then an opportunity of seeing his beloved and highly esteemed friend, for Mr. Trelawney and his charming family were then passing the summer at the White Cottage, to which, though his Lordship had several times received the most pressing and cordial invitations, yet it so happened that prior engagements always had prevented him; it was not therefore till the ensuing winter season, that Lord Wyndham again beheld Trelawney; and it was by mere accident that he visited the theatre on that evening that the youthful party were all assembled there; and it was certain that his Lordship's eyes were attracted by the elegant figure, and the fine, expressive and interesting countenance of Alexina Trelawney, without immediately knowing that it was the daughter of his friend.

When the performances were over, however, he did not fail to make some enquiries of the box-keeper, who informed him that it was a private box belonging to a gentleman of the name of Trelawney, and that the young ladies he had beheld in it were either the nieces or the daughters of Mr. Trelawney, he did not know which.

But this intelligence was sufficient to excite a sentiment of deep interest on the mind of Lord Wyndham, and in either case he felt a predominant curiosity, which was almost resistless, to behold that countenance again and that interesting figure, from which he found it so difficult to remove his eyes during the whole of the evening; and the ensuing morning he called in Berkeley Square, and conversed for some hours with his friend Trelawney; but Lord Wyndham be-

It was, therefore, with no small degree of satisfaction that Mr. Trelawney perceived the impression which his daughter had made on the mind of his accomplished friend, and heartily wishing that it might ultimately grow into a stronger intimacy, communicated his thoughts to his beloved Rosa, when they were alone together, in the following manner, to hear what were a mother's sentiments on so interesting a subject;

"Well, my love, you have seen and conversed with Lord Wyndham, how do you like him."

To which Mrs. Trelawney after a short pause replied,

"Oh, most uncommonly, Trelawney, for a man at his age I never saw any one unite the charms of conversation so delightfully with maturity of experience and information, he is very handsome too considering he is past the spring of life."

Mr. Trelawney smiled, and exclaimed,

"For a man at his age,—and past the spring of life;—why my dear creature, do you forget that I was very near his Lordship's age when I married you; and that it is much more likely to engage the affections of a sensible female at his age, for the best of all possible reasons,—that a man at the early season of life, seldom knows his own stability, and that at the latter he loses a passion for a variety, and is, therefore, more apt to centre his affections in one object.—Now, for instance, I will suppose that my Lord Wyndham was inclined to admire and to love our daughter Alexina, which I do not think at all an improbable circumstance to take place, and suppose that my Lord Wyndham were in consequence to marry Alexina, why I protest I do not see but such an alliance would be equally productive of happiness on both sides."

Mrs. Trelawney had certainly not been blind to some attentions which Lord Wyndham had paid to her daughter, in his second and even third visit to Berkeley Square, but she was wholly unprepared for the serious light in which they had been taken by Trelawney, and with an air of astonishment, instantly exclaimed,

"Lord Wyndham marry our Alexina, my dear Trelawney, what has put such a thought in your head?"

To which he answered,

"Why, my dear, it certainly is in my head, and being once there

it would be a difficult matter to remove it hence. I am not blind nor insensible to the passion of love, Rosa, I believe you are too well assured of that to doubt my discernment in a case so exceedingly obvious as the present."

"Well, I really did not imagine there was any thing exceedingly serious in the business," cried Mrs. Trelawney; "his Lordship has certainly paid Alexina some trifling attentions, but I did not suppose that you would so shortly form a decision on the nature of them."

"No honorable man, my dear," uttered Trelawney, "ever pays attention to a delicate female without meaning; because he is aware of the impropriety, not to say cruelty, of engaging her affections which he does not feel himself inclined, or circumstances or situation may prevent his returning, and least of all, would I suspect my noble friend of such a cruelty; besides, you do not suppose that I would permit any man to pay attentions to my daughter merely for the gratification of his vanity; no my love, you cannot suppose any such thing, therefore I again repeat, that in all probability Lord Wyndham will in due season declare an attachment for our daughter, and that in consequence she will be Lady Wyndham."

The idea of her beloved child meeting with an offer every way so advantageous and flattering, actually brought the tears into the eyes of a fond mother, and with the most transporting accents she exclaimed,

"Oh, when that is the case, how I shall rejoice in the happiness of my dearest child; and I own that she is every way worthy of so fortunate a destiny; she is a most accomplished creature, is my Alexina; and so is my little darling Mary; do you know that Mrs. Pelham actually thinks that Mary will be the greatest genius in the family?"

"And yet I must caution Mrs. Pelham to say as little about the gipsy in the hearing of her sisters as possible; I would not have their feelings wounded for the world, by an improper display of Mary's accomplishments. But I suppose you forget my pretty Ellen," cried Mr. Trelawney; (and Mrs. Trelawney blushed deeply) "you have no daughter of that name."

"Oh, yes, my love, and I have a niece called Emma," answered Mrs. Trelawney, "do not imagine that I forget either of them, for they are equally beloved, and equally do I appreciate their merits"

"Now you talk of our Emma," cried Mr. Trelawney, surveying the countenance of his beloved Rosa with the most piercing enquiry, "I do not know, my love, whether you have observed it, but——"

"Observed what, for heaven sake, my dear Trelawney," cried Mrs. Trelawney, in the most breathless accents, and changing color in the supposition that Trelawney had also discovered the secret of Emma's heart, "what have you observed in Emma?"

Mr. Trelawney looked amazed and confounded while he replied,

"Why, my love you are actually frightened at my question, before you know what it is; pale too, and agitated. Why, Rosa, what is the meaning of this? has any thing occurred respecting Emma which I do not know, or that it is improper or painful for me to hear, or what? speak."

But Mrs. Trelawney could not speak, for she was considering what she would say, in the probability that her fears were true, and that Trelawney really did suspect an attachment to be between Emma and Tanjore; and determined that she would not seem to understand him, she at length replied,

"Any thing occurred to Emma; my dear Trelawney, what a strange question; what should occur to my angel girl that I should fear to tell you?"

To which Trelawney, with some gravity, for he did not like the agitated look of his Rosa, answered,

"That, my dear, is best known to yourself, nor shall I make any comment that would necessarily distress your feelings on her account; I was merely going to say, if you had permitted me, that your angel girl, (and the term is by no means misapplied,) has not her usual spirits of late, and within this day or two, her dejection is increased rather than diminished. My affection for her alone induced me to enquire if this perceptible change had also met your observation as well as mine."

There was something peculiarly delicate and tender in the manner of Mr. Trelawney's addressing these words to the beloved partner of his heart, that would have demanded implicit confidence on any other subject but this, the most painful and even terrific to her gentle feelings, and his voice, so kind, so affectionate, sunk to her inmost soul, and while she longed to impart every feeling of her sensitive heart towards him, she felt the necessity of concealment to be

imperative, for that heart now throbbed tumultuously for her dear boy and Emma's future happiness; and making every effort to smile, cheerfully she replied,

"No indeed, dear Trelawney, I have not seen this perceptible change in Emma, that you so seriously describe, but I shall begin to take more notice of the dear child now you tell me of it."

"Do so, my love," cried Mr. Trelawney, "you shall then make your own observation without any impertinent intrusion of mine.—No grave looks, my Rosa, you greatly mistake if you think I am at all angry or offended."

So saying, they separated till the hour of dinner; Mrs. Trelawney more rejoiced than ever that her son Tanjore was on the eve of his departure for Scotland, and not without some suspicion that Mr. Trelawney had discovered some symptoms of Emma's partiality for his youngest son, though he was too generous and delicate to mention or even to hint at a circumstance which he knew would give her so much pain; of this however, as Mrs. Trelawney was not quite certain she determined that it should be a subject on which she would remain profoundly silent, and that in the mean time she would observe Emma more attentively, than she had yet done, and endeavor by every gentle means to divert her from indulging in reflections of an unpleasing nature.

But Emma had been watched by somebody else, with more attentention than she was aware of, for during the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarendale, Miss Trelawney had slept with Emma, and Lucy with Ellen, and Alexina very soon discovered the situation of poor Emma's heart, perhaps from some sensations that she experienced in her own; she perceived that it was her brother Tanjore who was the object of Emma's affections and this being the case, she did not see what right her brother William could have to expect that she should bestow her hand on him. Many a sleepless night had Emma pressed her pillow, and often had the stillness of the night betrayed her struggling sighs to the waking watchful ear of her cousin, who more than once tenderly enquired into the cause of her uneasiness, on which Emma would always blushingly reply,

"Why, dear Alexina, do you suppose that I am not happy?—What have I got to make me otherwise? Yet it is very kind of you to express so much anxiety on my account: but, dear Alexina,

if you know what pain these enquiries give me, you would never ask the cause; but oh, that cause must never be told, it would break my heart, Alexina were I to tell you of it, and therefore let me bear it in silence."

Alexina did not want to be told of the cause; it was already more than half revealed to her; and most heartily sympathising in the sorrows of her gentle cousin, she replied,

"I am sure, Emma, I would not pain you for the world; but of this I am certain, that dear mamma and papa too, would both be miserable, if they thought you had any thing to make you unhappy. I am sure they would even remove the cause of it as soon as possible, and speedily restore the child of their Rebecca to peace and happiness.

So affectionate and delicate an appeal found its way immediately to the heart of poor Emma, and throwing her lovely arms around the neck of her cousin, she sobbed on her bosom in silence,—a silence which was not interrupted by Alexina for some minutes, at length she softly exclaimed,

"Dearest Emma, weep not thus; try to compose yourself, and I will never more enquire into those sorrows, which I sympathise in too greatly to add to the uneasiness of."

At this moment the first dinner bell rang, and the voice of Mary soon apprised them that she was coming to summon them to the apartment of Mrs. Pelham, where the young ladies all assembled before they made their appearance in the drawing-room; but as this was a custom which Mrs. Trelawney and Miss Bradbury were never expected rigidly to perform, she made no scruple of fastening the door of her dressing-room, and telling Mary, from the inside, that she was not yet ready.

"I will not suffer Mary to see you thus disordered, my dear Emma," cried Alexina, "she is already the most prying officious little toad imaginable, and I will not admit her; besides, I do not see the necessity of any longer being subject to the rules of a preceptress.—Papa gave me a hint, the other day, which was quite sufficient to convince me that he thought it high time for me, and you too, to emerge from a school-room, and I am very much of papa's opinion, —are not you, Emma? We are growing such great girls that it is truly absurd for us to be followed perpetually by a governess, so let

us this once dress together, and go down to the drawing-room together; for, do you know there is a party to-day,—there is Lady Honoria Belmont, and her sister, Lady Catherine Queensbury, who is certainly a most delightful woman, and there is her husband, who is certainly a most delightful man, and there is Lord Wyndham, who is certainly———" Alexina paused, and blushing deeply, added, not inferior to either of them. How do you like Lord Wyndham, Emma?"

"Oh, my dear, it is impossible not only to like but greatly to admire him," replied Emma, "and I am much mistaken if he does not one day become a relation of mine, and then I shall like him much better."

"I don't perfectly understand you, my dear cousin," answered Alexina, hastily putting some ornaments which her mother had lately purchased for her into her fine dark hair.

"Will you look in my face and tell me that again, Alley," cried Emma, laughing, "can you imagine that any of us can be so blind as not to discover Lord Wyndham's partiality for you; and I suspect that he is not wholly an object of indifference to Miss Alexina Trelawney."

"Well, but Emma, it would not be quite so proper for me to declare it, you know," retorted Miss Trelawney, "and his Lordship has never once declared any attachment towards me; what would my papa or mamma say, if they thought that I loved Lord Wyndham."

"Why I don't imagine that they would either be very angry or very much surprised at it," returned Emma.

"To be sure," cried Miss Trelawney, "love is not to be commanded by the authority of one's parents;—it comes and it goes without waiting to be asked, does not it, Emma?"

"It does indeed," replied Emma, suppressing a gentle sigh.

"For instance, you know," observed Miss Trelawney, "my father was commanded to love Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne by the Will of his father, and he never could love any but my mother, whom after all, he married in preference to any other. Now I confess that I inherit a small portion of my father's spirit, and I would not be compelled to marry any man living whom I did not perfectly love. Consider, Emma, what a serious reflection it is, to pass one's whole life with a man whom one does not love, I should actually begin to hate him very soon afterwards. Oh, Emma, my dear Emma, never, never marry where you cannot love."

"Not if I can help it, dear Alley," answered Emma, "but our wills are not always in our power."

Miss Trelawney shook her head, but made no reply.

And by this time the young ladies were completely dressed, and Mary once more came running to the door of her sister's dressing-room, which was now immediately opened to her, and she exclaimed,—

"What a while you and Emma have been dressing; Mrs. Pelham and Ellen are quite tired of waiting for you."

To which Miss Trelawney rather sharply replied,—

"And pray, what has either Mrs. Pelham or Ellen to do with us? I beg, Mary, that in future you will learn to go into the drawing-room by yourselves; it is ridiculous to expect that Emma and I are always to attend you."

Mary frowned, and almost pouted; but she did not dare to utter a syllable; at last, after she had attentively surveyed the dress of Emma and her sister, she archly exclaimed,—

"Do you know, sister Alexina, who is below in the drawing-room? because if you did, you would not stay so long in putting on your gloves;—his name begins with a W; and that stands for Wales, where W comes from; and now you may guess the rest, if you please."

And Mary immediately ran away laughing.

"Did you ever see such a little sharp toad as that girl is?" cried Miss Trelawney, "and if I were not to keep her in a little subjection, there would be no enduring her impertinence."

"Dear little soul—you must not be angry with her, answered Emma, "for she means not to offend you; and after all she is really an uncommon clever child."

"But I have known some of those very uncommon clever children," observed Miss Trelawney, "actually grow up very disagreeable women. Their wit is often keen satire, and their overflowing spirits a tax on good sense and rationality, and I much fear, from the amazing latitude which is given to my sister Mary by my father, that she will be completely spoiled among them."

The young ladies now descended to the drawing-room, arm in arm, together, where the expected visiters were already assembled, and Lord Wyndham and Mr. Queensbury arose on their entrance, the former conducting Miss Trelawney to a seat next to his own,

and the latter leading the lovely Emma to the side of his amiable lady, who receiving her with a smile of the sweetest condescension, exclaimed,—

"Dearest Miss Bradbury, I rejoice to see you. Heavens, my sweet girl, how you are grown since last winter, that I had the pleasure of seeing you at Belmont Lodge. Come, sit down, and let me look at you."

"Indeed, Catherine, but I shall not allow you to monopolize Miss Bradbury to yourself," cried Mr. Queensbury, taking his seat on the other side of the blushing girl, with whom he commenced a conversation, which she supported with the most modest and unassuming sweetness; and when they arose to go to dinner, Mr. Queensbury whispered in the ear of Mrs. Trelawney, to her no small gratification,—

"Never did I behold a lovelier or more engaging creature than your charming niece, Mrs. Trelawney, and well may you be proud of her."

Dinner being announced, they now all adjourned to the grand saloon, where a repast was served up in the usual style of elegance, and where good humour and hospitality presided at the festive board, and where the lively and animated conversation of Lady Catherine Queensbury and her elegant husband, united with that of Lady Honoria, and the accomplished Lord Wyndham, afforded a rich treat to Mr. and Mrs. Trelawney, and their charming family.

Lord Wyndham and Miss Trelawney sang several admired duets together, in a superior style of elegance, taste and sweetness, as also some charming songs; and at the repeated solicitations of Mr. Queensbury, his amiable lady condescended to give a specimen of those admired talents, which time had not robbed of a single charm, —for the voice of Lady Catherine was as melodious and as enchanting as ever, and greatly exhilarated the spirits of her sister, who revived to the pleasing recollection of former days.

Mary, in her turn, was now particularly requested by Lord Wyndham both to sing and play, and, for the first time, Mary felt abashed.

"Indeed my Lord, I am so sorry for fear I should make any mistake," cried she in a whisper; "Lady Catherine will think me so stupid if I should make any; and I should then feel so hurt, and papa would be so angry."

"Let us try how you will succeed," said Lord Wyndham; and if

you should play false, never mind papa, or Lady Catherine either, for I will forgive you."

"What secret is your lordship whispering to my daughter Mary?" cried Mr. Trelawney, and smiled, for he perceived that his little gipsy looked somewhat unusally embarrassed; and Lord Wyndham immediately leading her to the piano forte, she took her seat, while his Lordship replied,—

"With the permission of the present company, Miss Mary will tell you."

As Mary took this as a signal, she immediately commenced the beautiful Italian air of "Ah! Perdona!" after which she almost instantly changed it to the celebrated and so greatly admired Highland tune of "Cogna na Sith,"* with such science and rapid execution, that it completely fascinated her hearers, and astonished Lady Catherine and Lady Honoria Belmont,—they could scarcely believe that a child (for Mary was nothing more) could have been possessed of such judgment, and the sentences of "little darling," and "sweet creature," very audibly escaped their lips, and penetrated the heart of the fond father and the gratified feelings of dear mamma, who was at that moment ready to devour her gipsy with kisses.

"Ellen, my sweet love, Mr. Fothersgill tells me that you are extremely happy in Scotch melodies; if so, you will exceedingly gratify me in the pleasure of hearing you," cried Lady Honoria, addressing for the first time, the lovely, unaspiring, youthful Ellen, whose countenance she had been some minutes attentively surveying, and she whispered in the ear of Lady Catherine,—"What a lovely face has Ellen Trelawney, and yet she bears no resemblance either to father or mother."

"Will you, my Ellen, comply with the wishes of Lady Honoria," cried Mr. Trelawney.

And she instantly replied, with the most modest sweetness,—

"With great pleasure, papa, because I know that her Ladyship will excuse all the defects of a bad voice, and a very moderate execution, or she would not so kindly have condescended to ask me. I do not profess to be either a proficient in playing or singing, and Mr. Fothersgill has greatly over-rated my very trifling abilities."

"Indeed Miss Ellen, I most humbly beg your pardon," uttered Fothersgill, who now delighted in an opportunity of drawing the

* "Cogna na Sith,"—signifying War or Peace.

attention of the company to the accomplishments of his young and lovely favourite, "but I have not done any such thing; you certainly please me more in singing the 'Water Lily,' than any lady I know."

The important manner in which Fothersgill uttered this, or whether he glanced his uncommon little odd eyes towards Miss Mary (who was by no means a favourite) is uncertain, but it had very near excited the risibility of the whole company, not one excepted but Ellen; for Mary, unable to suppress her mirth, quitted her chair, and hastily left the room, to the no small amusement of her father, who exclaimed,—

"The 'Water Lily,' let us hear it, and judge whether Fothersgill is a man of taste, as he is certainly one of discernment."

No further solicitation was now necessary with one who had been taught invariably to despise affectation, and the lovely Ellen immediately turned over the leaves of her music book, and played and sung an air arranged to the following words:—

THE WATER LILY.

The Water Lily o'er the brook
Gives its blossoms to the shade,
But soon as touch'd, its snowy look
Dies, and all its blossoms fade.

Love, like the Water Lily grows
In shades obscure it lives,
Nor mocks the deeply blushing rose,
The fragrance that it gives.*

Ellen Trelawney was possessed of one of those voices whose sweet vibrations yet steal upon the ear and linger on the heart, long after it has ceased; and Lord Wyndham, never having heard it before, was perfectly charmed, and expressed his warmest approbation of her sweet style; and he exclaimed,—

"Now then, Trelawney, deny the assertion if you can,—Mr. Fothersgill is confessedly a man of taste."

"Thank you, my sweet love," cried Lady Honoria; "but pray, dear Ellen, where did you get these words;—I am interested in the enquiry."

* Written by the Authoress and presented to her Royal Highness the late princess Charlotte at Claremont.

Ellen looked embarrassed, and turned her eyes towards her brother Tanjore, not knowing immediately how to reply to her Ladyship's question; at length she timidly pronounced,—

"They were the gift of my brother Tanjore, your Ladyship."

"Indeed," cried Lady Honoria, "then I must apply to your brother Tanjore for further information."

And Tanjore immediately answered,—

"And all the information I can give your Ladyship, I certainly will; I was standing at a stall where cheap music is generally sold, and the words of this song in particular caught and riveted my attention; I was about to purchase it, when the man at the stall assured me that it was an act of charity to take more than one copy, as he sold them for a family in great distress. And, where do they live? cried I; 'Sir,' answered he, 'I cannot exactly tell, but I will ask the young woman when she comes to-morrow morning to bring me some more. You may be sure, my Lady, that I went the ensuing morning to the man's stall in order to make further enquiries after the distressed family, for I cannot bear the thoughts of seeing any body in distress when I have the power of relieving them; but to my astonishment, neither the man nor the stall was there. And this is all that I can inform your Ladyship of the history of the Water Lily."

It is impossible to form an adequate idea at this precise moment of the feelings of a fond father, while his son Tanjore related this simple little tale, and the warmest plaudits burst from the lips of the whole company, the more when Lady Honoria, exceedingly affected, exclaimed,—

"And if you had known who had written the words of the Water Lily, my dear boy, you would have felt a yet stronger and warmer interest to learn the distresses of a family, which, I strongly suspect, to be some of the unhappy descendants of the unfortunate Madame de Valmont;—she is dead, she died in obscurity; but her works,—her impressive works, will ever remain the most lasting monument of her praise. Tanjore, the words of this song were written by Madame de Valmont, I have a manuscript copy of these words now in my cabinet, written in the early period of her life, and though I have sought in vain to discover the abode of some part of her family, hitherto my search has been unavailing; I now depute you, my dear boy, with the permission of your father, to make further researches if possible to find out this distrest family. Dear sainted Madame de Valmont, never shall any of your name perish if Honoria can relieve you."

"The music is published in Bond Street, I perceive," cried Mr. Trelawney; "the music sellers, Messrs. Phillips and Mahew; we will enquire there, and perhaps they may be able to furnish us with some intelligence respecting the family of the unfortunate author. Fothersgill, you and Tanjore shall go to-morrow morning, and make the necessary enquiries."

"With great pleasure, Sir," answered Fothersgill, "I will have the honour of attending Mr. Tanjore through his peregrinations. Humanity is the road which every man should willingly follow, and whether he is possessed or not possessed of the means is no reasonable excuse for his neglecting the first duty which his religion, if he professes himself to be a Christian, teaches him;—compassion towards the miseries of his fellow creatures."

CHAPTER X.

"Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom ye trust,
"Did you but know how seldom fools are just,
"So many of your sex would not in vain,
"Of broken vows and faithless men complain."

It was a late hour before the social and agreeable party, which had assembled in Berkeley Square, thought of returning to their respective homes; Lord Wyndham having prevailed on Lady Honoria to join a select party to a family dinner at his residence in South Audley Street, the ensuing day, in which the whole of Mr. Trelawney's family were included, and Lady Catherine and Mr. Chandois Queensbury, as the sister and brother-in-law of Lady Honoria Belmont, were honoured with a most pressing and cordial invitation; in short, the company of these charming and amiable personages was always considered an acquisition to society, for they not only did honour to that exalted rank and station in which they were placed, but by the private virtues of their character and disposition, had invariably rendered themselves the brightest patterns of the age in which they lived.

Lady Catherine Queensbury was the youngest daughter of the late Duke of Belmont, her sister lady Honoria being six years her senior, and Lady Frances, who had been at the time of Mr. Trelaw-

ney's marriage with Rosa on the eve of being united to a nobleman of the most splendid rank and fashion, was the second daughter, who lived but two years after this event took place, having died of a rapid decline, very recently after the demise of the noble Duke her father; it is no wonder then, that the remaining sisters, the elder and the younger, became so fondly attached to each other when they found in themselves the only female branches left of their illustrious family; and the present Duke their only brother being wholly resident in Scotland, with his lovely and amiable Jean, Lady Honoria was requested by the earnest entreaties of a fond and ever kind and affectionate brother to live at Belmont Lodge, which had ever been her paternal home, as long as she thought proper to consider it so; and of this most superb and magnificent mansion she had been mistress to the present period of the domestic calamity which had so unexpectedly befallen its illustrious Lord, in the death of his beloved and amiable Duchess, and which now occasioned the visit of Lady Catherine with her husband Mr. Queensbury to the metropolis from their seat in Devonshire, (where they continually resided,) to mitigate the sorrows of her beloved sister,—nor did she visit her sister in vain; cheered by her presence, and that of the amiable Queensbury, Lady Honoria grew cheerfully resigned to the dispensations of Almighty Providence, and she listened to all Lady Catherine had said, on the subject of their mutual loss, with a calm composure which no one who had witnessed the agonies of her distracting grief could have imagined would so soon have subsided; but the sight of her beloved sister, the well-known voice of her dear Catherine, for a few moments silenced all other emotions, but that of sisterly affection, in the bosom of Honoria, nor could she help smiling, when she exclaimed,—

"Well really, Honoria, you could not have been more deeply affected if you had lost poor Catherine, who is your own sister, than you now seem by the death of my brother's wife; and now let me ask what is the use of it to the departed?—she is happy, ultimately happy; and so is poor Frances who is gone before her; therefore vain are your tears, for we cannot recal her, and if we could, she would not thank us for it.—Who would exchange the full joys of an immortal existence for the fleeting, momentary, and unsubstantial pleasures of an earthly one. Cease then, dear Honoria, to repine or murmur at the will of fate; and as to our dear brother, I know him

too well to think that he will sink under a blow which it is the common lot of mortals to experience in a world like this; he will rather think of the tender pledge she has left behind her, in her child, and study to preserve the fair fruit of so sweet and beauteous a blossom in our Mountain Jean."

This conversation was not without its due weight on the mind of the amiable Lady Honoria, for she was well aware of the disposition of Lady Catherine, she knew that in early life she had always evinced that strength and fortitude of mind so necessary in the heavy hour of calamity, when they themselves had visited the sons and daughters of human misery, and had relieved the pressure of many an aching heart. They had been called the twin harbingers of peace,—sister angels of comfort,—for such had Lady Catherine and Lady Honoria been described; with healing on their wings, and consolation on their lips, together had they visited the oppressed and the imprisoned, the afflicted and the forsaken, not only with money and other necessaries, but with that soothing manner, that winning and ingenuousness of feeling, that speaks tenfold comfort to the heart of mourning, though their unostentatious and retiring benevolence never would permit their names, nor the sum of their assistance to be mentioned:—thus were the lovely sisters, Honoria and Catherine, in the early dawn of womanhood; these were their passions, and such were their amiable propensities. And, oh, who would not envy their feelings? vitiated indeed must be the taste of that votary of money or of pleasure, who would not. Of how many hours of truest luxury, of transport the most exquisite and lasting, do they deprive themselves, who heap up riches kept for the owners thereof to their hurt? or who waste their riches and their hours in empty pageantry and childish glitter, in pomps and routs, and ostentatious parties, where the soul asks itself if this be joy, and neglects that sweetest sweet below, bestowed by stretching forth the hand to the poor and the needy, to the fainting and forlorn, by healing the broken-hearted, and speaking deliverance to the captive; by once more lighting up gladness in the eye of despondence, and opening prospects of livelihood and comfort to the way-worn and benighted, by giving the breast of long afflicted and dejected worth to swell with the throb of ecstacy and gratitude too big for utterance, and loading the lip of suffering innocence, with crowded broken accents of prayer and praise, and thankfulness and joy.

Lady Honoria had talked of her journey into Scotland to Lord Wyndham, as a pretext for declining all engagements of the visiting kind, but his Lordship would listen to no refusal, but smiled and exclaimed, as he arose to depart,—

"Mrs. Trelawney, I lay an embargo on you, remember, not to come to South Audley Street without Lady Honoria Belmont."

"Well, but if her Ladyship should grow refractory," cried Mrs. Trelawney, "what shall we do then?"

"Oh, leave her to my management," answered Lady Catherine; "I promise your Lordship that she shall come; for I will take her home with me to-night, and she will have no chance of escaping from me. To-morrow morning we will keep her prisoner, till we surrender her to your Lordship, in South Audley Street."

To which Lord Wyndham replied,—

"Bravo, Lady Catherine,—then I shall be secure of my prize, though not guarded, like the Hesperian fruit, with monsters, terrible and wild, but by grace and beauty, which the power of enchantment renders doubly invincible, because there is no sounding a retreat, without danger from her bewitching spells."

And with this very gallant speech Lord Wyndham took his departure, leaving an impression behind him of his many very pleasing qualifications and charming accomplishments, which would not be very easily eradicated from the minds and the hearts of his numerous friends and admirers; and the youthful Alexina was beginning very rapidly to advance in that state from which there was no possibility of retreating, or in other words, she was deeply in love with Lord Wyndham, without being able to conceal it from the observation of almost every beholder.

"For she had learned to sigh,
"But she knew not why;
"And the roseate blush,
"Upon her cheek would flush,
"In crimson hues."

Nor was his Lordship a considerable length of time before he disclosed to his friend Trelawney the nature of his sentiments for his lovely daughter, with the most flattering and splendid proposals, as an accompaniment to the offer of his hand and title, proposals which could not fail of being highly gratifying to the feelings of a fond father, (but they were not immediately communicated to Miss Trelawney,) who addressed his Lordship in the following manner,—

"You cannot doubt, my Lord, of the sensation which I at this moment experience, that any child of mine should be thought worthy of your inestimable heart, and that I do not feel proud of the flattering distinction which your Lordship has paid to my Alexina. As far as relates to myself, it is utterly and morally impossible, my Lord, for me to object to an alliance, not only every way highly advantageous to my daughter, but which the feelings of my own heart so thoroughly approve; but, will you forgive me, dear Wyndham, by pointing out to you the necessity of a little longer delay on so delicate and important a subject, not that I have the slightest reason to suppose that you are an object of indifference to Alexina, on the contrary, I believe that without being conscious of it, that her youthful heart is now in your Lordship's possession; but I am aware that if she were to continue six months longer under the eye of her mother, she would derive great benefit, as she is yet so extremely young and inexperienced, though not uninformed, your Lordship cannot mistake my meaning. The superintendence of a mother over her daughter, is almost always indispensibly necessary, but never more so than when she is on the verge of matrimony; it is then that parental anxiety is blended with the confidence of friendship, and the willing maid is more than half formed to enter on those sacred duties to which she shall be called when she fulfils the character of a wife and mother; let Alexina remain with Mrs. Trelawney for six months, and at the expiration of that time, Wyndham, we will resign her to your care."

Lord Wyndham looked embarrassed, he had no objection to the arrangement made by her father, being a most reasonable one, but he had a very great one to the lovely girl being kept in ignorance of his firm and honourable attachment towards her; in short, his Lordship was very desirous to know whether Miss Trelawney herself would accept of his proposals, and of being received by her and her father in the character of an accepted lover, and solicited and obtained the permission of Trelawney, to address her on the subject, which his Lordship was not long in finding an opportunity, for on pretence of going into the music-room, to search for a particular ballad he had been purchasing only the day before for Mary, Alexina was stationed at her harp, and quite alone, and blushed a deep and rosy red on his Lordship's entrance into the room. "Love's a Tyrant," was open on the music stand, and Lord Wyndham carelessly turning over the leaves, inquired thus,—

"What is your opinion of love, Miss Trelawney? is he a tyrant as the author here calls him?"

"That, my Lord, is a question which it is utterly impossible for me to resolve, because I really cannot tell," cried Miss Trelawney, without once removing her eyes from the music stand.

Lord Wyndham most respectfully caught the snowy hand which rested on her harp, and in a voice of the most resistless sweetness, exclaimed,—

"And you will not allow me to tell you what I think of it, very probably?"

To which Alexina replied, with great dignity of countenance and manner,—

"In that, my Lord, I must be guided by the propriety of the circumstance, more than to a consideration of my own wishes, and it is a subject which I ought not to——"

Whether his Lordship pressed the fair hand he held a prisoner in his own, with rather more warmth than Miss Trelawney imagined was consistent with the rules of delicacy, we cannot tell, but certain it is, that she very quickly withdrew it from his Lordship: meanwhile, he gently, and by degrees, unfolded the business of his errand there, the conversation he had held with her father, and, like a man of honour, in very few words revealed the state of his heart, which was accompanied with an offer of his hand, title, and splendid fortune.

On which a scene ensued which generally does ensue with two fond hearts that are mutually blessed in an acknowledgment of each other's regard,—it was transport on the part of Lord Wyndham, and joy, too great to be expressed, on the part of Alexina, when in timid blushes, and, with eyes moistened with the tear of genuine sensibility, she revealed the secret of her love; and roses, gemmed with the morning dew, looked not half so beautiful in the estimation of Lord Wyndham, as the tear which rested on the cheek of Alexina, as she timidly pronounced to her impassioned lover,—"I love you."

No further explanation was necessary, except that when the six months' probation was at an end, Miss Trelawney promised that with papa and mamma's permission she would become Lady Wyndham, which was not communicated to any part of the family but to Emma, who, with tearful eyes and a palpitating heart, congratulated

MISS TRELAWNEY & LORD WYNDHAM.

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cousin on the prospect of so much felicity with the man of her heart.

Nay, my dear, but they are prospects which are only yet in perspective," cried Alexina; "I am to wait six months before I can be married to his Lordship, and it is a great while;—one don't know what may happen in six months, does one, Emma?"

"One does not, indeed," cried Emma, with a fearful and involuntary emotion; "there was only a period of six months between the deaths of my poor mother and father, and there was only the same distance of time in that of my grandfather Clarendale and his dear wife."

Alexina looked in the face of Emma, and thought, though she did not choose to remark it, that she had never seen her complexion so transparently fair, or her countenance more angelic, yet in the same instant she perceived, that the roundness of her fine polished limbs was decreasing in size, and that Emma was considerably thinner than she used to be; and the idea that she was falling a sacrifice, daily and hourly, to the unhappy passion which was consuming her fair form, and letting the worm prey upon her damask cheek, wrung the heart of the affectionate Alexina with the most insupportable anguish, which was very near discharging itself in an agony of tears, had not the reflection that it would only add to Emma's despondency restrained them; still, however, Alexina threw her arms round the now really slender waist of poor Emma, and exclaimed,—

"Come, dear coz, I will act the part of Rosalind in Shakespeare's comedy of, 'As you like it,' and say 'I pray thee, coz, dear coz, be merry.' Indeed, Emma, I wish I could instil some of my saucy spirits into your melancholy ones; I don't think you would be much the worse for the change."

"Nor I either," cried Emma; "but pray, dear Alley, do not be so observant of my looks, for do you know that my uncle Trelawney only asked me yesterday if I did not feel well; 'Why, Sir,' cried I. 'Because, my dear,' uttered he, 'you are so much paler than usual.' Now the next person who will be inquiring about my looks will be William, and——"

"Tanjore," exclaimed Alexina, looking very expressively at Emma as she spoke; "I dare say he is quite as solicitous about your looks as William, though he does not say so."

"Emma could not bear the subject, it was too nice a chord, and it

ception, and even though it comes in a questionable shape, it is nevertheless every man's duty to expose it. If you will have the goodness, therefore, gentlemen, to favour me with your address, I will certainly do myself the honour of fowarding any information I may receive of the mysterious personage who represents herself to be Madame de Valmont."

And Tanjore immediately presented his card, on which was written, "The Right Honorable Lady Honoria Belmont, Belmont Lodge." And Mr. P. bowing most obsequiously, put it into his desk, which stood at the upper end of his shop; Tanjore selected some beautiful new and elegant compositions for his sisters, after which they left Mr. P.'s Musical Repository, and steered their course with a very rapid pace towards the neighbourhood of Berkeley Square. Mr. Trelawney's carriage and Lady Honoria's had just drawn up to the door, from which Lady Catherine and Mr. Queensbury only alighted.

"Well, my dear Tanjore," cried her Ladyship, as she entered the drawing-room, "what news from Bond Street?—have you been able to gain any intelligence of the family of poor Madame de Valmont?"

The conversation with Mr. P. was immediately related to her Ladyship, who exclaimed,—

"Well, this is the most singular and extraordinary affair I ever yet heard of;—what think you, Queensbury, of this beautful impostor having the audacity to sign her name to the compositions of our dear lamented Madame de Valmont?"

To which Mr. Queensbury gravely replied,—

"My dear, let us be cautious how we judge unfairly of the actions of our fellow-creatures. I admit that there is mystery attached to this affair, but we ought to suspend our judgment till we know the motive. This female, though certainly not Madame de Valmont herself, may be a descendant of the family of De Valmont, and there is no doubt but she is authorized to dispose of her compositions. We must not take every one for an impostor or impostors who only seem so; there may be some coincidence of circumstance so interwoven with their fate as to render the very appearance, which we are so apt to condemn, consistent only with their unfortunate situation; and in this case they are more the objects of kind commiseration than of our censure or severity.

"Oh, surely, surely," cried Mr. Trelawney, who had listened to

the above generous warmth both of feeling and sentiment from the lips of Mr. Queensbury with the most rapturous applause; "time does wonders, and I have no doubt but time will reveal the mystery which is now suspended over the family of the unfortunate De Valmonts."

At this moment Mrs. Trelawney entered, with her group of lovely females, three of which were her own daughters, and her lovely niece, all of whom, in compliment to Lady Honoria and Lady Catherine, were attired in the most elegant mourning,—though it was not excessively deep, yet it was such as to mark the highest testimony of respect to the memory of the amiable and lamented Duchess of Belmont, and was extremely gratifying to the feelings of her surviving relatives. Perhaps there never were dresses so admirably calculated to display the personal loveliness of these charming girls so greatly, as the tasteful and elegant mourning in which they were on this day arrayed. The uncommon delicacy of Emma's complexion never appeared to such superior advantage; and Ellen looked extremely beautiful; nor was the youthful Mary without her charms, her little white plump neck being decorated with a present from dear mamma, which was a beautiful jet necklace and a heart, scented with the otto of roses, which Mary, who was passionately fond of dress, took no small pains to exhibit to all the company.

"I am sure Lord Wyndham will admire me to-day," cried she very softly to her sister Ellen.

To which Ellen, laughing, answered,—

"What a little conceited creature you are, Mary. Do you suppose that his Lordship has nothing to do but mind such little girls as you."

"Well, but he likes little girls for all that," cried Mary, "for he often tells mamma what a pretty little creature I am, when he thinks I don't hear him; then you know he is going to be married to sister Alexina, and then I can make more free with him than I do now, for he will be my brother, and if one cannot make free with one's own relations, who ought we, Ellen?"

Mary now ran up to Miss Trelawney, and asked her if she would tie her sash a little tighter; but Miss Trelawney had just heared the little chit-chat conversation which had passed between her and Ellen, and exclaimed, very angrily,—

"Indeed I shall not do any such thing, Miss,—your sash is quite

tight enough; and I beg that you will not repeat again what I just now heared you say to Ellen—if you do, I shall tell papa of you, remember that."

This was a sufficient hint to Mary to be silent, though she was so highly offended with her sister that she could not help again muttering as they were going down stairs to the carriage to Ellen and Emma, who could scarce refrain from laughter,—

"I wonder whether sister Alexina will be so cross when she is married; I am sure if she is, I won't go near her, that's what I won't, a disagreeable thing; but see how I will serve her to-day when I am at Lord Wyndham's; you shall see, Ellen and Emma, how I will teaze her then—you know she won't look cross before Lord Wyndham, because when people are cross they look so ugly."

"Oh, my love, you must not indulge in such ill-natured reflections on your sister," cried Emma, beginning to suspect, for the first time, what Alexina had often remarked before, that Mary had more of keen satire in her disposition than of genuine wit or humour, which if not properly checked would render her a very unpleasant companion in a journey through life.

Mr. Fothersgill, who was an uncommon favourite of Lord Wyndham's, had received a very pressing invitation from his Lordship to dine in South Audley Street; Mrs. Pelham having been included in the general invitation given to Mr. Trelawney's family, which compliment she received with the most modest diffidence, because it is not usual for governesses in a private gentleman's, or even in a nobleman's family to receive such a flattering and distinguished mark of attention as to be invited to the table of their superiors, their employers being also present;—we observe that it is not a usual thing, but while we do this, we must also observe, that Mrs. Pelham was out of the common order of such personages, who sometimes assume a consequence to which they have but little claim, very often being wanting both in talent and education to befit them for the important duties of their situation; they are indeed styled governesses, and in consequence are very self-sufficient of their paltry claims to the task of instructing and giving a polish to the manners of youth; but Mrs. Pelham was not one of these pretenders, she was a female who was both born and educated a gentlewoman, and whose sphere in life had once been the means of introducing her into the most elegant and even exalted society, which she had seen and con-

stantly witnessed, and therefore was well calculated to give it to her pupils;—that easy polished grace and unaffected good-breeding, so necessary for a perfect gentlewoman, and which no preceptress ever could impart unless she had been accustomed to the peculiar and distinguishing features of it herself. Mrs. Pelham was also an authoress of some celebrity, or her works had never been purchased by the booksellers; if Mrs. Pelham had not written well, the gentlemen in the folio line would never have applied to her a second time for the display of that talent which they afterwards affected to despise, because they could not obtain it at so cheap a price again; all this Mr. Trelawney knew, and knowing this, he respected the talent of the too humble authoress, by transplanting her to a far happier and more congenial soil, and where she might plant roses without being encompassed by the sharp thorns to goad and sting her like so many deadly scorpions: and, in addition to all these recommendations, Mrs. Pelham had yet the advantage of another, of a most superior kind, and that was the recommendation of such an exalted and amiable personage as Lady Honoria Belmont.

"I have no children," cried her Ladyship one day to her, with a fascinating smile, "but I have a friend who is possessed of a little rising generation, or in other words, she has a charming family, four lovely girls, three of whom are his daughters, and the fourth a niece of Mr. Trelawney's, to all of whom, my dear Pelham, you will be of the greatest service; and I shall certainly do my best to place you as a preceptress in the family of Mr. Trelawney the very next time I pay a visit to Berkeley Street," which was accordingly done; and for full five years Mrs. Pelham had continued the preceptress of the Miss Trelawneys, about the same distance of time that the quaint tutor had also become a stationary planet in the same hemisphere; and as this was a circumstance of which Lord Wyndham was by no means ignorant, he chose to invite these said personages most graciously to his table, not more in compliment to their protectors, than one paid to their own private and exclusive merits.

Would to heaven that such amiable propensities in persons of exalted rank and high birth were more generally followed! how often would the elegant mind whom they had brought forth from the bed of humble obscurity, be enriched by such a noble and generous display of exalted greatness of character and benevolence of soul; how often could the full hearts swell with grateful and delicious rapture, and

one action of this praiseworthy and liberal kind would reflect more lustre on their names than whole volumes of flattery fed at the shrine of the voluptuous court of sycophants, soothsayers, courtezans, and the gay votaries of pleasure: but, alas, the too often neglected sons and daughters of genius are not those who are invited to the overflowing banquet, or asked to the hall of plenty, by those who preside at the grand and stately board, where hospitality never smiles to welcome the unfriended stranger, nor a guest received without a calculation being made of what interest is to be got by his society.

At length the dinner party adjourned to the residence of Lord Wyndham, in South Audley Street; Fothersgill having equipped himself in his new suit of mourning, the gift of his patron, and Mrs. Pelham had received a similar mark of liberality from Mrs. Trelawney, so that when they all were completely assembled in the drawing-room of his Lordship, they had the appearance of one family, Lord Wyndham himself being attired in a splendid costume of mourning. His Lordship never appeared to greater advantage in the midst of this fair assembly of his friends; and a most magnificent dinner was placed before them, in a rich service of the most costly silver; nothing could exceed the tasteful elegance of the entertainment; and when the ladies repaired to the drawing-room, which was most splendidly lighted up, they were regaled with the most odoriferous perfumes, from beautiful Indian vases, of the most exquisite workmanship; while arcades of blooming and choice exotics were arranged with the most finished elegance in other parts of the room; adjoining to which was a concert-room, of the most superlative taste, and marked by the hand of the science of harmony; and Lady Catherine, expressing her warmest approbation of the taste of the accomplished master, smilingly exclaimed to Mrs. Trelawney,—

"It is really barbarous for Lord Wyndham to continue a bachelor,—why here is a kingdom for a little queen to reign in."

To which Mrs. Trelawney archly replied,—

"Why I strongly suspect, that although a widower, his Lordship will have no insurmountable objections to conquer, to induce him to enter the holy state again."

And Lady Honoria immediately whispered in the ear of Lady Catherine,—

"Fix your eyes on a certain young lady in this room, and try if you cannot guess who is the destined bride of Lord Wyndham."

Miss Trelawney, on perceiving that she had engaged their Ladyships' attention, coloured deeply; and Lady Catherine, patting her cheek, smilingly exclaimed,—

"My dear Miss Trelawney, how that blush becomes you, my love,—because it is the most distinguishing feature of native modesty, which is never the offspring of affectation,—believe me, my dear girl, I shall very sincerely rejoice at an approaching event which has at present so sweet and promising an appearance for your future felicity; for marriage without happiness, my dear young friend, though splendour rocks the cradle, is at best but gaudy slavery, and unsubstantial joy; 'tis love only which should light the temple of hymen, and honour the sacred talisman which should protect its faithful votaries."

At this moment the gentlemen made their appearance, and the subject of matrimony was deferred till some more seasonable and appropriate opportunity.

CHAPTER XI.

"Farewell! if ever fondest prayer
"For others' weal avail'd on high,
"Mine will not all be lost in air,
"But waft thy name beyond the sky.
"'T were vain to speak, to weep, to sigh:—
"Oh, more than tears of blood can tell,
"When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
"Are in that word—farewell! farewell!"

Lord Byron.

A bright and transitory glow of pleasure lighted up the countenance of Miss Trelawney at the entrance of Lord Wyndham to that elegant and spacious apartment which she was very shortly to reign mistress of, and being seated next to him, she softly complimented him on the exquisite taste he had displayed.

"I assure you, my Lord," cried Alexina, blushing deeply, "I have received the highest gratification possible in listening to the warm eulogiums pronounced from the lips of Lady Honoria Belmont and Lady Catherine Queensbury, on the tasteful and elegant variety which these charming apartments exhibit,—and mamma too, dear mamma, is delighted with them."

"And does not my Alexina feel any pleasure in contemplating the arrangements which were solely intended, by her faithful and devoted Wyndham, to give her satisfaction?" uttered his Lordship, in a voice so peculiarly delicate and tender, that Alexina immediately exclaimed,—

"Now what would you have Alexina say,—unless she were positively to tell you, that she prefers every thing you say, every thing you do, to all the world besides, and that in her eyes, you can do nothing but what is praiseworthy."

"And is this seriously your opinion, my angel?" cried his Lordship, fixing his eyes with the most impassioned gaze on her fine expressive and interesting countenance.

"Can your Lordship do me the injustice to doubt it?" answered Miss Trelawney.

"No, my dearest girl," exclaimed his Lordship; "to doubt you were to doubt the existence of that chaste and delicate affection with which you so greatly honour me, and without which life would be without a charm."

As the terms of intimate friendship and confidence with which Lord Wyndham now lived with the family of the Trelawneys, were now sufficiently known to the fashionable world, and as his intended alliance with Miss Trelawney had already become a theme of public conversation; the uncommon attentions which he paid to not only this young lady, but every branch of Mr. Trelawney's connexions, were neither particularly noticed nor talked of, but certainly envied to an almost insupportable degree, by some of the modern matchmakers, who imagined that their fashionable daughters, bred in the first school of the *haut ton*, had far higher claims to a coronet than a young green growing girl like Alexina Trelawney, who had hardly emerged from the confines of a nursery; and they much marvelled what so finished and highly accomplished a man as Lord Wyndham could behold in such an unformed chit, to raise her to the distinguished honour of his hand and fortune.

"It is most extraordinary," cried a celebrated Duchess, who had four daughters on her hands to dispose of to the highest bidder, and who was herself considerably past the age of fifty; notwithstanding all the superior aid of the most effectual cosmetics, lately imported from Paris, the Duchess could not hide the honours of age, gray hairs and wrinkles,—there was no cosmetic could do this grand

achievement, though her Grace had served an apprenticeship to them all; and the matter now was how to preserve gray hairs and wrinkles from falling to the lot of her beautiful and accomplished daughters before they should enter into that holy state called matrimony; of these daughters, Lady Maria was the youngest, but delicacy to this divine creature of all modern grace and fashion, forbids us to mention precisely how old Lady Maria was when her mother addressed her on the subject of Lord Wyndham's marriage with the daughter of Mr. Trelawney. "It is most extraordinary, my dear," repeated her Grace, while she combed the ears of a beautiful French lap-dog, who had been undergoing the operation of being bathed in milk of roses, for the renewal of his strength and beauty; "it is indeed most singularly and peculiarly extraordinary, that a man of Lord Wyndham's superior discernment and elegant accomplishments, should wish to pair off to the temple of Hymen with such a turtle as that unformed, unpolished, tall maukin, the eldest daughter of Trelawney. I saw her last night at a party of his Lordship's, and when they told me that she was the destined bride of Wyndham, I could not positively credit the evidence of my senses, Lady Maria. 'Oh, barbarous!' repeated I, 'what, that great tall baby to wear the honours of Lady Wyndham!—pray how long has she left her nursery? Poor thing, I dare say she does not know what to do with herself now that her wings are clipped.'

"'Oh, your Grace,' replied my informant, 'but she will soon know what to do with herself when she is Lady Wyndham. His Lordship's marriage will very shortly take place with Miss Alexina Trelawney, who, though certainly no beauty, yet I am informed is the most accomplished young lady (your Grace's beautiful daughters excepted) of the present day.'

"At which, Lady Maria, I was so horrified, that I believe I exclaimed,—

"'Beauty! why the girl is an absolute fright;—she is tall enough for a dragoon, and so darkly complexioned, that I should think she was allied to some of the tawny breed.'"

"Well, and I should not in the least wonder at a circumstance of that kind," answered the good-natured Lady Maria, who would not have dissented from her dear mamma for the world; "for you know her father is an East Indian; in short, they are altogether an excessive odd family. You remember, mamma, the story of the *Mysie-*

rious Marriage!—Trelawney, you know, was the hero of the tale; —by a *Will* formerly made by *his Father*, he was to have been married to the reputed daughter of Lord Fitzosborne, who, by a strange coincidence of circumstances, only proved to be the child of his Lordship's sister, that Lady Glenthorpe, you know, mamma, who was so notorious at the gaming-table of our friend Lady Renegard; she is dead now, I believe, and the destined bride of Trelawney is now consigned to the arms of an old dotard, to whom she sold herself for his large estates. Then, you know, our romantic hero married his present wife, who was the daughter of a poor country parson, of whom he was passionately enamoured, a low-bred ignorant rustic, that nobody of any consequence would associate with; and it is believed that Trelawney never had any parties at his house on that account, notwithstanding that he is so immensely rich. Did you ever see Mrs. Trelawney, mamma?"

"Oh yes, I saw her once in South Audley Street," cried the Duchess, with an envious and malicious sneer, "with her whole brood of chickens about her; and the woman is tolerably handsome, and dresses well,—that is, much handsomer than any of her daughters. There is a little niece, indeed, who was introduced as a Miss Bradbury, who has more pretensions to beauty by far than any of the Trelawneys, a very fair girl, with lovely blue eyes and light auburn hair, a daughter of the wife's sister; and she is knocked down, I hear, to the eldest son of Trelawney, whether she likes it or not; but if I was the girl, I should tell them a very different story,—she has beauty enough to buy her a husband of greater consequence than either of the young Trelawneys."

"And yet you see, mamma, her beauty had no power over the heart of Lord Wyndham," cried Lady Maria; "she could not purchase him with all her charms."

"That is true," answered her Grace; "there is no accounting for the bad taste of mankind in their choice of women; sometimes they prefer a cook-wench to an accomplished, beautiful woman,—oh! they are a set of blind, insensible creatures; and in love——"

"'Love's a tyrant!' mamma," cried Lady Maria; and immediately sitting down to her harp, warbled forth the words of this air in a style which completely fascinated her Grace, and for a while made her forget the objects of her envy, in her contemplation of the superior charms and accomplishments of her own daughters,

whom she did not despair of yet beholding with a ducal coronet, though—

> "Fled were all the graces,
> "In their painted faces."

Yet the Duchess still fed on hope, and though here it did not happen to be the nurse of young desire, it amused her with its gay and flattering illusions, till she forgot to look at time, or remember that when once he took his flight he never would return again.

Meanwhile, let us take one more peep in the drawing-room of Lord Wyndham, at the happy and agreeable party all assembled there, in which no cloud of envy reigned, to dim the bright beaming sun of happiness which shone among them; for they had recourse to every thing which could charm the evening hours away. There was music in perfection, and—

> "Song and dance, and mirth and glee,
> "In one continued round of harmony."

Miss Trelawney exhibited her usual abilities. Ellen sung several Scotch melodies, among which was the celebrated Monody on the Death of Robert Burns, which, while it drew forth the most rapturous applauses from Fothersgill and Lord Wyndham, greatly affected Lady Honoria Belmont, and perhaps was ill selected on the present occasion;—the beautiful allusion here made on the memory of the departed poet, and the tender sensibility with which almost every line overflows, excited the most powerful emotions in the heart of Lady Honoria, and when Ellen concluded the last stanza of—

> "May the tomb of his urn
> "Caledonia adorn,
> "And his much-lov'd remains rest secure!
> 'Well! ah, well a-day!'

her Ladyship, wholly overpowered, burst into tears, which for some little time threw a cloud over the pleasures of the evening, which, however, again commenced with strains of a more lively description, and little Mary performed wonders, both Mr. Queensbury and Lady Catherine declaring they had never beheld a child with such a display of talent, and quick, lively intelligence.

"I love to teaze and pose the little gipsy," cried Lord Wyndham, "and you shall hear with what address she will answer all my questions."

Mary was now sitting very quiet beside her brother Tanjore, and Lord Wyndham exclaimed,—

"Well, Miss Mary, what has been the nature of your studies this morning with Mrs. Pelham?"

On which Mary archly replied,—

"Oh, my Lord, I have been studying the origin of love: I have found it all out by myself, though sister Alexina, nor Emma, nor Mrs. Pelham, would not tell me what it was,—no, nor yet Mr. Fothergill, though papa told him to do it; yet I found it out, and can tell you all about it, if you please."

Immoderate peals of laughter now ensued, in spite of every effort to prevent it; and his Lordship replied,—

"Well, Miss Mary, I shall be very glad to be made a little wiser by your researches,—what is this love that you have so lately discovered the knowledge of?"

"Translated it, my Lord, that is all," cried Mary; "and I have got it all by heart; it begins thus:—

'THE ORIGIN OF LOVE.'

Born in a Dream on a bank of blushing roses, nursed by Solitude, rocked by Beauty, attired by Vanity, flattered by Hope, fed by Desire, tormented by Jealousy, wounded by Suspicion, subdued by Folly, deceived by Hypocrisy, ruined by Slander, deserted by Friendship, and blown away by Poverty.'

"There, my Lord, I will show you the original, and your Lordship will then see whether I have not translated every word of it according to the author. Oh, what a beautiful butterfly it must be! I wish papa would get me one, that I might keep it in a cage, to look at it whenever I had a mind."

Peals of laughter again ensued, and Lord Wyndham was so delighted with the little translator, that she was presented with a very elegant present, the ensuing morning, when he went to pay his customary visit in Berkeley Square.

As the time rapidly advanced for the approaching departure of

Lady Honoria Belmont for her journey into Scotland, the depression which hung on the spirits of the gentle Emma very perceptibly increased, while, for some unaccountable cause or other, those of Tanjore Trelawney's were exalted; and it was not only the spirits of Emma that had undergone a change, it was marked by a most alarming one in her health; her fair and lovely form, fresh as the roseat morn in blooming beauty, paled and sickened, like a drooping lily; and one morning that Miss Trelawney was left alone with her mother, she gently hinted that she thought her lovely cousin not only very unwell, "but indeed, dear mamma, Emma is very unhappy," cried Alexina, "and I never discovered it so much as since I have been her bedfellow; she does not indeed complain, but often do I hear sigh, and even weep, when she thinks that nobody perceives her."

"Merciful heavens, my dear child, you both shock and amaze me," exclaimed Mrs. Trelawney, feeling a sensation of the most indescribable agony assail her at the same moment, yet not willing that Alexina should see her emotion, or guess the cause: "what is the matter with the sweet girl, I wonder?—she is indeed much paler and thinner than she used to be, but I will speak to Mr. Trelawney, and he will instantly have medical advice for our darling girl."

Miss Trelawney shook her head, while she exclaimed,

"And do you think that a doctor can give Emma any relief, mamma?"

"Why, my love, they are sometimes permitted to give relief, by the superior aid of Almighty Providence," answered Mrs. Trelawney, and sighed heavily.

To which Alexina very artlessly replied,—

"Ah, mamma, but I do not think that it is in the power of any physician to give Emma what she wants."

Mrs. Trelawney now felt confounded, perplexed, and amazed, and for many moments remained quite silent, no longer doubting that Alexina had discovered, by some means or other, the secret of her cousin's heart, a conviction which was now painfully confirmed, by Alexina observing that Emma wanted peace of mind more than any medicine which could be given to her.

"It is not at all unlikely, my love," cried Mrs. Trelawney, "if she is really so unhappy as you describe."

"Indeed, dear mamma, I would not deceive or make you unhappy

about Emma for the world," again replied Alexina; "but the affection I have for my dear cousin, and the anxiety I feel for the state of her health, will not permit me any longer to conceal my sentiments on such an alarming and distressing subject."

Mrs. Trelawney now fixed her eyes expressively on those of her daughter, and in tremulous accents exclaimed,—

"Have you any suspicion, my dear, of the cause of Emma's unhappiness?"

Miss Trelawney, colouring deeply, paused for a moment, after which she unhesitatingly pronounced,—

"Yes, dear mamma, I think I am pretty certain of the cause of Emma's grief; it is a great pity that she cannot love my brother William half so well as she does——"

"Hush, dearest Alexina! hush, for heaven's sake! my dearest child; consider where we are, here almost adjoining to your brother's dressing-room. Let not another sentence escape your lips of the discovery you have made of that dear unhappy child; your brother would never survive the shock,—it would kill poor William, break your father's heart, and send your mother to her grave. Oh, Emma! Emma! darling of my Rebecca, have I indeed fostered you in my fond heart, only to destroy the repose of a now wretched mother?"

Mrs. Trelawney uttered all this with a degree of quick agitation, which greatly alarmed the fears of her affectionate child, who throwing her arms fondly around her, entreated her to compose her agitated spirits.

"Consider, dear mamma, you will only make things worse, instead of better," softly repeated Alexina; "Emma, if she sees you thus, and knows that she is the cause, will fret herself to death, and William will then be more likely to imagine something amiss, than if you do not seem to notice it. Therefore pray, pray compose yourself."

At this moment a gentle tap at the door announced the approach of a strange visiter, and a stranger it certainly was, in the person of Lord Wyndham.

"Dear mamma, it is Lord Wyndham," cried Alexina; "pray, pray admit him; you know how happy he will be to say or do any thing in his power to console you."

"Well, my love, do not keep his Lordship waiting," cried Mrs. Trelawney; "I can indeed fully rely on his confidence and friendship, and will not hesitate to unburthen my heart to him on the subject; and Alexina immediately opened the door to him,

Agitation was too visible, both on the countenances of the mother and daughter, to escape his Lordship's penetration, and he exclaimed,—

"I know not how to apologize for my intrusion here, my dear Madam; but as my friend Trelawney has actually left me to my meditations, and taken a walk with Tanjore, as far as Belmont Lodge, and Miss Bradbury and William engaged in conversation, I could not resist the opportunity of making some inquiry after you and Miss Trelawney; but if I intrude, pray send me away again without further ceremony."

"Indeed, but I do not mean to do any such thing," cried Mrs. Trelawney, forcing a smile; "for indeed, dear Wyndham, I at this moment require your advice—your assistance; for I am very miserable, and so is my Alexina."

"Good heavens! my dearest Madam, are you serious?" uttered his Lordship, excessively shocked and surprised, for Mrs. Trelawney had burst into tears; and, taking the hand of Miss Trelawney, he entreated her to tell him the cause of her mother's uneasiness; but Mrs. Trelawney spared her affectionate girl the trial of her feelings on so painful a subject, by placing an implicit confidence on his Lordship, and acquainting him with the whole of her fears respecting Tanjore and Emma; and after a painful and considerable pause, his Lordship addressed her in the following words:—

"My dear Madam, were I to tell you that I have not remarked the change in Miss Bradbury which occasions you so much anxiety, I should certainly be departing from sincerity; but to any other appearances, I really, from the extreme delicacy and propriety which invariably mark the conduct of the lovely Emma, have not been at liberty to form any conjecture of the kind, and it is assuredly a subject of too delicate and nice a nature for any one (yourself and Mr. Trelawney alone excepted) to interfere in: all I can say is, that above all things I would not notice it to either of the parties, as that may only increase the danger, without tending to destroy its existence. There is, you know, a probability of a separation speedily taking place: it may perform wonders; and in the mean time, I would certainly suggest the propriety of Miss Bradbury being absent on the day of the departure of Lady Honoria for Scotland;—cannot you contrive to take her down to Kenilworth a day or two before the period is fixed for her Ladyship to leave town? The delicate state of

her health will, you know, furnish a very sufficient pretext for your so doing to all parties, and silence all other conjectures on the subject. I really do not see any more preferable mode of adopting on the present occasion."

"It is most excellent, my dear Lord," cried Mrs. Trelawney, and I shall very willingly adopt it, provided that the dear girl herself has no objection; in that case I could not have the heart to part with her."

"I will prevent any objection on that head," answered Lord Wyndham,

"As how, Wyndham?" demanded Mrs. Trelawney.

To which his Lordship replied,—

"I tell you how we will arrange it. Clarendale and his charming wife have given me the most pressing invitation to visit the Hermitage;—suppose that you permit your daughter to accompany her cousin down; after the departure we can return when you please, leaving Miss Bradbury under the care of her aunt. What say you, dear madam?—does this plan fully meet your concurrence, as I certainly know it will that of Trelawney, when it shall be mentioned to him in the manner that I will undertake to do, provided I have your permission?"

"Oh, my dear Lord, do what you please," cried Mrs. Trelawney; "I leave it all to your good sense and propriety, and I know not how to thank you sufficiently for the kind interest you take in our concerns. Alexina, return to the drawing-room, my love, with his Lordship; our long absence may be remarked by your brother. Go, dear Wyndham, and I will presently follow."

"Dear mamma, you will then promise to compose yourself," cried Alexina, taking the proffered hand of Lord Wyndham.

"Yes, my dearest love, I *am* composed," cried Mrs. Trelawney; and in a few minutes after she joined them in the drawing-room.

Emma was then still in conversation with William, and on the entrance of his mother he exclaimed,—

"What a perverse girl our Emma is, mother; she complains of a pain in her side, and I cannot persuade her to take any thing to relieve her."

"A pain in your side, my love," cried Mrs. Trelawney; "how long have you felt it?"

"Not long, dear aunt; it does not give me much pain, only William fancies so," answered Emma, trying to conceal it.

"My dearest girl, you are far from being well," cried Mrs. Trelawney, pouring some hartshorn drops into a glass of water; "and to-morrow I must positively insist on your having some advice. You shall go to bed early to-night, and I will be your nurse."

"Oh, it is nothing, I shall very soon be better," uttered she; and, to the astonishment of all present, she burst into tears.

William flew to her side, and supported her head on his shoulder, while her countenance changed alternately to an almost ashy paleness.

"Merciful heaven! my dear girl is dying," uttered Mrs. Trelawney, in the most terrified accents; "fly, run,—oh, run, Wyndham, for assistance,"—while Alexina, almost as frightened as her mother, assisted her brother to raise her to the sofa; but Emma had gradually fainted away in the arms of the distracted William, and in one moment the whole house was a complete scene of consternation.

Lord Wyndham having sent for medical assistance on the very instant, Doctor Starmer soon arrived, and the moment that he beheld his patient, he pronounced that there was not the slightest danger.

"Although appearances are so very alarming, I assure you, my dear Madam," cried he, "that Miss Bradbury will speedily recover: in the mean time, let her be conveyed to bed immediately, and do not disturb her after the medicine I am going to give her. Believe me that the agitation she sees you are all suffering will do her more harm than you can imagine."

But Mrs. Trelawney was in a state of terror, to which no description can do justice, and Emma was immediately removed to her chamber, Lord Wyndham and Doctor Starmer attempting to pacify and sooth the fears of her aunt as much as possible.

"Dearest Madam, why will you not be persuaded to listen to Dr. Starmer? He assures you there is nothing serious to be apprehended from the indisposition of Miss Bradbury, and I am of the same opinion myself. The pain in her side produced a sort of hysteric affection, and it is nothing more," cried his Lordship.

And this was certainly the case, added to some internal struggles, which this lovely and amiable creature had been making for some time past, in order to subdue the weakness of a passion which she considered entirely hopeless, and the resolution she had solemnly taken conscientiously to perform her duty towards her kind and tender

relatives, in their wish of seeing her united to her cousin, had altogether preyed on her constitution, which, like her mother's, was extremely delicate; and, as the time rapidly drew near for the departure of Tanjore, her spirits sunk under the painful conflict; her feelings were sustained, dreading the hour of parting with an object so tenderly and fatally beloved, and from whom she had never till now been separated; then there were other reflections which tormented, and even haunted the mind of the gentle Emma, and which, of all other circumstances, puts woman's sensibility to the hardest trial of philosophy,—she feared a rival, in the lovely Jean Belmont, in the heart of the volatile Tanjore, and perhaps this last feeling was the most insupportable, for what woman ever yet could bear a rival in the heart of the man she loves?—Answer us that, ye firmest stoics, ye grave philosophers, sage and wise, what magic charm can bind the chain of love again together, when once it is broken? It is a mortal stab to woman's heart; and if she does not sink under the blow, she eternally remembers the hand that so cruelly gave it.

Though Mrs. Trelawney's fears had a little subsided, on the repeated and consolatory assurances given her both by Doctor Starmer and Lord Wyndham, yet no persuasions could induce her to quit the chamber of her beloved niece; and although Mrs. Pelham and Alexina were already stationed at the bed-side of Emma, who had fallen into a gentle sleep, yet she declared that she would not leave her the whole of the night, fearful of her having a relapse; and as Alexina knew that her mother would persist in this resolution, she determined not to retire to her own chamber, but lay down on Mary's little bed, which was only in the adjoining apartment, in case that her services might be required. In short, so affectionate was the disposition of all these amiable girls, that they would all have sit up to watch by the bed-side of their dear Emma, if their mother had permitted them: for Emma was equally dear to them as one of their own sisters, and little Mary wept most bitterly when she heard that she had been taken ill.

"No, my loves, you are very kind," cried Mrs. Trelawney, "but you cannot do poor Emma any good, and you will only endanger your own health by staying out of your beds; therefore, my dears, I must insist upon your retiring at your usual hour, and as I have got Mrs. Pelham with me, I shall not be in the least alarmed."

"But I would try to keep my eyes open, dear mamma," cried Mary.

"No, my darling, I will not hear of such a thing," answered Mrs. Trelawney; and Mary and Ellen, both affectionately kissing their mother, retired immediately, at her request.

"Ellen, don't you go to sleep," cried Mary, "because, if poor Emma should grow worse, how unfeeling it would be if either of us was to be found fast asleep."

And the dear little creature, clasping her hands together, after she had undressed herself, knelt by the bed-side, and fervently prayed for the restoration of health to her beloved cousin: and there is no doubt but the prayer of the pious little angel was heard, and accepted, as the purest incense which could be offered up to the heavenly Father of all Mercies.

And ever sacred be this precious link of family affection! the offspring of holy Nature, more sweet than the balmy breath of opening roses!—hail to its soft and gentle inspiration!

Emma slept soundly for more than two hours; and when she awoke, but a confused remembrance of what had passed occurred to her recollection: she knew that she had been excessively ill, and that she beheld them all eagerly flying to her assistance, without the power of being able to articulate a syllable to console them; but she now felt herself so considerably relieved, and her spirits so calm and tranquillized, that the first sentence she pronounced, when she perceived her aunt hanging fondly over her, was,—

"I am quite well, and quite happy—yes, dear aunt, I feel quite happy,—for I have seen my mother; and she looked like an angel, and she told me that I should soon be better, and so I am: there is nothing the matter with me now, indeed, aunt,—I am quite well, only I am afraid I have given you all a great deal of trouble; and you, aunt, have been weeping,—oh, do not weep for me——you would not weep, aunt, if you felt what I do now."

"And how does my Emma feel?" cried Mrs. Trelawney, more alarmed than ever, at a bright vermillion colour which flushed the cheek of Emma, which reminded her too strongly of the last illness of her dear Rebecca—"Do you feel no pain, my dearest child?"

"None in the world, my dearest aunt," uttered she, "only that my head is a little giddy, that is all; but then my heart is easy——. I had such a pain in my heart before I was taken ill; but now it is gone, gone for ever!——"

And Mrs. Trelawney was gone too—she beckoned Mrs. Pelham

to remain by the side of Emma, and ran, or rather flew, into the adjoining apartment, to her daughter Alexina, exclaiming,—

"Emma is worse! I am sure she is much worse!—I do not think that she is perfectly in her senses; her cheeks are flushed with a hectic fever. Go, my dear child, and call your father and Lord Wyndham; they are both sitting up with Doctor Starmer, in the drawing-room; I would not permit them to leave the house. Hasten then, dear girl; throw this mantle about you, and lose not a moment."

The gentlemen were not long in obeying the summons, and Doctor Starmer immediately went to the bed-side of his fair patient, whom he instantly pronounced to be out of all danger, but positively prohibited any one going near her, to hold any conversation with her or disturb her.

"In a few minutes she will drop off to sleep again," said the Doctor, "and that alone is sufficient to restore her. The flush of colour you perceive is entirely owing to her former irritation, and is merely occasioned by the effect of the medicine; her head is, of course, weak from the excess of debility, but rest will do wonders. Close the curtains gently, and let every thing be as quiet as possible."

The order was immediately obeyed. Emma took a little barley water from the hands of Mrs. Pelham, but was soon overpowered by drowsiness; and the utmost precaution was taken not to disturb her, all retiring from the chamber except Mrs. Pelham and a female attendant.

"We will now take some coffee below stairs," cried Mr. Trelawney, "as it is now nearly four o'clock, after which, I must insist, Rosa, that you endeavour to take some repose. Emma is by no means so alarmingly ill as your fears suggest, but if you go on in this manner, you will very shortly not only make yourself ill, but all of us about you, and then I think the worthy Doctor will have enough upon his hands. Where is William and Tanjore? Dear Wyndham, go and speak to them, I implore you: tell them that Emma is quite out of danger, and that their mother is determined to frighten us all to death. It is really absurd of you, my love," continued Mr. Trelawney, gently forcing her into a chair beside him; "you have exhausted your spirits, and alarmed yourself with useless and vain imaginary apprehensions. Come, come, be cheerful, my dearest, here is Doctor Starmer quite angry with you—are not you, Doctor?"

Mrs. Trelawney now endeavoured to compose herself, on again receiving a solemn assurance from Dr. Starmer that Emma's disorder was merely of a trifling nature, and that in a few days, with a little restorative medicine, she would be brought about again.

But Trelawney was really displeased, for the first time in his life, with his beloved Rosa. She could not have been more seriously alarmed if the safety of one of her own children had been in danger; yet, as he contemplated the traces of excessive agitation yet visible on her lovely countenance, he yet again made the most tender allowances for the feelings of one of the most susceptible and affectionate hearts that ever beat in the bosom of lovely woman; nor were those moments of the dying Rebecca yet faded in Trelawney's recollection, when she consigned this precious charge, her only child, to a sister's fostering care; and he reflected how fondly these sisters had been united in affection together, and consequently how dear this child must be to the heart of his poor Rosa;—and when it is considered that Trelawney was himself the first of mankind in every gentle, in every good and kind propensity that renders man dear or engaging to the heart of woman, it is no wonder that he was ready to find excuses for her he adored, and that he should presently smile on her with the most tender complacency, while he exclaimed,—

"Well, dearest, are you now more calm and tranquil; and will you listen to Dr. Starmer, though you would not listen to your husband?"

"Come, I must not suffer you to be too severe on Mrs. Trelawney," cried the Doctor, perceiving that her spirits were dreadfully depressed; "I will own that appearances were sufficient to alarm those who are unacquainted with the effects of the nervous system."

Meanwhile, Lord Wyndham had gone in search of the brothers, and found them sitting in their little study, with the amazed tutor between them. He had talked philosophy to them in vain, but his pupils had found out the book of nature, one page of which had effaced whole volumes of Plato, Socrates, Cicero, or Demosthenes from their recollection; and at the entrance of Lord Wyndham, William was weeping bitterly, Tanjore doing all he could to console him, and Fothersgill twirling his thumbs about with a sort of gravity which had become habitual to him, every now and then exclaiming,—

"Gentlemen, I stand amazed at your exceeding weakness! If

it be the will of Providence that this lovely flower should be nipped in its bloom, it is not all the tears that Niobe shed can prevent it."

"Oh, talk not thus, Fothersgill," cried William, "or you will drive me frantic;—talk not of the death of my Emma, for if Emma dies, then too surely one grave will bury us both. Tanjore, you say nothing,— you do not say one word to comfort your poor heart-broken brother!"

But poor Tanjore could say but little, while his own heart bled almost at every pore. When he had returned with his father from Lady Honoria Belmont's, and was first informed of Emma's illness, his heart sunk within him, and his whole frame was seized with a trepidation he could ill conceal; yet not one sentence escaped his lips expressive of the concern he felt at such a circumstance, and while his soul was wrung with agony at the fate of her on whom his heart hung with dotage, he preserved the most impenetrable silence, nor, till he retired to his own chamber, did he unburthen his feelings by shedding torrents of tears.

For many days had he silently watched the changes of her lovely form, and when her plaintive voice sounded on his ear, it vibrated on his heart like the solemn peal which rings the knell of expiring saints. When thus called upon by his brother, however, he could no longer appear insensible to the general grief which pervaded the whole family; and he attempted to give something like consolation to William, as he mournfully exclaimed,—

"I would not intrude my griefs on yours, William, which would avail nothing to you or the dear sufferer; still I do not think that my cousin is so ill as my mother's fears represent; I heard Dr. Starmer declare to my father that she was not; and surely hope should be encouraged, and not depressed, by a declaration from a gentleman of such eminent professional skill as Dr. Starmer."

"Indeed, dear Tanjore, did you hear Dr. Starmer say so?" cried William, almost transported by the intelligence.

"I positively did, not three hours ago," answered Tanjore; and at this moment Lord Wyndham appeared, and confirmed the information already received.

"It is, therefore, not only ridiculous, but excessively wrong to cherish these fears," cried Lord Wyndham; "for Miss Bradbury is not in danger, and never has been. Why then, my good fellows, should you thus indulge in gloomy apprehensions? Come,

let us all proceed to the drawing-room together;" and his Lordship, taking the arm of William, marched off with him, leaving Tanjore and Fothersgill to follow when they pleased; and at their departure, Tanjore, with a heavy sigh, exclaimed,—

"Oh, Fothersgill, would that you and I were now exploring the Grampian Hills, for then should I be relieved of this intolerable, heart-throbbing anxiety."

"Why, to be sure, Mr. Tanjore," answered Fothersgill, "the Grampian Hills are doubtless very worthy of observation, and are exceeding fine and lofty mountains; but on such a night, or rather morning, as this, the prospect would not be very inviting, as I should imagine that at this inclement season of the year they are generally clad in their snowy garments."

"So much the better," cried Tanjore; "and would at this moment that I were on the very top of them, or, buried in their icy bosom, should never awake again to a sense of human wretchedness or wo."

Fothersgill looked at the fine dark and intelligent eyes of his young favourite, and perceived that this speech was not directed by one of his usual extravagant or wild random flights, but that it had proceeded spontaneously from his heart, for his eyes were moistened by the tears of sensibility, and fell trickling down his cheek before he was aware of it, and he hastily brushed them away; but they had penetrated to the heart of his tutor, who saw in them something more than the mere "trappings or the suits of wo," and he exclaimed,—

"My dear Mr. Tanjore, I stand not only amazed, but I am deeply grieved to discover in you a——"

"Discover what?" cried Tanjore, interrupting him with a tolerable smart slap on the shoulder, and affecting his usual flight of spirits: "What has your sagacity been able to discover, friend Fothersgill?"

"I was going to observe, Mr. Tanjore, that I was inexpressibly grieved to discover in you a source of affliction hitherto unknown. That is all, Mr. Tanjore, that I was going to say; and I hope it occasions no offence; you know I would not say any thing to offend you for the world. Now, as to the health of Miss Emma Bradbury——"

Tanjore immediately started from his chair—

"Hush, for heaven's sake!—breathe not a sentence about Emma——mention her not, I implore you, Fothersgill. There is a chord in the heart of every man, which, when touched, even though by friendship, will not bear the vibration; and that chord will break in my heart, if you touch it ever so lightly. Now, Fothersgill, do you understand me?"

Fothersgill remained for many minutes gazing at his pupil, like one who had been struck speechless; and a new light now flushed at once across his no longer bewildered imagination. The fatal truth was now revealed, and the whole cause of Miss Bradbury's sudden indisposition accounted for, as well as the secret source of affliction in his pupil.

Here was a catastrophe which he little expected ever would have taken place in the destiny of so faultless and amiable a family; and yet there was no real fault to be attached to any of the party. But what a misfortune! It was even worse than the story of Isabella in the Fatal Marriage! Here were two brothers both in love with one female, and that female already destined for the wife of the elder, while her heart had insensibly yielded to the younger.

"What a prodigious calamity!" thought he; and heartily did the quaint tutor curse little Cupid, who had shot his quiver from his bow at random, without considering that there was but one Venus to reward two Adonises.

"Fothersgill, what art thou meditating on?" at length cried Tanjore.

"Meditating, Mr. Tanjore!" cried Fothersgill,—"ah, my dear young sir, I was just at that moment meditating on the words of the immortal bard, when he so truly says,—

> "Ah me! for aught that I could ever read,
> "Could ever hear in tale or history,
> "The course of true love never did run smooth:"—

and they immediately proceeded together to the drawing-room.

CHAPTER X.

"I've seen the rose forsake thy cheek,
"And those dear lips turn pale;
"I've heard the sigh when thou wouldst speak,
"Thou lily of the vale:
"Yet ever on thy face would play
"A beam of hope, a smile
"That trembled like a moonlight ray
"Upon a ruin'd pile."

For three successive days, the lovely Emma was not only confined to her chamber, but the progress of her recovery was by no means so rapid as the sanguine expectations of Dr. Starmer had been led to suppose, from the slight attack which she had received, the pain in her side still continuing at intervals to awaken the apprehensions even of this most skilful physician, that the ultimate cause of her disorder was not yet effectually removed; and he immediately suggested to Mr. and Mrs. Trelawney, when he was left alone with them, the necessity, as well as the propriety, of change of air for Miss Bradbury, and that as soon as she was able to leave her chamber.

"She is doing very well," cried the worthy Doctor; "I do not recommend this because there is any change for the worse; but she will do better when she inhales the fresh and bracing air of the country, which will, with time and gentle exercise, effectually restore the sweet girl to her former constitution. There is a great depression which still hangs on her spirits, and it is a sort of malady which cannot be removed by hurrying her to amusements, or creating any noise or bustle around her; it will only yield to calm and sequestered scenes of retirement; and her mind must by no means be exposed to agitation, for be it ever so slight she is too weak to bear it."

This hint was sufficient, both to Mr. and Mrs. Trelawney; and so watchful were they now over this precious charge, that they would not suffer any one of the family to approach her without first obtaining permission from them, except Miss Trelawney and Mrs. Pelham, who constantly sat in her chamber: even William was forbid to hold

any long conversation with her, and Tanjore was not suffered to see her at all, the cause of which was too well known to him either to wish or expect it, and though he was unceasing in his inquiries after Emma's health, yet he never once was heard to express a wish to see her.

To little Mary all this appeared an enigma, she wanted much to find out; and being one morning left alone with her brother Tanjore, she innocently exclaimed,--

"Do you know, we have all been this morning to see poor Emma. Mamma let us all go in and kiss her, and ask her how she did; and she said she was a great deal better; but she don't look so, for all that. Oh, she is so white, brother Tanjore,—as white as a lily, and so you will say when you see her; but I forgot that you have never seen her;—it is very strange, brother Tanjore, that we have all been to see poor Emma but you! Ah! how unkind, I thought you loved her better."

"Mary, I wish you would not talk to me, my dear girl," cried Tanjore, at this moment hardly able to restrain from shedding tears.

"Don't you like me to talk to you about Emma." cried Mary.

"I cannot bear to be talked to about any thing just now," answered Tanjore, putting his hand to his head; "I have got such an intolerable head-ache."

On which Mary very speedily made her exit, pondering in her own imagination what the reason could be that her brother Tanjore could neither bear to see her cousin Emma, nor yet hear her name mentioned.

"Ah, I suppose that Emma has done something to offend him," thought Mary: "but then it is very wrong of brother Tanjore to be so angry with her when she is so ill, and so I would have told him, if his head had not ached so badly."

Happy age! blissful state of youthful innocence! when no thought, unhallowed and impure, can intrude, or ever find entrance, to corrode, corrupt, or sorrow thy spotless heart; but how fleeting are its days, how short and transitory is the period appointed for thy lovely season of uninterrupted happiness! Alas! how swiftly does each winged moment fly of thy peaceful serenity! A few more summer suns blossom o'er thy head, and all thy infant joys are ended: thy young heart expands with maturity; thy youthful bosom glows with

passion, and beats with a thousand different sensations of nameless variety; thy cares begin,—perhaps in love thou art first doomed to sustain a disappointment; and if not there, in some other form it assails thee—perhaps by death some tender chord is broken, and thy heart convulsed with pangs unutterable. At all events, sweet infancy, thy lovely season blooms no longer, and all thy harmless days of innocence and mirth succeed to give place to the offsprings of maturity, experience, and age.

At the departure of little Mary, poor Tanjore, unseen, unheard, (as he then imagined that he was,) yielded to the indulgence of those feelings he had hitherto found it so difficult to restrain, and leaning his arm pensively on the table, he mournfully exclaimed,—

"Oh, Emma! beloved Emma! and am I then accused, and even by infantine innocence, of indifference and negligence towards thee! Am I then compelled to fly from thy adored presence, only to conceal the pangs by which my heart is torn? Oh, how gladly would I pour out every drop of blood in these beating veins, to ease one moment of anguish or of sorrow to thee! Yes, Emma, unconscious as thou art of all the sufferings I am enduring for thy sake, there is no bosom burns with such devoted zeal towards thee as mine; and yet, sweet maid, we part, perhaps for ever!—and if not for ever, there is a barrier between thy love and mine, eternal, vast as the great billows of the boundless ocean, high as the mountain of Atlas, which, were I once to wage war with, might plunge us both into desolation, unequalled misery, and repentance. Therefore I go, Emma, to save myself and thee!—better to part, ten thousand times, than bring a ruin on thy head, to wound the heart of a loved brother, and disappoint the hopes of fond parents, in the fancied dreams of happiness they have long projected for thee and William.—Yes, we will part, and may all good angels visit thee with calm repose; while I alone, in foreign climes, shall breath out one fervent and unceasing prayer for thy future happiness, which I have considered far dearer than my own."

At this moment Tanjore raised his eyes, and rested them on a figure who had softly approached the table where he was sitting, and who must have been some moments in the apartment before he was aware of it, and that was his mother.

They both looked at each other with an emotion which could not be suppressed, and both preserved a mournful silence, which they

seemed unwilling to break through. At length Mrs. Trelawney exclaimed,—

"My dear boy, I did not mean to intrude upon your privacy. I thought you had not been alone, for I heard your voice before I came into the room."

"A mother never can intrude on the presence of her child," cried Tanjore, hastily rising, and giving her a chair close beside him; "and, least of all, my mother,—she is always welcome to her Tanjore;" and he took Mrs. Trelawney's hand, and affectionately pressed it to his lips, which soon brought the tears in that fond mother's eyes, and she faulteringly replied,—

"I am soon going to lose you, my Tanjore. We have never yet been separated, and your absence will affect me greatly. I shall miss you much, though it is only for a short period."

"But that will be nothing, mother, to when I shall go abroad. I shall be absent much longer then, and I would that the period was already fixed by my father for my departure from my native land. Every day, every hour that I have now to stay in England is irksome, and only increases my anxiety, my impatience to be gone," cried Tanjore, sighing heavily.

"Good heavens! my dear child, and are you then already weary of our society?" replied Mrs. Trelawney, not willing to understand the nature of his present feelings, and more shocked than ever to find that his unhappy attachment for his cousin was gaining more ascendency over him than she imagined. "Are the scenes of his peaceful home an object of regret and even discontent to my Tanjore, that he so ardently wishes to lose sight of them? Is your father, is your mother no longer thought worthy of being the dearest friends and companions of your heart?—do we act so unkindly by our Tanjore, that he is ready to fly from our presence, and shun our society? Are his sisters no longer dear to him, his affectionate sisters, in whom he once delighted? and is his only brother no more considered an object fit to share in his confidence? Tell me, my loved boy, the cause of this sudden change?—from whence spring these new, and, to me, afflicting and extraordinary emotions?—why have you taken a distaste to all your former pleasures? Confide in your mother, and fear not that she will betray you?

Here was a situation for poor Tanjore, in the presence of the only being on earth that he most respected and revered, and, next to

Emma, that he most adored—his mother,—the tender mother who had given him birth, that mother who in all her life had never reproached him, or taxed him with one fault, but who had often shielded him from the severity of his father, when he had really merited his displeasure; and must he now shrink from an open avowal of all his sensations?—could he bear to be taxed with a fickleness or change in his disposition, with a change of affection towards his father, sisters, and his brother—and by his mother! No, rather would he perish first! and he instantly exclaimed—

"Ah, mother, how you wring my heart by these unmerited reproaches, these unkind accusations; but why should I dissemble, in declaring the real cause of my sufferings to my mother; and when you know them all, you will rather pity your Tanjore, and not thus cruelly condemn him. Mother, have you never loved?—did you never feel the torment of loving one destined to fill the arms of another?—did you never know that you was loved again by the object you adored, and feel at the same instant that you must resign your hopes for ever? If, mother, you have never felt all these pangs, I do not ask you to feel for your son; but if you have, mother, experienced all these, and for my father, I know that you will both feel for and pity me, and I do not ask for more—your own heart will suggest all I can say on the subject."

To form an adequate idea of the feelings of Mrs. Trelawney was impossible: it was an appeal which she could not resist, for precisely such had been her situation before her marriage with Trelawney—for the father of Tanjore had she felt all these pangs, when his destiny, by the *Will of his Father*, had given him to the arms of Lady Alexina Fitzosbourne—then had her heart sustained the test of feeling and sensibility, which her son had now submitted to her as a true picture of his own; and bursting into tears, she acknowledged that such once had been her own feelings with his father.

"Then, mother," cried Tanjore, "why are you astonished that I should wish to fly from the presence of the only being whom I cannot consistently, with honour and propriety, remain in the sight of, without adding to the torments of the passion that I endure? Have not you and my father both destined Emma for the wife of my brother?—answer me that important question?"

To which, after a most painful pause, Mrs. Trelawney replied,—

"The question, my dear Tanjore, is indeed almost too important

for me immediately to be able to resolve, as the destiny you speak of must entirely remain with the parties themselves. The case was widely different with your father and me. Though I certainly did feel all those pangs and torments of disappointed passion, which you have so justly portrayed, but for which there did not then appear any alternative, your father, in conformance of his duty, must, according to the will of his father, have married Lady Alexina, had she not proved to be the niece only, and not the daughter, of Lord Fitzosbourne; but there is no such will prescribed for Emma,—she is not obliged to marry your brother if her heart does not decidedly make the election; and you cannot suppose that either your father or me would be so arbitrary or so cruel as to force the sweet girl into a connexion that the affections of her heart would revolt from. No, my loved boy, be assured that we would not; think more nobly of your father, and think more justly of your mother too. Were that the case, I were unworthy of the sacred trust which a dying sister consigned to my care: it was not to wound the heart of her child that she gave her in my charge; and never, no, never shall that tender heart be broken by entering into any engagement that her own choice does not fully sanction. Heaven forbid!. At the same instant I will not disown, that your father has projected a matrimonial alliance between your cousin Emma and your brother William; but why has he done so? —because, from the very first dawn of infancy, he imagined that your brother loved Emma, and he had no reason to suppose that Emma did not love him. It is true, that the natural timidity and reserve of Emma's character prevented any questions being proposed to her on so delicate and important a subject; and it is very unlikely, from present appearances, that it ever will, as her health has doubtless sustained a shock from the struggle of her feelings. It is too perceptible that your brother, though highly esteemed and venerated by Emma, is not decidedly the object of her more tender regard, and it is equally a plain matter of fact who is—she cannot hide it, though the sweet girl would sacrifice her dearest feelings in the attempt. Nay, I am almost persuaded that such is her conscientious principle of duty, that she would become the wife of your brother without a murmur, sooner than give us any uneasiness, or subject poor William to any disappointment on her account; but can you suppose that we should be so cruel and so base as to see her submit to such a sacrifice? Could heaven, or any of its good angels, approve of vows so

made and ratified? No, Tanjore, your father is too generous—he is too noble and just, to enforce any such authority; he himself would disdain a union formed on such a principle; and I myself would never sacrifice a sister's child, only to secure the happiness of my own. Tell me, then, Tanjore, who is the object of most commiseration to this affair? and give your pity where it is most due. When your poor brother had so fondly raised his expectations towards this loved idol of his affections, when he long cherished hope that Emma would regard him with a more tender impression than that of friendship or sisterly affection, what must be his present feelings to discover his mistake?"

"Why, surely, mother, Emma has not told him that———" Tanjore paused, and Mrs. Trelawney immediately exclaimed,—

"Emma has told him nothing; neither has your father or myself conversed with him on such a subject; but can you suppose that your brother is blind, or, if he has been, that he will any longer continue to flatter himself with the self-delusion that he is beloved by his cousin. True love has eyes, Tanjore, and those eyes must at one time or other see plainly."

"And can you, then, blame me, mother, if I persist in the resolution of avoiding all opportunities of inflicting pain on the heart of William?" cried Tanjore, his fine eyes filling with tears. "Were it not better for one of us to be miserable at a distance, than both remaining to be a torment to the existence of each other? Think you that were I at this moment permitted to approach Emma in the character of an affianced lover, that I would taste of the cup of happiness, purchased by the sacrifice of a dear brother's repose? No, mother, I never can—I never will——and here, in the face of heaven and to you, I swear, I never will be my brother's rival in the heart of my cousin; or, in other words, I never will offer a heart nor a hand to Emma that aims a blow to strike a bosom far dearer than my own—the loved offspring of my mother! Whatever be my destiny, I will bear it manfully; nor ever will I murmur or repine, however hard, however painful I may find it, if my absence can restore peace to a dear brother's heart; and if by me alone that peace can be preserved, I will preserve it by an eternal resignation of Emma! If mine she could be, even at this moment, mine she should not be by the loss of William's promised hapiness——no, never, mother,—I have sworn, and may this vow be registered in heaven!"

"Hold, dearest Tanjore!" cried Mrs. Trelawney; "make no rash vows nor promises, I implore you, which both distress and terrify me; you are too young, my child, to understand the nature of them, nor can you tell what the distance of time may produce. Emma may not always think as she does now, neither may William; and it is also as likely that you may change. You are all young enough to gain a lesson by experience, and heaven grant that it may never be a bitter one. Meanwhile, I would give you a caution not to reveal the nature of your sentiments to any one, not even to your father; for I am persuaded that he will never converse with you on such a subject, unless there was some particular necessity for his so doing. There never was a man so tenacious and delicate of wounding the feelings of others as your father. Should you behold your cousin before her departure for Kenilworth, which will take place in a few days, let your attention towards her be so slight as not to occasion her any embarrassment; and with your brother avoid all conversation that leads to the subject of Emma. Thus, my dear boy, we may preserve an appearance of tranquillity, if we have it not, and in this deception we may readily be excused."

Tanjore promised faithfully to obey his mother's injunctions, and felt his mind considerably relieved by having unburthened his thoughts to that tender and affectionate parent, in whose maternal prudence he knew that he could safely confide, and faithfully repose the sentiments of his heart; and they separated only just in time to dress for dinner, at which both Dr. Starmer and Lord Wyndham were expected. His Lordship, indeed, had seldom been a day absent from Berkeley Square during the whole time of Emma's indisposition, and his kind attentions and friendly society were most gratefully felt and received by the whole family, and even by the fair invalid herself, with whom he had several times conversed; and the last time he beheld her, he very pleasantly suggested a visit to the Hermitage (the subject being introduced to Emma as if by mere accident,) his Lordship very jocosely smiling, while he uttered,—

"Suppose now, Miss Bradbury, that I was actually to run away with you and Alexina, one of these fine clear mornings, and whisk you down to Kenilworth? Dr. Starmer has prescribed change of air for you, and what can be so delightful and so pure as that in which you was born?"

"Ah, my Lord, and it is that in which my mother inhaled her first

breath, and left her last sigh," cried Emma; "and it is to me more dear than any other spot in the whole created world besides. I am sure, if my dear aunt would permit me to go there, I should prefer it to any where else, and especially if dear Alexina goes with me. I should soon get well again, without the help of Dr. Starmer. One sight of dear Kenilworth would so revive me!—we should have such delightful walks, should not we, Alexina?"

"So we should, dear Emma," answered Alexina: "I wish his Lordship would persuade mamma to let us go."

"Ah! do my Lord," cried Emma, now for the first time, entering into the spirit of familiar conversation; "you have already been so kind, that if you will only add a little more to the debt of obligation I owe you, I will repay it all when I am quite well again. You know what I promised your Lordship?"

"And indeed I shall not forget to remind you of it, my sweet Emma, when occasion shall require the performance of it," exclaimed his Lordship, rejoiced that this lovely girl had now an appearance of convalescence more promising than he had seen for many days.

"Upon my word, Emma," cried Miss Trelawney, laughing, "I shall take you to task if you thus give promises to Lord Wyndham, without making me a party in the business."

"Am I at liberty to tell her, my Lord?" cried Emma; "for you perceive that she is actually dying with curiosity to know."

"Oh, by all means, Miss Bradbury, if you wish it," answered his Lordship, colouring, however, deeply.

"No, no, Emma, I can guess what it is," cried Miss Trelawney, and I positively wont hear it."

"Do, Miss Bradbury, tell her all about it," rejoined Lord Wyndham.

"I will run away, if she does," retorted Miss Trelawney.

"Because she is aware that I cannot now run after her, my Lord:" said Emma; "but she will not do this when I perform my promise to your Lordship, and appear, on a certain occasion, in the character of a bridemaid,—will you, Alley?"

The secret was now out, and Emma very cheerfully joined in the laugh against her cousin; and Lord Wyndham, leaving them together, made the best of his way down to the drawing-room, which he entered with a smiling air, exclaiming,—

I insist, good folks, that you will this evening honour me with a new title—Doctor Wyndham, at your service, if you please; for, in the first place, I must inform you that I have this moment left Miss Bradbury laughing heartily, with her cousin, at some little pleasantries that have passed between us; and, in the next, I am deputed by her to obtain permission of Mrs. Trelawney to pay a visit to Kenilworth. I assure you she seems excessively delighted at the thought of the excursion, and, instead of refusing to accompany me and Alexina to her aunt Clarendale's, proposed that I should immediately get a passport from Mr. and Mrs. Trelawney. Now then, Doctor, what do you think of your patient?"

"Think! your Lordship," cried Doctor Starmer; "why, I think that you have performed wonders, and I will very readily give you up my place in the College of Physicians."

"Oh, my Lord, how excessively do I feel obliged to you," cried Mrs. Trelawney, in a tone of the most fascinating sweetness; "and have you really prevailed on my dear girl to go down to Mary's? Well, you have indeed done wonders, for this morning I was almost afraid to ask her. And you think she is better, Wyndham?—Heaven bless her, how I shall delight to hear her converse with us all again."

"But that I shall positively prohibit a repetition of to-night, my dear Madam," cried Dr. Starmer; "we must not exhaust her spirits too suddenly, as they will presently be as suddenly depressed. I will just go and give her a peep, bid her good night, and order her to bed immediately; and while I am major domo here, you know, my power in the castle prevails."

"Oh, you shall do what you please, my good Doctor," cried Mrs. Trelawney, smiling, and immediately rose to accompany him to the apartment of her lovely niece, her heart bounding with the most transporting hopes of Emma's speedy restoration to health, which was very likely to be the case, while her mind continued to be amused by any subject but one, and that was, the subject of poor William's ardent attachment towards her; and which, since the commencement of her indisposition, had never once been breathed into her ear in any degree to agitate her feelings; and while Emma was free from the importunities of William on this subject, it was very evidently perceptible that she hourly recovered; and when Mrs. Trelawney found this to be the case, she very delicately hinted to

her son, that all conversation of a particular nature should at present be avoided, the spirits of Emma being so exceedingly weak, as to render it necessary to keep her very composed and quiet.

But although this was uttered by Mrs. Trelawney with the utmost precaution and delicacy, fearful of wounding the feelings of a tenderly beloved son, yet the hint was sufficient for the too sensitive and affectionate William. He coloured deeply, and for a few moments preserved a mournful silence : at length he exclaimed,—

" Emma shall be obeyed, mother, however painful it may be to suppress my feelings with one towards whom my heart feels such devoted affection ; yet, if the repetition of that love offends her, I will keep it to myself."

" My dear William," cried Mrs. Trelawney, pained to the heart at what she beheld him suffering, and anxious in some degree to relieve him, " you are under a great mistake in supposing that Emma herself has been saying any thing to me on the subject ; poor girl, she has been too ill lately to converse with any one. The necessity of keeping her composed and quiet was entirely suggested to me by Dr. Starmer, and if we do not submit to the rules he has prescribed for her, we cannot expect to receive much benefit from his assistance."

The countenance of poor William immediately brightened up ; and he exclaimed, quite in an altered tone,—

" It was not Emma, then, that prohibited me from talking to her ?"

" Certainly not, my dear," answered Mrs. Trelawney ; " I cannot imagine how you can indulge in such fancies, for they are nothing more. You know that we have all been very tenacious of disturbing her ; even your father does not talk much to her, nor Ellen, nor Mary."

" Nor my brother Tanjore, it appears," cried William, colouring more deeply than he had yet done : " for I do not think that he has once seen or spoken to Emma since her illness, which I own strikes me as something very singular and strange."

Mrs. Trelawney now tried to smile, while she carelessly uttered,—

" Why, he is much better away ; you know he is such a noisy creature, and has such an excessive flow of spirits, that he would presently talk Emma into a fever, for which reason I positively forbid him going near her."

Whether the natural propensity which Mrs. Trelawney had invariably to the sweetest candour and ingenuousness, which was her native character, had occasioned her to betray some confusion when she uttered this, we know not; or whether she felt pained in being obliged to dissemble with her feelings towards William; but certain it is, that while he regarded her countenance with the most scrutinizing attention, he made the following reply:—

"My brother's excessive flow of high spirits, then, mother, are of late excessively decreased; but from what cause I am wholly unable to judge, and, of course, shall not presume to inquire into. There is a reserve, too, about Tanjore, when I converse with him on some particular subjects, that I own has given me frequently some uneasiness, because with him it is unnatural: he used to be remarkable for an open, free-hearted, frank, and ingenuous disposition, and he is now the reverse."

"My dear William, you are now decidedly doing your brother great injustice," cried Mrs. Trelawney; "nor will I patiently submit to hear him so unkindly accused, when I know that his heart at this moment beats with the warmest and most disinterested affection towards you. Whatever Tanjore was, he remains so still: prejudice cannot accuse him of a fault that tends to lessen him of being all that is affectionate, dutiful, and kind in the eyes of his parents, his sisters, and I hope, William, in the eyes of his brother; but Tanjore's faults will not remain a subject of your censure exceedingly long,—he will soon be separated from his family, perhaps for whole lengthened years!—perhaps for———"

Mrs. Trelawney could proceed no further; her feelings, during the whole of this conversation with her son William, had been severely and excessively tried; but when the supposed faults of her darling Tanjore were thus unnecessarily made the subject of conversation, and even held up for censure by his brother, for whom the noble and generous youth was ready and willing to sacrifice his dearest hopes and wishes,—when he would not own that he possessed an interest in the heart of his cousin, superior to any that William would ever have there,—when he had voluntarily given up all thoughts of Emma, and totally resigned his claim to her affections, to preserve the peace of his brother,—then Mrs. Trelawney could support the conflict no longer; all the fond mother was uppermost in her soul, and it sprang spontaneously from her eyes in an agony

of tears, which greatly surprised and even shocked William Trelawney, well aware that what he had slightly hinted of his brother could not be the ultimate cause of exciting so much agitation as he now witnessed in the countenance of his mother; and, taking her hand, he exclaimed, while he almost knelt beside her,—

"Dearest mother, if I have uttered any expression to give you displeasure, pray pardon me, and I will never more repeat the offence; but I could not imagine that what I slightly mentioned to you of my brother Tanjore in confidence, could so deeply have affected your feelings, as to excite the extraordinary emotion that I now witness. Believe me, that I never once doubted my brother's affection towards me, and I am certain that I never gave him any reason to doubt mine. Therefore, dear mother, be composed, I implore you; you know it has been the constant study of my whole life to avoid any occasion of giving either you or my father pain or displeasure, and if I have now unfortunately done it, it is the first time, and I know that you will pardon me."

"I do, I do, my dear boy," sobbed out Mrs. Trelawney, for she was greatly affected; "indeed I am not angry with you, William, but my spirits are weak; they have been already exhausted by the apprehensions I have lately had on Emma's account, in her illness. Ah, dear child! what uneasiness, what pain has she unconsciously inflicted on my poor heart."

Mrs. Trelawney uttered this as if her own was breaking; and William now, for the first time, perceived that Emma was the sole cause that had produced this excessive agitation, and mournfully he exclaimed,—

"Ah! mother, I do indeed fear that Emma is also the cause of much more uneasiness than you are at liberty to reveal, even to your own child; but whatever it is, I will never press you on so painful a subject, and I will be equally delicate of wounding the feelings of her who in spite of appearances, it is my destiny still to adore. On the subject of my passion towards her, I will now remain silent, till some future opportunity shall offer itself for a clearer elucidation of some mysteries which I cannot now explain. Will this please you, mother?—only tell me if this conduct will merit your approbation, and I shall be happy."

"It will, it will, my William," uttered the now transported mother; "it will not only merit my warmest approbation, but will demand a mother's eternal gratitude to a kind and affectionate child."

William started, and for some moments regarded his mother with pain and involuntary surprise.

"Eternal gratitude from a mother to her child!" uttered he; "My dear mother, the term you have given to what is only expressly the duty of a child, is an improper one; it is the imperative duty of every child to conform to the wishes of a parent, and there is no gratitude at all in the business,—I will cheerfully obey my mother. in all that she requires of me, to the latest hour of my existence;" and, with these words, William Trelawney, again imprinting a kiss on the hand of his mother, immediately retired, and left her to compose herself, leaving on her heart an indelible impression of the nobleness of his character, and the generosity of his amiable disposition.

"Here is the counterpart of my Trelawney," mentally exclaimed she, as her son left her; and turning her thoughts for a moment on her dear absent Tanjore, she there contemplated the counterpart of herself. Tanjore had all her impetuosity, her animation, but he had also her sensibility, and her warm, susceptible feelings.

But Mrs. Trelawney felt herself greatly relieved by this unreserved conversation she had obtained with her son William, and considered that under existing circumstances they would all be benefited by it: Emma would be left to her own reflections, and so would William; while the absence of her dear Tanjore would be no interruption to any of the parties, whose happiness she was so solicitous of preserving and whose peace she was so anxious to restore.

Mrs. Trelawney had not been left many minutes to her own meditations on this subject, when she was surprised by her husband, who exclaimed, on his entrance, with an air of the most tender inquiry,—

"My dear Rosa, I have been in search of you all over the house; and when I did not find you with Emma, I actually imagined that you had run away from us, and that I should have been obliged to have exhibited an advertisement in the public newspapers, beginning thus:—'A wife—lost, stolen, or strayed.' Do you know, my love, that our dear friend Lady Honoria Belmont has been here for two hours, and is now most anxious to see you. She has been to see Emma too, and congratulates us on the prospect of her being speedily restored to her former health and cheerfulness; but what is the matter now, my dearest? Those eyes, Rosa, are telltales; you have been

weeping!—you surely cannot now be shedding tears on account of your darling girl, who is in the most promising way of amendment."

"I wish you would not so particularly emphasize the *darling girl* quite so much," cried Mrs. Trelawney, a little pettishly; "you know, Trelawney, that I cannot bear it."

"Or is it because that another darling is so soon going to take his departure?" cried Mr. Trelawney, not wishing to attend to her observation respecting Emma, of whom, to say truth, he was at times exceedingly jealous: "Ah, my Rosa, how often must I repeat to you, to repress the warmth your affectionate heart glows with towards these two objects of your exclusive affection? for I am sadly apprehensive, my love, that you will yet endure much greater anxiety on their accounts. Would to heaven that my William had formed any other attachment than that he so devotedly feels for Emma Bradbury, because it is very plainly to be perceived that the girl does not love him."

"Then who does she love?" demanded Mrs. Trelawney; and Mr. Trelawney immediately burst out into a most immoderate fit of laughter, while he replied,—

"Pray, Rosa, did you ever love me?"

"That question is unanswerable, Trelawney," cried Mrs. Trelawney.

"Then, my love, we will not discuss it at the present moment," answered Trelawney; "but let us hasten rather to join our friends, who are most impatiently waiting for us in the drawing-room. Come, give me your hand, and do not be captious, when there is not the least occasion for displeasure. We entered on a path of roses, my love, when we embarked on the ocean of matrimony; and it will be your fault if you imbitter it with thorns, for they will be of your own planting, and not mine. If you have children, I will not suffer them to torment you; and they shall submit to my authority and not to your's."

There was one decided point on which Mrs. Trelawney never contradicted her husband: she was well aware that her partiality for her children extended to a fault; and that Trelawney, as the father of these children, had an undoubted right to dispose of them in what manner he thought proper—and never had he acted wrong. Smilingly, therefore, she extended her hand towards the master of her fate—her protector, her husband, and her friend! and it was with no

small pleasure that he then imprinted a kiss on its snowy surface, while he led her to the presence of his friends.

"My dear Mrs. Trelawney, I should certainly have run away if I had not immediately seen you," cried Lady Honoria; "for do you know that I have changed my intention of delaying my journey to Scotland, and shall positively set out ten days earlier than I proposed. Conceive, therefore, my dear creature, what I have to do;—my clothes are not yet packed, my purchases not yet made, and my friends not yet taken leave of, and that is the hardest trial I have to encounter; at all events, I suppose my boy is ready,—and Mr. Fothersgill, I suppose you are quite prepared?"

"I am perfectly at your Ladyship's command," answered Mr. Fothersgill, profoundly bowing.

"Well, then, in three days from this period I shall expect my party," said Lady Honoria, and remarking that Mrs. Trelawney looked excessively agitated, she kindly took her hand, while she exclaimed, "But I will positively forbid all formality of taking leave;—you know what an aversion I have to it, Trelawney; so I shall send my carriage early on Thursday morning for Tanjore and Mr. Fothersgill, but do not expect to see me in it—I shall bid you all farewell now,—so God bless you, good folks, till we meet again. Tell the girls, when their brother returns, that I shall bear them in my memory:", and, without uttering another sentence, Lady Honoria hurried away to her carriage, leaving Mrs. Trelawney dissolved in tears, and feeling an indescribable pang assail her tender heart, in parting for the first time with her dear loved boy, uncertain when she might behold him again.

For a few moments after the departure of Lady Honoria, Mr. Trelawney permitted the indulgence of a mother's feelings to prevail; but he soon found it necessary, not only to exert a husband's authority, but positively to enforce a father's commands over the minds of his children, and he was aware that there was but one decided plan to adopt, and that was severity, in the present instance: and he very soon had an occasion to put it into practice first of all with his little Mary, who, the very moment that she heard that her brother Tanjore was going in three days, ran and threw her arms round his neck, and bursting into tears, exclaimed,—

"Ah, dear brother Tanjore! and are you indeed going away so soon? Oh, how mamma will grieve to part with you!—but you won't forget us, Tanjore, will you?"

To which Tanjore, deeply affected by her innocent excesses, replied,—

"No, Mary, it is utterly impossible that I shall ever forget my sisters."

"And won't you forget poor Emma neither?" cried Mary.

"Certainly not,—I shall ever remember my friends." replied Tanjore; but he pronounced this in so tremulous and faltering a voice, that his father instantly perceived the dangerous track in which things were going, and uttered, in a firm and decided tone of voice,—

"Mary, I desire that you will sit down, and not torment your brother with a parcel of ridiculous, idle, and nonsensical questions. I will not permit it. You have no right to suppose that Tanjore will be unmindful of his duty or affection towards any of us: I therefore request that you will remain silent on the subject, and that you will take your leave of him in a becoming and proper manner; I will not suffer an affectation of sensibility, for which there is no occasion, and which, when you are older, will only lead you into folly and weakness."

"But pray, papa, how can I keep my eyes from being wet with tears?" cried Mary; "Mrs. Pelham never told me not to cry when I wanted it; and if it was very improper, I wonder she did not tell me of it long ago."

Mary, however, very soon took an opportunity of stealing out of the room, to indulge in those feelings which she was not at liberty to do in the presence of her father.

The very next morning Mr. Trelawney, calling on Lord Wyndham, took his son Tanjore out of the way, on the pretext that he wanted to purchase some presents for him to take to his friends in Scotland, having first hinted to his Lordship his motives for detaining Tanjore as long as he possibly could from the presence of his fond mother; and in the evening, when they were all assembled together, he desired that the whole family would attend in his presence, to take their leave of Tanjore, every arrangement being now made for his departure at an early hour the ensuing morning.

"What, to-night, Trelawney?" anxiously inquired Mrs. Trelawney.

To which he very gravely replied,—

"Yes, my love, to-night;—to-morrow, precisely at eight o'clock,

Lady Honoria's carriage will be here to fetch him. We cannot keep it waiting by any unnecessary delays, and I wish to avoid a scene which cannot do any good, but may be injurious and painful to us all. I will not set an example of weakness to my children, Rosa,—therefore I begin with my girls: Alexina, Ellen, and Mary, kiss your brother, and bid him farewell! but no tears, no nonsense, —it is absurd in a case like this."

The lovely girls trembled, but all obeyed their father.

"That's good girls," cried Mr. Trelawney; "now, William, give your hand to Tanjore, which William accordingly did, but was greatly affected; he felt for his mother, and would have given worlds to have been out of the room.

At length Mr. Trelawney turned towards his wife, and leading Tanjore to her side, exclaimed,—

"Now then, Rosa, show your children a mother's fortitude, as well as you have taught them the lesson of a mother's sensibility;—be assured they will remember it, and treasure it in their hearts for the remainder of their lives."

Mrs. Trelawney instantly received the embrace of Tanjore without shedding one tear, and smilingly bid him farewell!

"Now, then, Tanjore," said Mr. Trelawney, "we will go and visit your cousin Emma, and in the morning you will be ready to depart without further ceremony."

CHAPTER XIII.

"There is a form, on which these eyes
"Have often gaz'd with fond delight—
"By day that form their joy supplies,
"And dreams restore it through the night.
"There is a face, whose blushes tell
"Affection's tale upon the cheek;
"But, pallid at one fond farewell,
"Proclaims more love than words can speak.
"There is a lip, which might have prest,
"And none had ever prest before;
"It vow'd to make me sweetly blest,
"And mine—mine only prest it more."

Lord Byron.

THE actions of Mr. Trelawney were ever prompt as his words: he was well aware that under existing circumstances there was but one system of conduct that he could reasonably adopt, not only with his children, but with the mother of those children; for though he perfectly appreciated the good qualities of his beloved Rosa, yet her extreme sensibility, and softness of disposition, sometimes carried her into extremes respecting the management of her children; and as those children were now rapidly advancing to the age when they would be absolutely required to think for themselves, it was a necessary duty, as a father, to point out the path which would be most conducive to form the happiness of their future days, and this was not to be done by permitting the indulgence of that excess of sensibility, which too frequently leads, not only to involuntary error, but which too often destroys the charm of existence altogether: and Mr. Trelawney considered wisely; for had his children been born in poverty, instead of affluence and splendour, he well knew that sensibility would have been a fatal gift, towards their progress through the thorny way of life; and for this reason he wished to repress it in time, that it might not hereafter prove a dangerous enemy to their repose, when occasion called them to exert that fortitude and philosophy so necessary in a transitory state of mortal existence.

But this Mr. Trelawney proposed to do in the mildest and gentlest

terms that was possible,—not to wound, but to convince the feelings of the woman he adored; for, even in the most impassioned moments of his love for Rosa, he was obliged to acknowledge that the great warmth of her sensibility sometimes subdued the judgment of her mind: it was a fault which probably had been too much indulged by her own fond parents when she was a child, for often had her father exclaimed, in their moments of unreserved conversation together,—

"My Rosa has but one fault, and that is her excessive sensibility; she has been our favourite child, and we neglected too late to repress it. Would to heaven that she had the caution, the prudence of our Rebecca and our Henry; and yet, Trelawney, she is by far the most engaging of all our children. I can reprove Rebecca whenever I think she is in fault, I can take Henry to task, but I cannot be severe with my little Rosa; she flies to my arms, she clings around my neck, she is dissolved in tears, and I devour her with kisses."

And it was even so,—Rosa had ever been the darling of her father's heart, and even her very faults considered with indulgence; and thus formed, thus softened by maternal kindness, she came to the arms of her husband, and certainly he was not likely to love her less, nor did he; but there were times when even Trelawney would not suffer his fondness to supersede the influence of reason and his better judgment, and when Rosa became a mother, he watched with a careful and zealous eye over the faults of his children, and perceived that the two younger ones, Tanjore and Mary, inherited all the softness of their mother's disposition, with some of the leading and distinguishing traits of that excessive sensibility which would very shortly require a check. Mary, therefore, was consigned, as early as possible, from the nursery to the hands of Mrs. Pelham; and Tanjore to the management of Mr. Fothersgill; in which Mrs. Trelawney was too often suffered to interfere; she could not bear that they should be corrected when they were so extremely young, and the consequence was, that Tanjore and Mary were by far more refractory and difficult to manage than the rest of the children;—and with Emma Bradbury the same system had been adopted: no one dared to check Emma in her rising propensities, had they been ever so absurd, on pain of displeasure to her aunt; and with Emma not even Mr. Trelawney would have any thing to do in respect to

the management of her education, and, happily for her, she gave them but little trouble; she was quick in her studies, and so remarkably mild and gentle in her disposition, that she yielded more to the wishes and inclinations of others than consulted her own, which was no sooner perceived by Mr. Trelawney, than he insensibly grew as passionately fond of the little orphan as one of his own children, and very early projected a plan of uniting Emma Bradbury with his eldest son William, from the similarity which they discovered to each other in their dispositions, in the days of their childhood; William also being mild, tractable, and gentle, while his apparent and growing attachment to his young and lovely cousin increased with his more ripened age, and was rather a source of happiness than of regret to his fond father, who was only desirous of seeing a beloved child happy, by forming an alliance with an object every way calculated to add to the felicity of his future days; for though Emma had neither the splendid advantages of exalted birth or fortune, nor were her talents those of the most striking order, yet her personal loveliness, and the amiable qualities of her heart and gentle disposition, were sufficient to render her a treasure to that man on whom she bestowed her hand; nor was she entirely left destitute by the untimely death of her parents, the sum of five thousand pounds having been left, in the will of the late Dr. Bradbury, to the first-born child of Rebecca, which was a son, and called Arthur, after his grandfather; but this child did not live one year, and the next child born was Emma, the youngest (which so unhappily terminated the life of its mother) being still-born. Consequently Emma became not only the sole heir of the property left by her grandfather, but that also of which her own father (Philip Bradbury) had died possessed, amounting in the whole to the sum of two thousand and five hundred pounds, together with the house and household furniture, and other effects, of which Mr. Trelawney and Mr. Henry Clarendale were appointed the executors, until Emma became of age, till which time she could neither marry nor dispose of the property, in any way whatever, without their joint consent; and in the probability of Emma's demise, it was to devolve to the eldest child of his sister Mary and Mr. Henry Clarendale, which was Sedley.

It had pleased the will of Providence, however, that the beautiful little orphan girl should live; and Mr. Trelawney had so economized and managed the little property, that Emma was likely to receive the

most beneficial advantages from it, whenever she should arrive at that proper age to become mistress of it; and she was now in her eighteenth year. But no selfish motives had guided the principles of Mr. Trelawney in this respect; he was too noble and too generous for a mercenary thought to find entrance in that heart which had ever beat with the warm glow of benevolence towards his fellow-creatures. Large had been his bounty, liberal had been his gifts, and exemplary had been his contributions in the aid of human misery! The name of Trelawney yet resounded in the world, and in the memory of those who had witnessed the performance of his charitable deeds: it was not to be supposed, therefore, that wealth would have acted as any stimulus with him to promote the marriage of Emma Bradbury with his son William Trelawney: it was their happiness which was the ultimate object of his wishes, having long predetermined in his own mind, that if William married Emma, he should not accept of the smallest portion of her little patrimony, but settle it, with the consent of Emma, on the children of their aunt and uncle Clarendale, Sedley and Lucy.

We do not hesitate to declare, that such were the principles and intentions of the generous and noble-minded Mr. Trelawney, long before any change had been perceived by him in the manners of his lovely niece. But how often are human appointments frustrated even by human means! How often are our best intentions perverted by the prejudice, by the ignorance, and, more frequently, the injustice of our fellow-beings; and that it is not by divine administration that we are sometimes indebted for our heaviest calamities, but rather to our own imprudent follies, our ungoverned passions, and our blind and idle vanities.

It was not, however, that Mr. Trelawney had any reason to be displeased with the conduct of his son Tanjore on this occasion. He had, on the contrary, if he really loved his cousin, evinced the highest and most delicate sense of propriety with regard to his brother's situation and his own: he had never seen Tanjore approach Emma with the slightest degree of freedom; or heard him converse with her like one wishing to supplant the affections of another in her good opinion; and indeed Mr. Trelawney much doubted whether Tanjore loved Emma at all better than one of his sisters,; but of the conduct of Emma he could not speak so partially, and there was either great affectation in her character, or great coquetry, to both of which

he had an aversion. If she did not love William, why had she so long encouraged him to hope? He had surely breathed the language of fond and ardent attachment towards her; and if the declaration of his passion had been unpleasing, why had she not, long before this, repressed its warmth, and checked its progress? He had often beheld her receiving his attentions with no apparent indifference,—why then had she so suddenly changed? William had not offended her; he was more constant and persevering than ever in his tender assiduities towards her; and Mr. Trelawney, not being able to guess the cause, determined to watch her closely, and trace it to its source, not however once suspecting, that though her manners were changed, that her heart was so in the same moment, and much less imagining that heart could possibly feel any predilection for Tanjore, which had so long been supposed to be in the entire possession of his son William. Nor was Emma long in giving Mr. Trelawney an opportunity of discovering the real state of her affections; he found that she could not bear to talk of the departure of Tanjore for Scotland, and that her agitation was so great on other occasions where Tanjore happened to be concerned, that she could scarcely conceal the effect that it produced on her feelings. He also perceived that Emma very considerably declined in her health and spirits, and was now at no loss to what cause to attribute it; and the shock that Mr. Trelawney then recived my easily be conceived.

The happiness of his eldest son was now vanished, in the heart of this capricious girl, and his own long projected plan completely frustrated; and her frequent fits of despondency and weakness of mind rather disgusted than awakened his sympathy towards her, and would most probably have been attended with some severity, but for the extreme delicacy of her constitution, and his repugnance of inflicting any pang on the heart of his beloved Rosa, who he feared had greatly encouraged, by her excessive partiality to Emma, that same fatal sensibility which she herself possessed.

At length Mr. Trelawney came to one decided point, and that was, as soon as Tanjore had departed and Emma was perfectly recovered in her health, that he would not suffer William any longer to be made the dupe of his cousin's duplicity, but candidly tell him that he did not think that Emma entertained that affection for him which he had so long supposed she had, and which should authorize him, under those circumstances, to make her an offer of his hand:

and these sentiments were communicated without reserve, one morning as he sat alone in the company of Lord Wyndham, to whom he exclaimed,—

"Would it not be better at once to disclose the truth, and tell my poor boy what he has to expect, than suffer him to discover his error when it is too late? Tell me, Wyndham, how you would act were you a father, in such a case; and I will endeavour to abide by your judgment, and not my own."

"Pardon me, my dear Trelawney," answered Lord Wyndham, "but it is necessary that every man should abide by his own judgment; when he has once formed a decided opinion how he should act, he should not permit another to interfere, as the bias sometimes tends to injure rather than amend the cause. However, as you really have condescended to ask my opinion, I will certaintly give it you, whether received favourably or not. Were I a father, in the present instance, I would by no means act rashly or suddenly in my plans, nor would I press on the confidence, or pain the feelings of either of the parties. As to Emma Bradbury, you totally mistake her character: she is no more guilty of coquetry towards your son than my Alexina is towards me: she has the mind of a heroine with the simplicity of a child; and I will stake my life on her just and delicate sense of female propriety. I will not say that her heart does not cherish some regard for Tanjore, but she will never suffer it to get the better of her duty; and I know that the sweet girl has been making resolutions worthy of the most exalted mind. Try her before you condemn her. I will wager that when Tanjore goes to take his leave of her in your presence, that she will not shed a tear, and that you will behold none of those conflicts which so suddenly overpowered her feelings before she was taken ill. If she appears calm and collected, you cannot expect her to do more; and I implore you to let time do the rest. Be cautious, my dear friend, how you alarm the mind of your son, by awakening any jealousy in the mind of his brother; you could never repair the danger this would expose you to. As matters are, so let them rest,—when Tanjore is gone, Emma will have time to collect herself."

"Very probably," cried Mr. Trelawney, "and she may then choose to accept of William's attentions with her former complacency and sweetness,"—and smiled.

"I have never yet beheld her receive his attentions otherwise,"

cried his Lordship; "she is an admirable creature, and such you will find her."

"Her mother was," uttered Trelawney, with a pensive sigh; "yes, Rebecca was the best of women!" and whether it was that what Lord Wyndham had said in favour of Emma had subdued his anger towards her, or whether the thought of that mother was attended with the reflection that her poor little orphan girl was wholly consigned to his care, yet Trelawney's heart was again opened with love and pity for poor Emma, and he began to view her conduct in a milder light.

"Well, Wyndham," cried he, "you have conquered; I will say nothing to William about this girl, nor to Emma about him,—they shall settle the matter with themselves; but with the rest of my children I will do as I please. I intend that to-night they shall all take their leave of their brother Tanjore; if I wait till to-morrow, their mother will make fools of them."

"Well, well, I have nothing to say on that business," answered his Lordship, with a smile.

"And I will repeat to your Lordship how Emma will behave," retorted Trelawney; "I shall make Tanjore take his leave of her too at the same time."

And all this was accordingly done. Mr. Trelawney led him into the presence of his cousin, and, at his entrance, exclaimed, with an air of the most apparent carelessness,—

"Emma, your cousin has already taken leave of his brother and sisters, and even of his mother, and is now come to bid you farewell. Tanjore, give your hand to your cousin."

Not a sigh rose in the bosom of Emma, not a tear started to her eyes, as the trembling hand of Tanjore came in contact with hers. She knew that it was a moment which called for the exertion not only of her fortitude, but her duty, and the look which her uncle regarded her with made her feel a sort of dignity of character about her which she never felt before; and Mr. Trelawney was perfectly astonished, when she arose from her seat in the most graceful manner, giving her hand to Tanjore with an air wholly free from embarrassment, a second time, as she assured him of her earnest wishes that his journey to Scotland might be productive of health and happiness.

"And do you really wish me gone, Emma?" Tanjore would

have said, if he had dared; but the only sentence which now escaped his lips was, "God for ever bless you, Emma?" and which, in spite of all his efforts, was pronounced in a voice that seemed as if his heart had that instant leaped to his mouth, and could not be persuaded to leap back again; and his father, without permitting him to steal another look at Emma, very quickly hurried him out of the room, highly pleased with Emma's conduct, though wanting no conviction, further than what he had just witnessed, that the heart of Tanjore was very safely in the possession of his lovely cousin, for which it was impossible that his father could condemn him in this tender hour of parting, for he well remembered what he had felt for Rosa when he had taken leave of her at the village of Kenilworth, to commence his first journey to London; and he silently ejaculated to himself,—

"So, my youngest boy, too, dotes on his cousin!—and where will this mischief end? What will become of William? Oh, Emma! dangerous legacy left to my poor Rosa! how little did the dying Rebecca think of the complicated misery she was entailing on her unhappy sister, when she consigned to her care this child."

But Tanjore did not know what was passing in the heart of his father, and therefore endeavoured to recover his self-possession, long before he reached the door of his study, into which Mr. Trelawney had summoned both him and Fothersgill, into whose hands he deposited the sum of one hundred pounds.

"There, Fothersgill," uttered he, "is the pocket money which I design for my son Tanjore, during his abode in the Scottish regions. I do not say that he does not know how to take care of it, or that he will appropriate it to improper uses; but it will be quite as well for you to be his banker. He can draw upon you whenever he has occasion; and, as you understand the value of money much better than he does, perhaps you will direct him in the management of it. There is also a small testimony of the good will I bear you, Fothersgill;—receive it as such, and give me no thanks."

"Except that I stand amazed at your generosity, Mr. Trelawney," cried Fothersgill, for it was a bill for fifty pounds that Mr. Trelawney had presented him with; "that, Sir, I cannot help doing; and to say, that I know not how to thank you for so noble a benefaction."

"Oh yes, Fothersgill," replied Mr. Trelawney, "there is a way, and you need not be informed what road you are to go to it, as it is

the road which will ever be the nearest to a father's heart: Be a guardian to my child in the absence of his father; correct him when you really know him to be in fault; be as careful over his morals as you would be over his health and happiness, without which neither health nor happiness can long be preserved, or peace of mind expected; be not a niggard of his pleasures, when they are kept with moderation and decorum; regard his studies, and do not permit him wilfully to neglect them; remind him that he has a father, whenever you find that he is forgetting himself;—do all this, Fothersgill, and you will ever find the road to a father's heart—to a father's purse—to a father's warmest friendship, respect, and gratitude!"

Tanjore heard in silence all that his father had addressed to his tutor, but not without betraying considerable emotion; and when he saw that Mr. Trelawney had arisen from his chair, and was about to leave the study, he could no longer contain the tide of tumultuous feelings that rushed spontaneously to his heart, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed,—

"And does my father leave not one farewell for Tanjore?"

Mr. Trelawney started at the sound of his voice, so strongly resembling that of his mother's;—he looked at his tearful eyes!—he looked at Fothersgill, who had turned away to conceal emotions he did not choose to betray in the presence of his patron; for to say truth, the tutor had so far sympathized in the feelings of his pupil, that two or three unbidden tears had unconsciously rolled down his rugged cheek, at the moment Mr. Trelawney (extending his arms towards his son) exclaimed,—

"My dear boy! and could you once suppose that your father had forgotten you? No, Tanjore, that will never be the case, while you continue to merit my affection. Come, be a man, and shake off these tears;—you know that I shall see you in the morning, before you depart; but the worst part of the ceremony is over, with your mother and sisters, whom, if I had suffered you to remain with, you would not have quitted before to-morrow morning. I shall now just return and bid my friend Lord Wyndham good-night, after which I shall immediately retire, and request you and Fothersgill to do the same. You will have to rise at an early hour, and the sooner we all go to bed the better."

"God bless you, my dear father!" cried Tanjore, in a voice which was nearly stifled with emotion.

"God bless you, Mr. Trelawney!" repeated Fothersgill, with considerable emotion.

And the "God bless you!" was again responded by Mr. Trelawney, in a manner and with a look which left its impression long on the memory and in the heart of the grateful tutor, and in that also of his affectionate son.

At the departure of his father, Tanjore no longer found it necessary to restrain his feelings, and, leaning his head mournfully on one of the large folio volumes that lay on the table, wept aloud, to the, no small concern of Fothersgill, who, permitting the indulgence of his sorrow for some little time, gently reminded him that the hour was growing late, and entreated that he would endeavour to compose himself, and retire to his chamber.

"For, consider, my dear Mr. Tanjore, that the indulgence of this emotion will quite unnerve you, and is besides useless and unavailing," cried Fothersgill; "and you plainly see, Mr. Tanjore, that I am really no philosopher myself. I am not ashamed to confess, that I just now experienced sensations, at the noble generosity of your excellent father, that every man should feel that has a heart alive to the sensibilities of nature, and if he has not that, he were better to be exterminated from existence altogether. Now, my dear Mr. Tanjore, let us not now waste our precious minutes, but be thinking of business; an hour lost will never return, Mr. Tanjore,—we cannot bring it back again."

"Oh! heaven forbid that some hours that I have passed should ever take their daily course again," cried Tanjore, deeply sighing, "for they have been the bitterest and the most painful of my existence; but the struggle is passed, Fothersgill,—I feel that it is passed, and it will be my own fault if ever these hours are permitted to rob me of my happiness again. Did you know with what coldness Emma bade me farewell, Fothersgill—did you know that she even smiled in the last parting moment, and, when my heart was wrung with anguish, hers seemed the repose of all celestial saints! I could not have believed it, Fothersgill, had not these eyes witnessed it——unkind and cruel girl!—after all the pangs I have endured on her account!——and she looked—by heaven, she looked more composed than ever I saw her in my whole life! Fothersgill, I never will believe in woman's faith, in woman's love again—they are all as false as they are fair."

This was exactly what Fothersgill wished to instil into the mind of his pupil. He had no doubt of the praiseworthy motive which had induced the lovely girl to part with her cousin on these terms: she was in the presence of his father, and she had been obliged to assume a virtue if she had it not. He cherished no thought of Emma's apostacy towards him, but he wished to encourage the appearance of it, if he could, in the hope of eradicating this dangerous and fatal passion from the heart of Tanjore, and instantly exclaimed,—

"Why, that is what I say, Mr. Tanjore—women are all alike: from fifteen to fifty, you have them all tending to the same point; and, although they vary in all things else, they adhere to their favourite propensities, the two leading and predominant features in their character, namely, vanity and inconstancy; and this is proverbial, from Mrs. Betty to Lady Fanny; and would you be guided by me, Mr. Tanjore, you would never think of Miss Emma again."

Fothersgill, however, in his zeal to serve his young favourite, had stretched beyond a point, for Tanjore reddened, as he exclaimed,—

"Never think of Emma!—you might as well stop the ebb and flow of the tide—you might as well attempt to still the raging of the sea, or bid the heavens stand still! Ah, no, Fothersgill, when I cease to think of Emma, I must cease to live."

At this moment, a soft step at the door, and a gentle tap, startled and surprised them. Tanjore flew to the door, and, softly unclosing it, beheld his mother, in a loose night-dress.

"Admit me for a moment, my dearest child," uttered she, in a low voice; and Tanjore instantly clasped her in his arms, where she remained for many minutes, without the power of being able to articulate a word.

"My dear, dear mother!" cried Tanjore, gently placing her in a chair close to the fire, "how transported am I to see you once more;—oh, how I longed to steal to your chamber and snatch one parting kiss."

"Mrs. Trelawney only replied with her tears; while Tanjore implored her, with the most fond and soothing language, to compose herself.

"Your father has deeply wrung my feelings, Tanjore!" cried she; "yes, Trelawney, dearly as I love him, has pained the heart of his affectionate Rosa! Did he then think that a mother's feelings were so easily to be controlled?—did he think that I would so easily part with my boy?"

"Dear mother, my father did it all for the best," cried Tanjore; he could not mean to hurt or pain you."

"Why, then, did he tear you from my fond embrace?" uttered Mrs. Trelawney; "and I suppose he has been no less severe with my poor Emma. Dear girl, she is much worse to-night than usual; she is not accustomed to such harsh proceedings."

"Dear mother, your fears for Emma are only imaginary ones," cried Tanjore, remembering her cold adieus with redoubled torture; "I never saw Emma so cheerful, so composed: she smiled when she bade me farewell, hoped my journey into Scotland would be productive of much happiness, and, in short, seemed highly elated at the prospect of my so sudden departure. This my father could not have inspired her with—these were sentiments which could only have sprung spontaneously from her own heart; they were not planted there by my father."

"You perfectly astonish me, Tanjore," cried Mrs. Trelawney, relapsing into deep and involuntary thought, yet, very cautious of now exposing Emma to any reproach of Tanjore's, added, "But your father was present;—there is much to be said in that—Was there not, Fothersgill?"

"Oh! much, very much, Mrs. Trelawney," replied the tutor, willing to restore matters to their usual form as much as possible, and heartily wishing that Mrs. Trelawney would make a speedy exit, and leave them again to themselves, as he found that his influence over the mind of his pupil would be unavailing while his fond mother continued, by her own weakness, to subdue the already but half-formed resolutions of her son; and he rejoiced, that, after again pressing Tanjore to her heart, she arose to depart.

"You will write to me, Tanjore," exclaimed Mrs. Trelawney; "and let it be frequently; do not forget that you have a mother, whose heart beats only for your welfare and happiness. Fothersgill, you will press on Tanjore the necessity of often writing to inquire after the health of his relatives and friends."

"Doubt it not Madam," cried Fothersgill; "though Mr. Tanjore will not need to be reminded of his duty."

Mrs. Trelawney had now reached as far as the door, and, without looking again at Tanjore, she gave him her hand; he pressed it in silence to his heart, and she instantly departed, much to the satisfaction of Fothersgill.

"My poor mother!" at length exclaimed Tanjore, with a deep sigh; "how is her affectionate heart pained by this separation, and yet she does not feel more than I do. Heaven bless her till we meet again!"

"Amen!" cried Fothersgill, and looked at his watch: "I protest, Mr. Tanjore, that I stand amazed at the rapid flight of time: it is exactly one o'clock; but, as the immortal YOUNG says—

'We take no note of time but from its loss.'

Suppose, now, that we steal off quietly to our chamber."

"That I have no objection to do," cried Tanjore; "but pray, Fothersgill, resolve me one question?"

"As many as you please, Mr. Tanjore," answered Fothersgill, preparing to depart.

To which Tanjore immediately replied,—

"What have you done with Juno?—find me Juno, Fothersgill, or by the powers I will not stir one step without her."

"Why, Sir, you don't suppose that I have hanged her?" cried Fothersgill; "you must know that I smuggled her over, at a late hour last night, to Belmont Lodge. I took her myself, Mr. Tanjore, I can assure you,—therefore I know that she is safe; and I spoke to the coachman, gave him a crown, and have got as snug a birth for Madam Juno, all the way down to Scotland, as we ourselves shall have in the carriage of Lady Honoria."

"Bravo! most excellent!" cried Tanjore; a thousand thanks, Fothersgill, for the trouble you have taken on my account."

"Mr. Tanjore, do not name it, Sir; I beg you will never mention it," answered the tutor, taking off his spectacles and putting them into his pocket. "You know I never think any thing a trouble that I do for you."

Tanjore now bade Fothersgill good-night, or rather a good-morning, as the cock, that faithful herald of the roseat morning, had crowed twice; and they retired to their respective chambers, Fothersgill to sleep, Tanjore to try to sleep; but that was impossible,—Emma and his mother alternately arose in his imagination, and long before his tutor came to call him, Tanjore was already up, and dressed.

"Why, Mr. Tanjore, I cannot persuade myself that you have been in bed," uttered Fothersgill, surprised at seeing him quite ready to attend him.

"Oh, yes, I have certainly been in bed, but not to sleep," cried Tanjore, with a smile; "you know one seldom can sleep when one is going on a journey;—but I say, Fothersgill, have the goodness to give the servants all something, before my father comes down from his chamber."

To which Fothersgill replied,—

"If you desire it,—certainly, Mr. Tanjore. I have no wish to repress or chill the warmth of your generous nature, in which you so particularly resemble your father.—Now, then, what shall I give them?"

"What you please," cried Tanjore, so agitated, as he now prepared to quit his chamber, that he could scarcely conceal his sensations, when, at the entrance of the drawing-room, the first object that he encountered was his brother William, and they both looked pained and agitated.

"Dear Tanjore," cried William, holding his hand out towards his brother, which was cordially accepted by Tanjore—"Dear Tanjore, I could not rest, knowing that you was to depart so early, without feeling most anxious to see you once again; and I beg you to write to me, Tanjore,—will you?"

"Certainly, if my communications will afford you any pleasure, be assured that I will not neglect it, William," answered Tanjore, suppressing a sigh.

"And can Tanjore doubt it?" uttered William, with a look of the most undisguised affection; "are not a brother's communications always pleasing?"

"Not always," replied Tanjore, in a voice that plainly bespoke an agitation of a deeply-wounded heart; and at this moment they were joined by their father, who did not appear to have passed a more tranquil night than Tanjore; in fact, never had Mr. Trelawney exhibited an appearance of so much disquietude, for he was both pale and agitated, as he hurried into the drawing-room, and throwing himself into a chair, exclaimed,—

"Now, then, I wish Lady Honoria's carriage was at the door. My dear boy, have you every thing in readiness?—Where is Fothersgill?"

Fothersgill, who had been executing the commission of his pupil, now appeared; and in a few moments Lady Honoria's carriage drew up to the door.

Tanjore started up;—he approached his father—he grasped his hand; but, as he essayed to speak, the farewell lingered on his tongue——nature, holy nature, burst out into a flood of tears?—he put his handkerchief to his eyes; and Mr. Trelawney waved his hand for them to depart.

"May the Father of all mercies protect and bless my boy!" uttered Mr. Trelawney. "William, attend your brother to the carriage—Fothersgill, farewell!"

Fothersgill bowed on the hand of his patron, and the door was immediately shut by Mr. Trelawney himself: and here this affecting scene closed, for Tanjore had made but one spring into the carriage, and Fothersgill seating himself beside him, it immediately drove off.

Lady Honoria received them at the door of Belmont Lodge; but poor Tanjore had by no means recovered from his agitation, when he met the warm and welcome smile of her Ladyship, and she exclaimed,—

"Well, my dear boy, I know that it is hard to part with our dearest friends and relatives. I have experienced it all, my dear Tanjore, and therefore I could not bear to be present at your family adieus; but we will now dismiss the subject, and endeavour to enliven your spirits. Mr. Fothersgill, you will do me the favour of being my cash-keeper; here is my purse,—keep an account of the expenses, and at the end of our journey we will settle it altogether."

"I will endeavour to give your Ladyship all possible satisfaction," cried Fothersgill, bowing most profoundly.

Refreshments were now almost immediately brought in, of which they slightly partook. Lady Honoria then arose with a smile of much sweetness, and bade all her domestics farewell; but she was so universally beloved and respected by all of them, that they did not part from their kind mistress without shedding tears.

"Now then, dear Tanjore," cried her Ladyship, "you shall see me to the carriage."

They were soon arranged, and it drove off with a very rapid pace from the gates of Belmont Lodge, and was in the course of a few hours on the high road to Scotland, where we will leave the travellers for a short space of time, and return to Berkeley Square, to take a peep at the amiable, but certainly now dejected family of the Trelawneys.

The absence of Tanjore at their usual repast was certainly most

severely felt on this morning by every individual there present, and the company even of Fothersgill very much missed, particularly as Emma was also absent, and Mrs. Trelawney, who had felt her spirits too much depressed to rise at her usual hour. Mrs. Pelham, too, for more reasons than one, was not in her usual quiet temperature; and had not Lord Wyndham paid a very early visit on this morning in Berkeley Square, Alexina too would have been under the influence of the family infection; but his presence, like the dewy mists before the genial sun, soon dispersed the pensive shades of melancholy which had gathered on the lovely brow of Miss Trelawney, and at his approach she smiled.

"All sombre here, I see," cried his Lordship, taking his seat beside Alexina, "and I shall not inquire into the cause; in fact, I have not rested well myself; but, as the weather is fine, let us all take an airing to-day, and go and see the Exhibition, and then you shall all come and dine with me, *ex famille*, in South Audley Street;—what say you Trelawney, to my plan?"

"Your plans, Wyndham, are always like yourself," cried Mr. Trelawney, highly gratified with his Lordship's delicate attention; "always agreeable and *au fait;* and if I can persuade my Rosa to enter into it, I cannot possibly object to it."

Mary, who had been positively forbid by her father to speak of the departure of her brother Tanjore, sat, with her little heart quite full, at the corner of the table; and Lord Wyndham began to notice his little favourite with his usual kindness.

"Mary, my darling, I will not permit you to look *so* grave," uttered he, drawing her chair close to his; and she replied,—

"I must look grave, if you please, your Lordship," in a tone so truly comical, that it instantly produced a laugh among them all.

"But you shall not look grave," rejoined his Lordship: "I will not have you to look grave; it spoils the effect of your pretty gipsy face."

"I wish I was a gipsy," cried Mary, now almost instantly resuming her usual vivacity, "for then I would learn to tell fortunes, and I would tell papa his, and he should cross my hand with a bit of silver; and then I would buy such a nice little writing-desk, and try to write letters, and then I would write a letter to papa, and it should begin thus:—

"'Dear Papa,

''When you are good-tempered, I love you dearly, but when you are cross I don't love you one bit, and that is the truth of it; so no more at present from your affectionate daughter,

"'*Mary Rebecca Frances Trelawney.*'"

The effect of this speech seemed to have produced a revival of good humour on the spirits of the whole party, for Mr. Trelawney laughed immoderately at the arch cunning and simplicity with which it had been expressed; and a kiss was the reward of Mary for her ingenuity, and not only a kiss from Lord Wyndham, but a hint was received, for in the course of a very few hours a beautiful writing-box was conveyed to Berkeley Square, directed for Miss M. Trelawney, and in the most transported accents she exclaimed,—

"Papa, whenever you are angry with Mary again, I will show you this box, and you will remember that she received it as a gift from Lord Wyndham for telling you your fortune."

CHAPTER XIV.

"Ben Lommond! oh, soft at thy foot are the breezes
"But bleak blow the whirlwinds that sweep round thy head;
"The snow on thy summit eternally freezes,
"While gay from thy side springs the heather bell red.
"Ben Lommond, like thee, above others while towering,
"Ambition to envy, the poor may be led,
"They know not the storms, nor the clouds ever lowering,
"That gather and drive round his tempest-beat head."

The effect of Mr. Trelawney's system of conduct in the management of his family, was, however, very shortly attended with the most beneficial advantages, in the course of a very few days after the departure of Tanjore, and even Mrs. Trelawney was herself convinced of its utility: she saw that her children would be all the better for it, at a more advanced season of their lives; and as she had always been ready to submit to the superior judgment of such a husband as Trelawney, no sooner had the fond and tumultuous feelings of a maternal bosom subsided, then she submitted also to it on the present occasion, well assured that he was much better able to

guide the minds of those children than herself; and when Mr. Trelawney saw that she had at last yielded to his management, he felt himself greatly delighted, and now joined his entreaties with those of Lord Wyndham, that she would banish all painful retrospections from her mind, and enter into the spirit of the rational pleasures and amusements which they were designing for her.

"For now, my dearest," uttered Trelawney, "you have absolutely conquered that excess of sensibility, which, in due time, would completely have spoiled the fine dispositions of your children, and left them no government over their passions, when, perhaps, they will be called most sensibly to exert their fortitude and their reason—when you and I, my Rosa, shall be mouldering in the dust, and when they shall no longer have a father and a mother to correct their faults or improve their virtues;—but come, my love, we will dismiss all sombre subjects, and join in the pleasures of the day:—you have already received an invitation to dine at Lord Wyndham's, and before that we are going to the Exhibition; his Lordship's carriage is now at the door. I shall wait till you are dressed; in the mean time I will prepare Emma, for she must positively go with us."

"Emma, my love!" cried Mrs. Trelawney; "you forget that she has never once been out since her indisposition, and that she is still an invalid."

Mr. Trelawney smiled. "You would not have thought so if you had seen her last night," uttered he, "when she took her leave of Tanjore; I never saw her in better spirits, nor do I remember that I ever beheld her complexion glow with such brilliancy."

"You astonish me, Trelawney," replied Mrs. Trelawney; "*however* I am extremely glad to hear it, and if you can persuade the dear girl to accompany us, I cannot have the slightest objection."

"I will try the effect of my skill," cried Trelawney, and immediately posted away to the apartment of the fair invalid; but he did not find her there,—Emma was already in Mrs. Pelham's room, where the young ladies were all thus actively employed:—Miss Trelawney was copying out some music, which Lord Wyndham had presented her with for her harp; Mary was translating Telemachus from French into English, and was receiving the highest plaudits from Mrs. Pelham for the correctness of the performance; Ellen was closely and minutely employed in sketching a drawing, in which the whole of her collective powers seemed to be engaged; while Em-

ma hung over her in the attitude of the most profound attention, with the strongest anxiety blended in her lovely countenance, and at the entrance of Mr. Trelawney her face was overspread with the deepest scarlet, and Ellen instantly endeavoured to conceal the drawing she was taking such pains to execute. "I shall put it aside now, Emma," said she; "I should be ashamed to exhibit to papa so unfinished a performance."

"But papa would like to see *that picture* for all that," cried Mary, with the most cunning archness, at the same moment that she received a look of severe reprehension from Miss Trelawney, while she exclaimed,—

"But I am sure that papa would not, Mary, therefore how can you be so ridiculous as to mention such a thing, when you know that it is only a little bit of blank paper that Ellen was just going to sketch something on, but none of us can tell what."

Alexina had now made matters worse, for, to her inexpressible chagrin, Mary laughed most immoderately, to the no small amusement of her father, who, however, felt it necessary to assume an appearance of some little displeasure, by exclaiming,—

"Mary, how often am I obliged to tell you of this unmeaning, silly habit of laughter? I dare say, now, that you cannot tell what is the cause of this risibility."

"Oh yes, papa, I could if I pleased," retorted Mary, "but I don't please; so, if *you please*, you must not ask me."

Mary uttered this with so much pleasantry, that even Alexina could not be angry with her, well aware that she would not, after the hint that she had just given her, divulge the secret, even to her father; and Mr. Trelawney was himself too generous a father to curiously pry into their little private concerns, and was too confident in the good opinion he had formed of the principles of his children, to suspect that any of these concerns between themselves could either be of an improper or immoral tendency.

Nothing, therefore, was said to Ellen respecting the drawing which she was so anxious to conceal from his observation, believing that at some future time it would be brought to light; and he began to converse with Mrs. Pelham, in his usual elegant and easy manner, on a variety of subjects, before he introduced the one that had brought him there;—perceiving, however, that the embarrassment of Emma had entirely worn off, he exclaimed,—

"I do not often venture here, Mrs. Pelham, and when I do, I always retire well pleased and gratified, from witnessing the improvement of my children under your accomplished hands. This morning, however, I am really come on an errand of pleasure rather than of business: Lord Wyndham has been kind enough to invite us all to dine in South Audley Street, and we are also going to the Exhibition—you, Mrs. Pelham, and the whole of your pupils."

"You honour me exceedingly, Mr. Trelawney," cried Mrs. Pelham, "and so does his Lordship, by the repeated marks of his condescending kindness and attention."

"And of which, Madam, you have proved yourself sufficiently worthy," replied Mr. Trelawney; "Lord Wyndham has discernment, and so have I——but what say my girls?"

"Oh, papa, I am so delighted," cried Ellen; "what a treat! The last time I went to Somerset House, I attempted to copy one of the finest paintings in the whole collection."

"And your attempt, as you call it, my love," said Mrs. Pelham, "would have proved successful, and ultimately rewarded the exertion of your talent, but for your extreme diffidence, which, however praiseworthy in some cases, may still, my dear Miss Ellen, be extended to a fault. I do not admire, nor did I ever encourage, conceit or vanity in young people; it is particularly disgusting; but there is a proper pride and emulation always allowable, and even consistent, when Providence has been liberal in bestowing the gift of uncommon talents, and we are conscious that our own industry has improved them. We cannot be too thankful for the blessing."

"Surely not, Mrs. Pelham," replied Trelawney; "and let those who accuse us of vanity, wisely reflect on their own imperfections, and study to amend themselves rather than depreciate others;—and what was the subject, my love, that so particularly attracted your attention?"

To which Ellen modestly replied,—

"It was from THOMPSON'S Seasons, papa,—Celadon and Amelia in the storm, where the latter is struck dead by the lightning, which is supposed to commence with,—

'Tis list'ning fear and dumb amazement all;'

and you cannot imagine, papa, the sensation I experienced, as I

gazed on this sublime, yet awful and terrific scene, which the poet has so beautifully and impressively described."

"I can well suppose it, my dear girl," exclaimed Trelawney, casting a look of unutterable affection and kindness on the lovely features of the sweet and sensitive Ellen; I can well suppose that my child was not unmoved by such a scene, not merely drawn from the imagination of the sublime poet, but which frequently visits us in reality; it is then awful indeed, when we contemplate how vast is the power of an infinite being, when his unerring wisdom shall think proper to exert it over us—weak, blind, and infatuated mortals! What, then, have the proudest of us to boast of, when a day, an hour, nay a fleeting moment, may suddenly snatch us off in the very midst of all our fancied greatness and security?—Well, Emma," continued this excellent father and friend, intently surveying the calm and serene countenance of this lovely girl, "and are you delighted, too, at the thoughts of a visit to the Exhibition?"

"Yes, indeed, dear uncle," replied Emma; "there is nothing I so much admire as the contemplation of the fine arts, where genius and industry are combined to yield to us both pleasure and improvement; and I am very sure, if I was possessed of a large fortune, that my greatest pride would be to reward talent, encourage the meritorious efforts of humble industry, and to relieve the wants of the truly deserving and unfortunate."

The cheeks of the lovely Emma glowed with the warmth which this charming and generous sentiment had conveyed; and never had Mr. Trelawney viewed her with an air of so much complacency. She was now rising hourly in his esteem and admiration, from the greatness and nobleness of character which she had so recently displayed, in the farewell she had given to Tanjore; and at this moment he almost forgave her for her apostacy to William, feeling well convinced that the early prophecy of Emma's virtues would be verified, and that she would be equally virtuous, praiseworthy, and prudent as her mother Rebecca. A girl acting so nobly, while her heart was under the influence of the most tender, but at the same instant the strongest and yet the weakest of all human passions, could not voluntarily be led from the performance of her respective duties; and in this thought he consoled himself.

"My dear children," cried he, as he arose to depart, "I have this morning witnessed so much to approve in your united conduct

one and all, to gratify a fond father's feelings, that I shall not leave you without proving to you, more than by words, that I know how to appreciate it when it is so truly merited. To my Ellen, I leave some token of my approbation for her drawing, and her continued application to arrive at excellence in that charming accomplishment; to my Emma, a small token of my respect for the exalted and noble sentiments she has just displayed; to my Alexina, a similar bequest, because that I know, although silent, she has entered into the spirit of her cousin's generous disposition; and to my little gipsy Mary, I leave a kiss, and perhaps something more, if she will promise to leave off her naughty tricks."

Mary was not long in running "the envied kiss to share;" and, as Mr. Trelawney was very liberal in his contributions to each of the lovely girls, Mary had the audacity to exclaim,—

"And pray papa, what are you going to give Mrs. Pelham?"

On which Mrs. Pelham coloured deeply, and would have reproved the little gipsy, had not the generous motive excused the act; but it was soon considered in a proper light by Mr. Trelawney, who smilingly exclaimed,—

"That is well thought of, Mary. Mrs. Pelham, I stand corrected by my own daughter, and beg you will accept of the enclosed, as a proof of my gratitude and great respect towards you.—Now, girls, by this time your mother and my Lord Wyndham are waiting for us to appear; I give you one half hour to put yourselves in decent array."

So saying, Mr. Trelawney immediately made his exit; and no sooner was he gone, than the lovely girls hastened to their toilet, delighted with their morning's adventure, Mary exclaiming,—

"Indeed, Mrs. Pelham, but you must not be angry at what I said to papa, for I thought you was as much deserving of a present as any of us."

"This once, my dear girl, I will forgive you, but I will not so readily pardon you a second time," said Mrs. Pelham, at the same moment that she fondly embraced the smiling little chatterer; "because, my dearest creature, though you could not see the impropriety of it, yet I can. If your papa thinks it necessary to be liberal to his own children, it is no reason, my love, why he should include me in his acts of generosity."

However, there was now but little time for conversation; and the

toilet being completely adjusted, the young ladies, followed at a respectful distance by their preceptress, proceeded to the drawing-room, where Emma received the congratulations of her fond aunt and Lord Wyndham on her recovered looks. William Trelawney also approached her with the kindest inquiries, but with an air more marked with brotherly affection than indicative of any warmer attachment, and with which both Mr. and Mrs. Trelawney were much pleased.

Mr. Trelawney's carriage then drew up to the door, and they immediately proceeded to Somerset House with the youthful and delighted party, who could not avoid repeatedly expressing their rapture by the way, and where for the present we will leave them enjoying the pleasures and amusements of the day, and return to our travellers on their journey to Scotland, to which they were going at a very rapid pace, Tanjore in much better spirits than when he had at first set out, from the delightful prospects and scenery which surrounded them on every side ;—the opening flowers of early spring were just beginning to embalm the earth with their lovely fragrance, the trees were just budding, and all nature was beginning to put on her green mantle, to cheer, enliven, and captivate the eye ; and already had the primrose and the violet peeped forth from beneath their humble and retiring shade. There never was a season so calculated to harmonize the spirits, and tranquillize the soul to peace and social enjoyment, as the present, and both Lady Honoria and Tanjore felt the influence of it on their minds at the present moment; nor was the tutor by any means insensible to its invigorating and cheerful impressions.

Whoever has visited Scotland, that on their nearer approach to it was not enchanted with its delightful and romantic scenery, in which there is a kind of witchery and charm, which every body feels and nobody can express, as they come immediately in sight of its lofty mountains, its craggy steeps, and its beauteous hollow glens, where the herdsman leads his flock in calm, sequestered happiness, nor neither knows ambition nor seeks it not ? Content in his humble shed, he hails each rising morning with a heart as light and jocund as the breezy mountains where he first inhales his breath ; he knows no other joys than to find his flock in safety, and retire to his happy, humble home, to take his cheerful, quiet, but ready meal, by some "gude wife" or "canty wean" prepared. Ah ! would that man's ambition extended to no other enjoyments but these !—how many thousand evils ? how many thousand anxieties ? how many thou-

and fears might he then reasonably avoid, were he but satisfied in this humble state: but such is not the condition of his insatiate appetite; for him the blessings which nature only craves are not sufficient for his rapacious and inordinate pursuits, and though he has even more than falls to the lot of his fellow beings, he is yet constantly repining, and wishing for more, and at last sinks to the grave in the midst of all his mercenary principles, in the very hour of all his worldly desires, pomps, and vanities, which can then avail him nothing in carrying him to that bourne from whence no traveller has ever yet returned.

"There, Mr. Tanjore, behold that prospect on the left," cried Fothersgill, in the most rapturous accents; "you never beheld any thing like it in England;—look at that stupendous, yet majestic mountain; at the foot of it, too, observe that group of lovely girls, whose heads all resemble so many youthful Hebes; how fair, how blooming are their complexions, and what an air of modesty is blended in their charming countenances, where health and good humour sparkle in every direction."

"But whose feet would rather remind us of water nymphs," cried Tanjore, laughing, "were they not so actively employed in washing their clothes; and this, you know, Fothersgill, would appear not only an unseemly, but an indelicate sight in England."

"But it is by no means considered so in Scotland, I assure you, Tanjore," said Lady Honoria; "there is nothing more common than to see a number of girls so employed, that belong to the most respectable families, yet, on the sabbath day (which they observe with great decorum and respect,) you will see them all clad in the most decent apparel, with shoes and stockings, that would not disgrace any of our delicate country misses, even in a ball-room."

"I must own that their appearance is somewhat singular, though perfectly bewitching, your Ladyship," answered Tanjore, as he gazed on the face of a very pretty girl, who was carring a large basket of linen on her head, down to the river side, with the most apparent ease and satisfaction: "the effect of the short plaid petticoat, and the white jacket, which confines the shape, but not to conceal its symmetry, is admirable."

At this moment the carriage stopped at the post-house where they were to change horses, and Lady Honoria, by way of novelty, proposed to alight and take some refreshment.

"What, here, my Lady?" cried the coachman; "your Ladyship will not be able to procure any thing better than eggs and bacon: even if his Majesty was to sup at the 'Wee Naggie,' it could not furnish him with a more sumptuous repast."

"All the better, Thomas," answered Lady Honoria; "I am very fond of eggs and bacon, and shall be very well content to get that, if we cannot procure any thing more, and so, I dare say, would his Majesty; moreover, I have some inclination to see the interior of the 'Wee Naggie.'"

Her Ladyship's commands were instantly obeyed: the carriage drew up to the door, and the travellers alighted, to the no small astonishment of her Ladyship's attendants, and the great delight of the host and hostess of the "Wee Naggie," who however, could boast of one more apartment, beside that which served for the general accommodation of their own family, which consisted of six children, healthy and strong as imagination could possibly conceive; and into this apartment her Ladyship was shown, with Tanjore and Fothersgill, the attendants, of course, remaining in the kitchen.

"I ken yere Ladyship will ha'e the condescension to excuse all possible defects," cried the host and hostess; "we're nae accustomed to entertain sic bonnie guests i' this wild part of the country. What mun yere Ladyship please to ha'e for yere refreshment?"

"Any thing that you will please to give us, my good host," cried her Ladyship, with a smile of the sweetest affability, "cheese, butter, eggs, or bacon."

"Wow! but I will gi'e yere Ladyship something mickle better than aw that," cried the host; "I ha'e gotten twa bonnie moor fowls, a cock and a wee hennie, and ye sall ha'e 'em dressed i' the country Scotch fashion.—Jeannie, woman! gang yere gait, and dinna stand an ye war daft——haste ye, woman, and dinna be lang about it."

The elegance of Lady Honoria's travelling dress had indeed attracted the attention of the gude wife for many minutes after her Ladyship was seated; and when Jeannie arrived at the second apartment, she could no longer contain her joyous congratulations to her gude man on the arrival of sic nobility at the sign of the "Wee Naggie."

In the mean time the most active preparations were made by Robbie (which was the name of the host) to get ready the moor fowls, which were presently stripped of their plumage, and put into a large

frying-pan, with a quantity of onions, carrots, and sweet herbs, all cut up together, which served for a fund of amusement to her Ladyship's attendants, which consisted of four personages, including the coachman and footman, and the remaining two were her Ladyship's woman, a Miss Marriot, who happened to be a lady's maid of the old school, and consequently conducted herself in a very different style to those of the present fashionable day; and it was not in her dress that Miss Marriot attempted to imitate her lady, or affected her consequence, for Miss Marriot, who had attained the age of nearly thirty-eight, had too much good sense to assume any thing half so ridiculous; and if she copied any thing of Lady Honoria, it was some of her Ladyship's striking propensities,—her benevolence, her native sweetness and gentleness of disposition, her condescension and affability to her inferiors, and her constant and unceasing assiduities to render every body comfortable and happy around her; for such was Lady Honoria Belmont, and such Miss Marriot wished to be, even in the humble and unaspiring station in which Providence had pleased to place her, and such we may always be, let that station be ever so humble or exalted. The other personage was her Ladyship's butler, in whom she had such confidence (John Brown having lived in the service of the late Duke her father a considerable number of years, and was now arriving at an advanced age) that she never travelled without him; and her Ladyship was much attached to old John, from his long and faithful services, and his unshaken fidelity towards her.

The novelty of the present scene before him, was, however, a source of much merriment between him and Miss Marriot, who, naturally kind and cheerful, had entered into a sort of amusing conversation with her hostess. Having taken a fine little boy, of about two years old, on her lap, she began to caress him with an air of kindness, which soon found its way to the heart of Jeannie, and she exclaimed,—

"Ye're unco kind, I ken that, or ye wad nae be fash'd wi' the bairn in sic a manner. Ye mun ken, Ma'am, there's nae a bonnier compliment ye can pay a Scotchwoman than take notice o' her weans. An' ye wad speer what ye sal like to ha'e for yere refreshment, ye need nae be wanting it at the sign o' the Wee Naggie."

"I am greatly obliged to you for your civility," answered Miss Marriot; "but I have no doubt but my Lady will order something

for us when you carry in the dinner; her Ladyship is very good, she never forgets her servants."

"I dinna doubt of it, Ma'am," replied Jeannie; "wow! but she's a bonnie leedy; and sic gear!—my faith! I ha'e nae seen sic like braw claies sin I war in the grand town of Edinbro'."

"But my mistress has no pride," cried Miss Marriot, "no more than this child; she does not value fine clothes, and is so good and charitable to the poor and the unfortunate, that I do believe she is more mindful of other people's wants than her own."

"God preserve her, then!" cried Jeannie; "there's over mickle want of sic kind bodies, in sic a warld of sorrow o' the like o' this, whar many ane graps the siller, and dinna mind wha wants a morsel to put in their weam gin their ane be full."

John Brown was no Scotchman, nor Miss Marriot a Scotchwoman, but Jeannie had uttered a language, in the native simplicity of her own heart, which was pretty plain, and by no means difficult to be interpreted by an Englishman, or a native of any country, for in all countries the allusion was most unfortunately too proverbial to be mistaken in its meaning.

While Miss Marriot had been conversing with the hostess, John Brown had been equally familiar with the host, the coachman and footman being constrained to hold themselves at a respectful distance: they were pretty well acquainted with the disposition of their lady, who, though an indulgent and a kind mistress, would never once authorize the slightest liberties of speech taken in the presence of Miss Marriot; notwithstanding which, Robbie had produced his bottle of Highland whiskey, and they did not refuse to taste of the enlivening draught, when offered by the hand of hospitality and genuine good humour.

The repast being now made ready, Robbie prepared to set it before her Ladyship, Jeannie having previously laid the table in order, with the finest linen she was in possession of, and which, she declared to Miss Marriot, had never seen the light since the day that Rob and her were married.

"And that whar a day of auld lang syne," cried Jeannie; "an' it whar the merriest day I ha'e seen this many a lang year Wow! but it whar a canty day, for the parson got right fou wi' guide auld Highland whiskey, an' the lads and the lasses jigged and skippet till they could na' see the blink o' their bonnie een; an a' the lads whar braw

wi' ribbon knots tied o' their blue bonnet lugs; an' a' the lasses they whar fain wi' a' a rose stucket at their bonnie breasts;—wae's me! I sal na' see sic ony day the like of that again."

"Jeannie, woman, dinna fash the leedy wi' any sic daft story," cried Robbie; "ye ha'e mair need to mind yere business; in gude truth, Ma'am, I'm thinking yon callen* that ye ha'e gotten on yere lap will mak ye right weary; ye mun be taking some refreshment ere ye gang yere gate to the city of Edinbro'."

Miss Marriot now resigning her little charge, in whose chubby hands she had slyly deposited a crown piece, sat down, with John Brown, to part of the moor fowls which was left by the parlour guests, to which was added, a dish of excellent ham and eggs, with some cheese and fresh butter, which met with great commendation from the lips of old John; and the coachman and the footman had a like repast prepared for them, which was occasionally interlarded with some good home-brewed ale and a glass of Highland whiskey, which induced old John to exclaim—

"They must never tell me of Scotch fare being inferior to English: here is plenty of good cheer, and good humour and hospitality sweetens the whole, and then it is more palatable than all the luxuries in the world, when they are offered to our taste with an unwelcome smile; but come, landlord, I will drink your health in a glass of your excellent home-brewed ale,—Here's success to the Wee Naggie, and to the fortune of Rob——what is your name, mine host?"

"Ye mun ken that my name is Robert Bruce," cried the landlord, with an air of national pride mounting to his cheeks at the same moment; "and it's one I ha'na mickle need to be ashamed of; gin I whar related to Bruce himself, I could na have sprung from a more ancient-like honourable family."

"I do not entertain a doubt of it, Mr. Bruce," replied John Brown; "and though the pride of ancestry will avail us but little in the next world, yet it is certainly a letter of some recommendation in this."

At this moment the bell rang, to order the carriage to be got in readiness, and Mr. Bruce immediately attended the summons, Lady Honoria commending the meal he had set before her.

"I suppose," cried her Ladyship, "that my people are by this

*A boy.

ne ready to depart, and if you have entertained them as well as ou have me, Mr. Landlord, they will have no reason to complain of eir fare. I am exceedingly well pleased with your civility, and beg ou will let us know what we are in your debt."

In a few minutes a very moderate bill, including the whole ex-nses, was produced, and put into the hands of Mr. Fothersgill, who, oking it over, exclaimed,—

"I positively stand amazed, your Ladyship, at the extreme mode-tion of the several charges; you would not have been so well en-rtained in England for twice the sum."

"Indeed!" cried her Ladyship, "then I cannot think, Fothersgill, departing without making the honest Scotchman some compli-ent. You see that being strictly honest is to be strictly politic: is man had certainly a very fair opportunity of overrating his char-es, by the accidental manner in which we dropped upon him, and the owledge he must have had that his guests could afford to pay him erally for his trouble; yet he has taken no advantage on that ac-unt, but gives us a most moderate bill for our entertainment. Do ou not think, Fothersgill, that such a man is actually praiseworthy, d that I shall do right in rewarding him?"

To which Fothersgill instantly replied,—

"With the last part of the business, my Lady, I have nothing to ; I am not to dictate to you what you are to do, because I am ll assured that if your Ladyship acts according to your judgment, t it is morally impossible for you to err; but I cannot be persuad-, your Ladyship, when a man acts honestly, that he is doing any re than strictly his duty, in any case whatever; at the same time vill allow there is some degree of merit to be attached to it, in the sent degenerate and vitiated day."

"That is exactly what I have been thinking," said Lady Honoria: Tanjore, pray have the goodness to ring the bell."

And the landlord appeared.

"How many children have you?" demanded Lady Honoria.

"God be thanked, I ha'e gotten sax fine bairns, yere Ladyship," swered Robbie, with an air of the most peculiar satisfaction; "and annie tells me there will be ane mair forthcoming o' the spring-e o' the year; and I dinna fash mysel at a' about it, gin I may be ared to provide for it: it will only be ane mair bonnie wee flower grow i' the garden."

"Let all your children be brought before me; in the mean time that gentleman (pointing to Fothersgill) will settle your bill, with which I am perfectly satisfied."

Fothersgill now immediately paid Rob his demand, and took his receipt, and with many bows he made his exit, but in a few moments returned with his whole brood of chickens at his heels, except that Jeannie (who also made her appearance) had the youngest child in her arms.

"We're over mickle obliged to your Ladyship," cried Jeannie, who was at no small pains to make one of her best curtsies, "for yere vary great condescension and affability to sic like puir bodies as Rob and mysel: I dinna ken how to speer my gratitude, for a' that my vary heart comes louping to my mou', an' wonna gang back again; gin the tears fa' frae mine een, an' if I munna greet a wee I mun die;" and Jeannie wiped her eyes with her apron.

Although Jeannie's broad dialect was almost entirely unintelligible to Lady Honoria, yet she was by no means insensible to the impression it was intended to convey: as she surveyed the smiling countenances of each little cherub, she could not help contrasting the situation of the happy humble pair with that of those in a more exalted sphere of life, whose children are seldom permitted to approach them but in the arms of their nurse: it is no wonder then that these ladies do not perfectly enjoy the sweet, delicious maternal sensations which a mother feels when she becomes the nurse of her own child; for how is it possible she should experience what she really does not know?

The little bare-footed urchins (for they certainly had neither shoes nor stockings on, though otherwise decently clad) all successively opened their chubby hands to receive the gift which Lady Honoria dropped into them, which was a half-sovereign each, and a whole one was given to the little boy in Jeannie's arms. Lady Honoria then stepped into her carriage, which drove off amidst the tears, smiles, and cheering congratulations of the grateful, happy Scotchman and his little family; and, as the flower of the lowly vale is both "stealing and giving odour," to the shade, which SHAKESPEARE has so beautifully delineated, so was goodness and sweetness personified in the actions of Lady Honoria, for she both gave and received pleasure in these her benevolent gifts to the poor little children of the honest Scotchman: it reflected back on her own gentle heart

feelings of the most exquisite kind, which she would not have relinquished for the whole world: nor was this scene without its due effect on the youthful mind of Tanjore, and he exclaimed, in the most delighted accents, to Fothersgill, as they followed her Ladyship to the carriage,

"What do you think of Lady Honoria now, Fothersgill?"

And the tutor's reply was,—

"Why, positively, Mr. Tanjore, I stand amazed at such a woman, because I do not know any one who at all resembles her."

"What, not my mother?" cried Tanjore, some tender, fond recollections at that moment recurring to his memory.

"Your mother, Mr. Tanjore," answered Fothersgill, "is incontestably a most amiable woman, but still I must be candid enough to say, that I do not think that Mrs. Trelawney is like Lady Honoria. Every flower has its charm, Mr. Tanjore, every leaf its shade; but you will find there is a difference in all, a peculiar and respective quality attached to itself alone, yet they are all nature's sweets, and all have their perfections."

The travellers now winded their course through a range of beautiful mountains, wholly different to what they had yet seen; and Tanjore and Fothersgill were in raptures at the lovely and romantic scenery which now every moment opened on their view,—shepherds and their bleating flocks sometimes appearing in the perspective; at other times they beheld little huts, at the entrance of which, marked by the hand of industry, sat "auld gude wifes," spinning at their wheels, while the younger ones were nursing their bairns, or the still more blooming ones washing their clothes at the river's side; sometimes a Highland ditty saluted their ear, or the strain of the bagpipe floated along the air. All presented a scene of novelty and pleasure to Tanjore and his equally delighted tutor, till at length the lofty turrets of Dumfairling Castle appeared in view; and it was then, and then only, that the spirits of Lady Honoria seemed suddenly depressed, and on their nearer approach to the residence of her beloved brother, not all the combined efforts of Tanjore or Fothersgill could keep her Ladyship from shedding tears.

"Oh, my brother! my beloved brother!" uttered she, "how will the sight of your Honoria renew your grief, and recall to your memory the happy hours I have passed in the society of your lovely Jean. Oh, Tanjore, would that the first interview with my dear Sydney were once but over."

Slowly now the carriage ascended a steep hill, at nearly the top of which they came full in front of this noble, ancient, and magnificent structure, over which a superb and splendid escutcheon, bearing the arms of Lady Jean Campbell, Duchess of Belmont, was conspicuously placed, at sight of which Lady Honoria became excessively agitated.

Tanjore held her trembling hand till the carriage entered the gates, and suddenly halted at the grand entrance, where a massy peal of bells announced the approach of visiters to the castle, and the doors were instantly unclosed by the two porters who constantly attended there; but no sooner were the arms of the carriage described, than numerous attendants flocked to the door, and "How is my brother?" was but faintly and almost inarticulately pronounced, as her Ladyship was conducted to the entrance of the drawing-room, pale, and leaning on the arm of Tanjore Trelawney.

The door was already open, but it was not in the extended arms of the Duke her brother that Lady Honoria almost instantly fell; it was in far more lovely arms, but much less able to support her sinking form, that Lady Honoria was now most fondly and affectionately clasped, and—

"Dear, dear aunt! pray be composed," was uttered by one of the most melodious voices in the whole world: it was a beautiful girl, attired in the deepest mourning, with tears chasing one another down her lovely cheeks, that now so fondly strained to her heart Lady Honoria.

It was the daughter of the Duke of Belmont, the lovely Caledonian maid, Lady Jean Belmont.

"I beg, gentlemen, that you will both be seated," uttered she, with an air of the sweetest condescension; "my dear aunt will soon revive, and know her own dear Jean;" and in a few moments her Ladyship recovered, and again fondly gazing at her beauteous niece, embraced her with—

"How is your dear father?"

"Oh, better, much better than you could possibly expect to find him," replied the lovely girl; "in a few moments I will conduct you to him; but I dare not do this, dear aunt, till you are more composed;—my father expects you, and therefore is prepared to see you: but pray take some refreshment, gentlemen; I hope you will also partake of some, and that ceremony will not prevent you from consulting your inclination on this occasion.

"I beg, dear Tanjore, that you will help yourself," cried Lady Honoria, "and also Mr. Fothersgill;—yet, good heavens, how strangely remiss I am, by not introducing you sooner to my niece:—My dear Jean, this is Mr. Tanjore Trelawney, the youngest son of my friend Mr. Trelawney, of whom you have so frequently heard me speak; and this is Mr. Fothersgill."

"I am proud of the honour of seeing you, gentlemen," cried Lady Jean, gracefully curtseying; and at this moment the servant entered with some more refreshment.

CHAPTER XV.

"The roses of love glad the garden of life,
"Though nurtur'd 'mid weeds dropping pestilent dew,
"Till time crops the leaves with unmerciful knife,
"Or prunes them for ever in love's last adieu!
"In vain with endearments we sooth the sad heart,
"In vain do we vow for an age to be true,
"The chance of an hour my command us to part,
"Or death disunite us in love's last adieu!"

Of all the figures that had ever yet appeared to charm the admiring eyes of mortal man, of all the faces which ever yet combined expression with grace, simplicity, and perfect beauty, the figure and face of the lovely Caledonian now surpassed all that Tanjore Trelawney had ever yet beheld, in that of Lady Jean Belmont; and when the ceremony of a first introduction was over, and the tears of sensibility were dried upon her lovely cheek, then smiles which more properly belonged to her native character and disposition appeared to animate her charming countenance with the most dazzling brilliancy, and though Lady Jean had an English preceptress, to superintend the highly-finished education which she had received, yet it had not been able to rob her of the Scottish accent, which she pronounced with such peculiar and fascinating sweetness, in her usual manner of conversing with her friends, that she would not have appeared with half the advantage had she been without it; yet she frequently blushed in the presence of the English strangers, when she found that she was assuming the language and manners of her native Highland mountains, quite unconscious that she owed her sweetest charm to its peculiarity.

The figure of Lady Jean, though rather full than delicate, was formed with the most graceful and perfect proportion of exact symmetry, and the expression of her fine formed features might have served as a beautiful model for the sculptor's art; her eyes were of the darkest shade of blue, deeply fringed with eye-lashes dark as the plumage of the raven; her arched brows were beautifully formed, and her forehead high; her hair, which was remarkably luxuriant, flowed in tresses of the most easy and unstudied form, approaching nearer to a bright auburn than a shade of a darker hue, and her complexion was the finest that ever was seen; the rose of fresh health mantled on either cheek, and when she smiled and disclosed her pearly teeth, she had the look of a youthful Hebe; and as Tanjore now and then stole a look at her exquisitely lovely form, he could not deny the appellation which she had acquired from her countrymen, of her being the "bonniest flower in a' Scotland;" besides which, Lady Jean was the very soul of good nature: indulged herself in every fond wish of the heart, by a father who perfectly idolized her, and the only child which had blessed his marriage with the lovely Jean, it was no wonder that in this attractive and exquisitely lovely creature he should now cherish all his hopes and expectations, nor that at the death of her mother he should still more fondly love her who was the sole heir and descendant of this illustrious house and family, over which Jean had acquired such universal and unbounded influence, that no petition was preferred to the Duke, no favour solicited, and no assistance asked, but through the hands of his lovely daughter; nor were they ever yet denied: even chieftains and whole clans went in bodies to offer negotiations to the house of Campbell, through the intermediate introduction and intercession of the "bonnie mountain Jean," and many a gallant chief owed the success of his laurels, and even the promotion of his family, to her influence over the mind of her father, while the more humble peasantry of Scotland hailed the "bonnie flower, the fairest o' the Caledonian fields." Wherever she went, blessings followed her, for she was sure to dry the tear in sorrow's een, and mony one prayed, when they gaed to the kirk, that nae chilling blast might e'er destroy the winsome blithe and bonnie bird that gained a' hearts to sing right merrily in auld Scotland; but when her mother died, there was an awful pause in the tempers of the people; every eye wept, every bosom throbbed, and every heart mourned for the sorrows of the house of Campbell,—and that day

which consigned the mortal remains of the lovely Duchess to the tomb of her ancestors, was one of universal lamentation and mourning with the sons and daughters of Scotia. Not one returned but with a heavy heart to their habitations, from witnessing the last sad tribute of respect paid to the memory of their beloved and illustrious mistress; and it was long before they suffered either themselves or children to partake of their usual pastimes, pleasures, and amusements, and then not till they had manifested every mark of duty and respect to the house of Campbell, by sending a petition to the Duke that he would permit them all in one body to pay a visit of condolence to him and his lovely daughter on the late melancholy event, which, however, the Duke felt himself obliged necessarily to decline, his feelings not permitting him to sustain the trial of appearing in the midst of those faithful and affectionate vassals, by whom his departed Jean had been so recently adored; and it was on one of these occasions that his lovely child found it necessary to exert that powerful influence over the feelings of her beloved father which she knew that she possessed, by addressing him in the following manner;—

"Think, my dear father," uttered she, in one of the most bewitchingly tender accents that was possible, and which now reminded him but the more strongly of her departed mother—"think how hurt these kind and affectionate people will be, by your refusing such a request, at the very time that their hearts have been so devotedly attached towards you, and that they have been showing more than a decent respect to the memory of my dear, departed mother,—at this very time you refuse to see them, to accept of their offers of condolence, or listen to their petitions!—poor souls, how much they will be grieved, how much they will be mortified and disappointed. Ah! would that I were a messenger of better news to them from my father, than a cold refusal of their request—would that I could appear in the audit chamber, in the very midst of them, bearing in my hand the following inscription:—'Welcome, my chieftains! welcome, my vassals, to the house of Campbell! I will receive your thanks, and I will accept of your condolence, because I know that it is an offering of your hearts, and the purest testimony of your unshaken zeal and faithful fidelity towards me.'"

Enthusiasm lighted up each beauteous feature of the lovely, animated, and youthful Jean; while the energy of her love-beaming eye darted for a moment its full expression on her father, who, re-

turning her a glance of unutterable kindness, as he viewed, in mournful but eloquent silence, the all-perfect resemblance of her sainted mother, exclaimed,—

"And who has taught my Jean to speak to her father in the language of a heroine?"

"Something that beats too faithfully here for me ever to dissemble," cried the lovely Jean, laying her hand on her heart; "were it once to do that, and with my father, I would much rather that it did not beat at all; for I should then be unworthy to become a representative of the house of Campbell."

"Go, my angel, then," cried the Duke, surveying the glowing countenance of his lovely daughter with increased looks of admiration, "go, and be the representative of your father; exert the powers of that eloquence with which heaven has inspired you; go to my faithful vassals, my chieftains, and my followers, and conquer them as you have conquered me."

The command was cheerfully obeyed, and the following morning the lovely Jean appeared in the audit chamber, to the delight of every eye and the charm of every listening ear, and gave a welcome smile and cordial greeting to each true-hearted Scot. She stood in the midst of the assembly, waving her white handkerchief, and modestly and gracefully presented the thanks of her father for their friendly condolence and cheering attentions, and apologizing for his absence on the only occasion that he could not meet them with his accustomed fortitude, and in a manner that excited the sympathy and drew tears from all around her.

"For it is not, my friends," cried the lovely Jean, "that my father's heart is not at this moment with his noble chieftains and his faithful vassals; but think of the loss he has sustained,—think of my mother! and as you bear her image faithfully in your minds, reflect on her sainted character, her matchless virtues, and the excellent good-will she ever had towards you! Then will your sighs be wafted up to heaven for the repose of a father and his child, and long shall the memory of her virtues be cherished in your hearts."

Tears had more than moistened the eyes of the lovely Jean, as she uttered these words, for they now flowed down her cheeks in torrents; and waving her hand again towards the chieftains, she immediately withdrew, amidst the warmest plaudits that were ever yet heard in the audit chamber.

With this impression on the minds of the Scottish chieftains, and her father's faithful vassals, it was then no wonder that Lady Jean had fully established herself a favourite with the people; in a word she was adored, and they looked to her for a future representative for the noble house of Campbell, which was in after ages to support the dignity, and emulate the virtues of the Scottish chiefs. It was from this young, fair, and promising blossom that they were to derive their native excellence, which was to extend its branches far and wide in the Scottish domains, and shower down blessings on them and their posterity; and from this period Lady Jean was the reigning toast of the highest and the lowest in the province of Dumfairling, the title being given to her, as it had once been to her mother, of "the bonniest flower in a' Scotland."

Lady Honoria did not remain long without seeing her beloved brother, and the most affecting interview took place between them; but the Duke was by no means insensible to the soothing attentions of his affectionate sister, or the happiness that he would shortly derive from her charming society, which would also be so beneficial and pleasing to his beloved child, who would now receive many useful hints and instructions from her amiable and accomplished aunt, in the management of the exalted station she was now called upon to fill in her father's household, and in the establishment of Dumfairling Castle. Meanwhile, the Duke expressed his gratitude to Lady Honoria for having brought Tanjore Trelawney with her to Dumfairling, with the additional company of Mr. Fothersgill, of whom her Ladyship had already spoken most highly, in her letters to her brother.

"You will find Fothersgill a most rational companion, I assure you, Sydney," cried her Ladyship, "though not always a talkative one; and as to Tanjore, he has absolutely grown the sweetest fellow in existence,—is not he, Jean?"

"Ah! you would not have me tell what my thoughts are of bonnie young men," cried Lady Jean, blushing deeply, and with all the native simplicity of the Scottish accent; and Lady Honoria smiled, as well as the Duke, at the frank ingenuousness with which this was uttered, and the bewitching *naïveté* which so sweetly accompanied it.

"Does he resemble my dear and much valued friend?" at length exclaimed the Duke, turning to his sister, with some degree of interest blended with the inquiry.

To which Lady Honoria replied,—

"No, he more strongly resembles his dear and much valued mother, and bating his complexion, which is a shade darker, you never beheld features so exactly similar to those of Mrs. Trelawney."

"Then the boy must be exceedingly handsome," replied the Duke; "but I shall judge for myself when I have the pleasure of seeing him."

"Which will be at the dinner hour, father," cried the lovely Jean; "to-day you will dine with us in the saloon?" but the Duke shook his head. "Ah, but that shall not content me," resumed she with a most fascinating and winning smile; "you must dine in the great hall to-day, with my ain dear aunt and Mr. Tanjore Trelawney, and 'the gude like canty auld mon,' and your ain Jean; and if ye will not do this, ye shall gang wi'out company for a' the rest o' the day, father;" and away tripped the bonnie Jean, leaving Lady Honoria to coax her father to leave the dreary solitude to which he had confined himself, ever since the death of his beloved wife, and partly by the soothing and gentle arguments of his sister, and the fond entreaties of his darling girl, he at last consented to dine with them, but not in the great hall, where a bright star had always conspicuously shone, to give a smiling welcome to all his guests; and though that place would still be supplied by one of equal fairness and lustre, yet it was a moment of trial he had not the courage to support in the presence of strangers.

"Surely, my dear brother, you will not deny us the pleasure of your company," cried Lady Honoria, affectionately taking his hand, as she was retiring to dress.

"No, no, Honoria, I will certainly dine with you," replied the Duke; "but you must positively not detain me a moment longer after the dinner is over. I am, besides, really anxious to see your youthful *protégé* and his tutor; I therefore promise to be with you to dinner."

This was a great point gained, and her Ladyship did not despair of seeing her beloved brother enter once more into the pleasures of society, and instantly communicated the pleasing intelligence to his daughter, whom she found in the drawing-room, with Tanjore and Fothersgill, with whom she had entered into the most familiar and unreserved conversation, and whom she was perfectly enchanting with her humorous and entertaining description of her own country, which she occasionally interlarded with some tale of "auld lang syne,"

which so delighted her auditors, that when she made her exit with Lady Honoria, the quaint tutor could no longer conceal his raptures, or glowing admiration of the lovely Caledonian maid, and exclaimed,—

"I stand amazed, Mr. Tanjore, at the exquisite sweetness and urbanity of this lovely young and accomplished lady, in the midst of which there is so much harmony, good nature, and simplicity combined, that I do not know to which she is most indebted for that peculiar and resistless charm which she throws around her, like so many magic spells—her beauty, which I think is dazzling beyond expression, Mr. Tanjore, or her wit and humour."

"She is probably more indebted to the last than the former," cried Tanjore; "Lady Jean is certainly beautiful, extremely beautiful, but it is not delicate beauty;—I wish to be understood, Fothersgill, in order that you may not mistake my meaning."

"And so do I too, Mr. Tanjore," cried Fothersgill, "wish to understand you, for, upon my honour and credit, when you affirm that the beauty of Lady Jean Belmont is not delicate beauty, your language is to me wholly unintelligible."

"Then I will still affirm that Lady Jean is not delicately beautiful, and yet that she is at the same time most exquisitely beautiful.—I have posed you, Fothersgill."

"No, Mr. Tanjore, you have not done any such thing," cried Fothersgill; "for you must make it ultimately clear to me, Mr. Tanjore, before you can do that."

"Why, then, I will begin, in the first place, with comparisons," said Tanjore, his cheeks assuming a colour of a deeper dye than they had a moment before: "you have often remarked to me, that you thought my cousin, Emma Bradbury, the most lovely girl you had ever seen; and you added, 'but it is delicate beauty, Mr. Tanjore,—the beauty of a white rose, or a pale primrose.' Have you not made this remark on Emma, Fothersgill?—deny it if you can."

"Sir, I never deny any thing I have once said," answered Fothersgill; "and if I made this remark on Miss Emma, it is a very just one, because her complexion is so generally pale, though her features are for the most part extremely lovely; but, Sir, though I said this, I did not tell you at the same time that this was a kind of delicacy which was at all preferable to the bright and glowing tints which vary on the face of the lovely Caledonian maid;—why, Sir, there is

an assemblage of every fair and blooming flower growing in full perfection on her rosy cheeks; and the beauty of Miss Bradbury is no more to be compared with Lady Jean's than——"

The first dinner bell now rang a tremendous peal, that vibrated on their ears like the great St. Paul's; and Tanjore, starting up, looked at his watch, and suddenly made a precipitate retreat, leaving the tutor to finish his comparisons by himself; for the beauty of ten thousand Lady Jeans, with all the combined charms of Scottish fascination, could not at this moment drive the image of Emma from the heart of Tanjore, now that the powers of love and fancy had brought her present to his imagination; and her loved idea followed him to the dressing-room, remained with him all the time he was at his toilet, and still retained its station in his heart when he was summoned to the drawing-room, where, in a few minutes, Lady Honoria appeared, and soon afterwards the Duke of Belmont, leaning on the arm of his lovely daughter, entered the room, and was instantly approached by Tanjore with an air of the most marked respect, and the most becoming diffidence.

"You are welcome, my dear boy," cried the noble Duke, most cordially returning his salutation, "to Dumfairling Castle: none are more welcome than the children of my most valued friend Trelawney. Mr. Fothersgill, I am also glad to see you in Scotland, Sir; and all you have to do is to make yourselves happy, and consider yourselves as much at home as you were in the neighbourhood of Berkeley Square, and you cannot fail to render me so by that reflection."

"Your Grace is pleased to honour me most highly," cried the gratified tutor, bowing most obsequiously; while his pupil felt himself at no loss to return a speech quite as appropriate and as expressive of his sense of the Duke's kindness and condescension towards them; after which, conversation became general, and in which it was very evident to perceive that Tanjore endeavoured to exert his abilities to the utmost extent of his power, and yet with such retiring modesty, fearful of o'erstepping the bounds which propriety so particularly prescribes for (but which is so seldom attended to by inexperienced) young people, that the Duke was charmed with Lady Honoria's adopted young favourite.

Meanwhile, a most magnificent dinner was served up in an adjoining apartment, called the ancient repository, which derived its name from a splendid and beautiful collection of foreign birds,

stuffed, and placed in glass cases of immense value; the second collection was of flowers, so admirably calculated to deceive the eye, that they seemed actually as if newly gathered from their native beds, and scented the whole of this grand and spacious apartment with their odoriferous and delicate perfumes; and the third collection consisted of some of the most ancient and remarkably striking scriptural paintings, among which were the following:—Job in his Prosperity, and Job in his Captivity; the Birth of our Saviour; the Tomb of Lazarus; the rash Vow of Jephthah; Abraham offering up his son Isaac; and Judas betraying Jesus. All these were exquisite pieces of mastership in the style of their painting, which Fothersgill was in such raptures with, that he could not help expressing his sentiments of admiration in the warmest terms. The only portrait in this superb room was one of Mary Queen of Scots, which was of the most unrivalled excellence; and this also attracted the attention, and drew forth the warmest plaudits from the lips of the admiring tutor.

"I could almost fancy a resemblance, your Grace," uttered Fothersgill, gazing by turns at the portrait of the ill-fated Mary and the bonnie Jean, "in that highly-finished painting, was not the disparity of age so great; yet surely there is a striking similarity of expression, (which cannot be mistaken,) in the style of the features, to those of Lady Jean Belmont."

"You are perfectly correct in your judgment, Mr. Fothersgill," cried the noble Duke, "and I have heard the same remark frequently made before, by the most eminent professors, of the strong resemblance existing between that portrait and my daughter."

"Indeed, indeed, I was never so bonnie," cried Lady Jean, blushing deeply at the observation which the portrait had drawn upon her, and by no means intending to have made choice of a Scottish word on the occasion; but this was so natural to her, that it had slipped from her tongue quite unawares, and she could not recall it back again; and her aunt smiled at her embarrassment.

"I do not know, my love," cried she, "that you could have made use of a word more appropriate than *bonnie* to the late unfortunate, lovely Queen; but whatever resemblance my Jean may have towards her in feature, from her follies, her vanities, her weaknesses, may she ever be spared."

"And yet, your Ladyship, historians do not exactly agree on that

point," said Fothersgill; "they have sometimes presented us with a most lovely portrait of Mary's character, and represented her as virtuous as she was unquestionably fair and beautiful in her person: and at another time they withdraw this lovely picture, and give us one of a darker shade, in which her actions are all vicious, her heart depraved, and her disposition cruel, haughty, and vindictive,—which are we to believe?"

To which, after a moment's pause, the noble Duke replied,—

"From the most favourable report let us always be inclined to judge: that Mary was vain, I will not deny, but for which there were some just pretensions, for she was not only one of the most beautiful, but one of the most accomplished of women; and it was owing to the adulation which she constantly received in the gay and voluptuous court of France, that she was led into those weaknesses and involuntary errors, for which she was so severely censured when she ascended the Scottish throne; but I can never believe that her heart was naturally depraved, or that her disposition was either cruel or vindictive, not even to her most rancorous and bitterest foe, which was Elizabeth. This unfeeling and malicious woman, while she accused the lovely and unfortunate Mary of vanities and weaknesses, forgot that those vanities and weaknesses were also her own, without the excuse which Mary might have pleaded for her indiscretion; for the person and the manners of Elizabeth were alike repellant to love, and yet her passions and her heart were wholly subdued by the influence of this all-ruling and powerful impression. I will not hesitate, therefore, to declare which of the rival sisters deserves the most censure, and that I think Elizabeth the most highly culpable, because she had really vices which she affected to despise, and Mary really had virtues which she never boasted of."

"Your Grace could not have said more, if you had uttered whole volumes on the subject," cried Fothersgill; "and while we contemplate the lovely object before us, let us endeavour to forget her frailty, from which no human beings are entirely free, and drop a tear of pity for her persecutions, sufferings, and misfortunes."

"And this is a sentiment worthy of humanity, Mr. Fothersgill," answered the Duke: "would to heaven that it were more generally adopted; but, alas! we forget our own errors while we are searching to discover those of our neighbours!—vanity will not let us see our own faults; or, if we do, pride will not suffer us to acknowledge them."

The Duke certainly did retire soon after dinner, but not alone, for Lady Honoria positively insisted that she would accompany him for an hour or two to play a game of chess, (of which his Grace was remarkably fond,) determined that she would now carry her point of making her beloved brother once more a member of society.

"Play at chess with you?" cried the Duke; "why really, Honoria, I have almost forgot the game."

"All the better, Sydney," replied her Ladyship; "I shall then have the pleasure of refreshing your memory;—in the mean time Jean will find most excellent amusement for Mr. Fothersgill and his pupil, by showing them the picture gallery, if you will permit her."

"Surely; desire Donald to attend you, my love," cried the Duke; "and I don't know—I really don't know but what I may join you a little in the course of the evening."

On this assurance, the lovely Jean kissed the hand of her father, and the noble Duke immediately retired with his sister.

A difficulty occurred, however, with respect to the picture gallery, which could not be viewed at the present moment, owing to the absence of Donald, who always kept the key in his custody till his master required it to be delivered up to him. It had been carefully shut up ever since the death of the lamented Duchess, owing to an unfinished portrait of her being placed there for the artist to work upon; and this circumstance rendered the intrusion of visitants to the gallery highly improper, till orders were issued by the noble Duke for their admission; which orders were strictly obeyed by Donald, and he had now taken a walk out. Lady Jean, therefore, felt obliged to offer an apology to Fothersgill and Tanjore for the absence of Donald, and explained to them the above circumstance.

"But there will be plenty of time for your inspecting the gallery," uttered she, with a sweet and cordial smile, "in the course of the very long visit which I hope you intend to make at Dumfairling Castle; and then, perhaps, Mr. Tanjore, we may be able to provide you with a companion of your own age, who will feel himself proud and happy to entertain you. Ah! yes,—I have little doubt but Edwin will soon be back again; he never likes to stay over long away from his native mountains."

As Lady Jean made this observation, her head was half averted from Tanjore, but as she turned suddenly again, and met his eyes fixed full on her lovely face, she blushed deeply, for Tanjore perceived

that from beneath her dark-fringed eye-lids a tear had intrusively strayed, and still rested there, like the dew-drop that trembles on the blossomed thorn.

A smile, however, soon dissolved the charm of the tender melancholy which at moment seemed to have surprised the lovely maid, and which had sprung up unconsciously with the name of Edwin! but who Edwin was, or why he possessed an influence over the feelings of Lady Jean Belmont at this critical moment, Tanjore was wholly at a loss to surmise, much less did he presume to inquire.

A walk was now proposed by the lovely Jean up to "the Bower," as she called it,—

"Where you must not be surprised at any thing you see there," cried she; "you must just imagine that you are reading some of WALTER SCOTT's canty auld tales, when ye shall see gude wives an' their wee bairns, an' lads an' lasses, an' a' the gallant chieftains that ha'e bled in the Scottish wars, a glimmering an' dancing before yere een; an' they whar a' flesh an' bluid, an' ye mun ken they're nae mair than pasteboard;" and throwing on a plaid loosely over her shoulders, Jean started up, and declared that she was ready to become their guide to "Lucky Meg's Auld Bower;" while Fothersgill and Tanjore laughed heartily at the whimsicality and good humour in which this lovely girl so peculiarly abounded, and which Tanjore was well aware was without one atom of affection.

"Oh, Lady Jean," cried Tanjore, "if you knew what a peculiar charm your native accent gives you, you would never speak in any other."

"But what would my father say to that?" replied Jean, laughing, "who has taken such pains to make me an Englishwoman. Edwin, too, would laugh at me, if I were to neglect the lessons he has so regularly taught me. Oh no, I must please my father, were I to displease all the world beside."

"Edwin again!" thought Tanjore, as he arose to accompany his lovely conductress,—"ah! there is something more attached to the name of Edwin than I can possibly comprehend;—but what does it concern me?—what right have I to discover or search into the secrets of this lovely, artless, and certainly this most ingenuous young creature?"

Meanwhile, Lady Jean had already led them through the most impervious windings, which conducted them to the entrance of the

different avenues of the Castle, some of which were dark, and had the most gloomy aspect imaginable; and though Fothersgill was amused by the novelty of the scene, and considered himself perfectly safe under such a convoy, yet Lady Jean often caught the tutor looking back at the Castle, and casting a glance of anxious inquiry towards his pupil, which excited her risibility to such a degree that she exclaimed, as they at length arrived at a beautiful and embowering shade, leading to the entrance of a wild shrubbery, which emitted the most fragrant perfumes,—

"Well, Sir, dare ye now venture a wee bit further? Ye ken there's nae ghaist to frighten you, but if ye stay a while, ye shall see the bonniest lass in a' Scotland come out to greet you with a right gude Highland welcome, fra' Auld Meggie's Bower."

Tanjore now laughed heartily, perceiving that the old quaint tutor was actually under the influence of fear, as they approached Auld Meggie's Bower, to which in a few succeeding minutes they advanced.

It was a simple structure, but formed of such materials as to excite the greatest wonder and astonishment, for on Lady Jean's lifting the latch of the door, which she touched as lightly as possible, out popped an old woman, with a bottle of whiskey in one hand and a glass in the other, which she seemed to invite them to partake of, by the following inscription being written in legible characters over the entrance of the bower:

"Auld Meggie's Bower,
"Made in a wintry hour!
"Ye need na doubt
"Ye'll ken me out;
"Wha kens my name,
"May ken my fame
"In right gude Highland whiskey."

"What say ye to that, now, Mr. Fothersgill?" cried Lady Jean, laughing at the astonishment which was depicted in the countenance of the quaint tutor: "Will you accept of the auld lucky's invitation?—will ye come to the bower, Mr. Tanjore?"

The resistless smile of the lovely Jean conquered even the fears of the tutor, while they charmed the heart of the pupil; and they entered the bower without a moment's further hesitation, whose door was almost instantaneously and mysteriously closed on them.

CHAPTER XVI.

"I did but look and love a while,—
"'T was but for one half hour;
"Then—to resist, I had no will,—
"And now—I have no power.
"To sigh and wish is all my ease,
"Sighs which do ease impart,
"Enough to melt the coldest ice,
"Yet cannot warm your heart.
"O, would your pity give my heart
"One corner of your breast,
"'T would learn of yours the winning art,
"And quickly steal the rest."

If astonishment and surprise had been excited on the minds of Fothersgill and his pupil, on a view of the outside of "Auld Meggie's Bower," it was doubly so on their entrance, for their lovely conductress led them into a grotto, where they were immediately surrounded by a group of figures, which had all the appearance of so many youthful fairies; and they guarded a recess, all composed of such beautiful materials, that they looked like gems exposed to the dazzling rays of the sun, and round which the most odoriferous flowers breathed their most delicate perfumes.

Three moss-covered seats were placed in the grotto, and in the centre a rustic table, spread with wine and the most delicious fruits, jellies, and cakes, all covered with fresh vine leaves, which the hands of the lovely Jean immediately removed, and invited them to partake of. Meanwhile, the old woman who had at first appeared, made her obedience to the guests and retired, but where neither Fothersgill nor his pupil could possibly divine.

"Since you are the enchantress of this lovely bower, Lady Jean," said Tanjore, seating himself on one of the moss benches, while she helped him to some of the delicious grapes, "pray tell us by what extraordinary means the old woman has escaped, and by whose hands this delightful entertainment has been prepared, surely not for us, as we could not possibly have been expected?"

To which the lovely Jean smilingly replied,—

"All travellers who chance to enter Meggie's Bower are treated with the same delicate fare, not provided by her, but by her beautiful mistress, who is called 'the Witch of the Lake:' it is she who properly inhabits this fairy gotto;—you shall see her presently, and judge how far she merits the appellation she has acquired; but I have other company to introduce you to besides her,—she is the last personage whom you will be permitted to behold; but you are quite mistaken in supposing me to be the enchantress of this place—Mr. Fothersgill may be the enchanter, if he pleases, or you, Mr. Tanjore. Every body is gifted with the power of enchantment who enters here."

"As how, my dear Lady Jean?" cried Fothersgill; "I perfectly stand amazed at your information."

"I will convince you, Sir," cried Lady Jean; "Go to the recess, and pluck off one of those white flowers, that emit such delightful fragrance through the grotto, and you will presently see the effect it will produce in a moment."

"Suppose that Mr. Tanjore were to do it," cried the tutor, really under the influence of some alarm, which occasioned Lady Jean the most immoderate fit of laughter, while she exclaimed,—

"And what are you afraid of, Mr. Fothersgill? There's nae evil lurks under sic a bonnie flower,—pluck it, an' ye shall see."

There was no resisting this command from the lips of smiling beauty, and Fothersgill very cautiously approached the recess, and with somewhat of an unsteady hand gathered the lovely flower from its slender stem. Instantly the fairy nymphs lifted up the mysterious curtain that shadowed the recess, and a silver lake appeared, bearing on its surface a brilliant car, drawn by swans, in which was a female figure, attired in the habit of a witch, but whose lovely face was a model of the most perfect beauty: she had a wand in her hand, wreathed with myrtle and roses, and to the utter surprise and astonishment of Fothersgill, Lady Jean immediately approached, and gathering another of the blossoms from off the white-flowered tree, flung it into the car. The beauteous swans then gently appeared to ruffle the surface of the lake, sounds of the most melodious music floated at a distance, and the lovely witch gradually disappeared from the spectators, the curtain falling as gently as it had arose, the beautiful group of fairy figures moving towards it, as they had done before on their entrance to the grotto, at which Fothersgill and Tanjore expressed the greatest wonder and surprise.

"Well, I shall always call you an enchantress from this very hour," exclaimed Tanjore; "nor can I possibly conceive by what means this admirable deception is so inimitably accomplished."

To which Lady Jean replied,—

"I can well imagine the effects of surprise and curiosity it has excited over your feelings; and do you know that some silly persons, to whom my father has permitted Donald to exhibit the Bower, have actually gone from hence with the impression on their minds that this place is haunted by fairies, and that the Witch of the Lake is really a human female. It has cost my father, however, some thousands to bring it to perfection in the manner you see, and is all worked by machinery, by two persons constantly employed to superintend its operations, behind, in a room in that recess. The bell that announces the approach of visiters to the Bower, is the signal for the old woman to make her appearance; and when she retires, the lake is prepared, by certain machinery, which is all worked from the white blossomed tree, and in which the whole of the deception lies. If this white flower be not touched, it would not work at all. On the other side is the tree with the red roses, which works to another design, though totally different to that of the silver lake."

"And shall we also see that, Lady Jean?" cried Fothersgill, now delighted with the beautiful exhibition he had just witnessed.

"Yes, certainly, I do not mean that you shall leave auld Meggie without seeing all her wonders," cried Lady Jean; "but I will so make my father and aunt laugh at the terrors you expressed, Mr. Fothersgill, about the bonnie witch. I dinna doubt but you was thinking she wad have gripet fast hold of you, and taen ye over the Scotch mountains a' together."

Lady Jean never looked half so lovely as when she uttered the language of her native mountains, and as he surveyed her beautiful, tall, and attractively graceful figure, with the plaid loosely flowing over her shoulders, and the redundancy of auburn hair which carelessly waved on her snowy, fair, and open brows, he could not help comparing her with the lovely maids, as drawn in Ossian, whose dark blue eyes shone like the stars of dewy eve, and whose white bosom was the peerless lily. There was, besides, an air of witchery in the manner and the look of Jean, which might have well accorded with the heroines of the Scottish bard, and that might have been dangerously seductive to any heart which had not already made an

offering at the shrine of faithful love; for, with a look and manner which seemed full of arch and eloquent sweetness, she turned towards Tanjore, and exclaimed,—

"It's your turn to be enchanted now, Mr. Tanjore; see ye yon bonnie flower, that inclines its head so blushingly towards you, as though it wad say, 'Come and woo me?' Wad ye but touch it, ye shall see mony gude like wonders ye have na seen yet."

The temptation was resistless,—Tanjore immediately approached the blushing roses, and plucking one from off the stalk, the mysterious curtain again gently arose. The scene, which had before presented the Witch of the Lake, now represented the Hall of Fingal, surrounded by a clan of Scottish chiefs and warriors, in the centre of whom were the famed Oscar and Malvina. The splendour and magnificence of this scene, which was accompanied by beautiful and appropriate music, so far exceeded the expectations of Tanjore and Fothersgill, that they would have burst out into the most rapturous exclamations of applause, had not the lovely Jean placed her finger on her lip: she then approached the tree in the same manner that she had done the opposite one, and taking one of the roses, threw it towards the lovely Malvina, when the curtain again gently fell to the beautiful sounds of martial music. The fairy group immediately retired, and the old woman instantly made her appearance.

"You must not touch her, Gentlemen," cried Lady Jean, laughing; "she is not so willing or obedient to your commands as the flowers; and here the power of enchantment ends: she will use you well while she is under the authority of her mistress, but is apt to be a little refractory when the white flowers are no longer waving over her. The entertainment you see provided here is by the order of my father, and each day Donald is obliged to furnish it richly, for the reception of Auld Meggie's visiters to the mysterious Bower; and do you know that Edwin———" Lady Jean paused, and coloured deeply, on perceiving that at the mention of this favourite name Tanjore regarded her expressive countenance with the most scrutinizing attention, and with an air of inquiry which he had no longer the power of concealing; and Lady Jean added,—"but you are a stranger to Edwin, and it's nae matter what I was going to say about him."

"But it would matter greatly if I loved you, Jean," thought Tanjore, as they prepared to depart from the Bower, where Fothersgill declared that he had been so highly gratified, that he should treasure

all in his memory, to recount to Mr. Trelawney when he should again return to Berkeley Square.

"You need not treasure it for that purpose, Mr. Fothersgill," cried Lady Jean; "for Mr. Trelawney has been to see Auld Meggie, when he was last at Dumfairling. I remember hearing my father say that he was highly delighted; but there were no such bonnie sights then as there are now, yet it had one attraction, which I am thinking he will never forget—it was my poor mother, with whom it was a favourite retreat."

Lady Jean sighed deeply, and remained thoughtful till they again reached the Castle, when they found, on their entrance to the drawing-room, that the Duke and Lady Honoria were already there. The former immediately guessed whither his daughter had taken his guests, and he exclaimed,—

"So, Gentlemen, our fair Witch of the Silver Lake has had no power of holding you in her magic spells; you are returned in safety, under the convoy of my daughter Jean."

"And are in much more danger of being bewitched by her Ladyship's enchanting smiles, then from any inspiration breathed forth from Auld Meggie's Bower, your Grace," cried Fothersgill, bowing in so gallant a manner to the lovely Jean, as to excite the smiles of the whole party.

An account was then given of the entertainment, and the pleasure they had derived from the novel exhibition they had just witnessed, and a most humourous description of the fears of the tutor, before he could muster up courage to gather one of the enchanted flowers; after which, further conversation ensued respecting the merits of the machinery, to effect which the Dnke had been at such considerable expense.

"Not wholly to please myself," uttered his Grace, with a suppressed sigh, "but in conformity to the wishes of my beloved wife, Auld Meggie's Bower having actually once been the scene of action in the time of the Scottish wars: it was the abode of an antiquated female, enriched by the spoils of the wounded and the dying soldiers, whom she took in, under the pretence that she was gifted with the power of healing, by compressing the juice of a certain herb, steeped in the blood of a milk-white swan. This improbable tale actually gained belief, and though many had taken shelter in Meggie's Bower, few were ever seen to come out of it, cured by her prescrip-

tions, for they either died of their wounds, or the *healing* herb had the more rapidly sent them to that bourne from whence they never returned. You have now the true history of Auld Meggie and her Bower, gentleman; and in some parts of these mountains they will boldly assert that Meggie yet haunts the Bower, with all her fairy spells, to which belief I have given no small authenticity, by the deceptive operations which are constantly performing there."

Tea and coffee were now served up, and the Duke conversed for the remainder of the evening with more cheerfulness and serenity than he had done for many preceding weeks. Already had the charm wrought upon his mind and feelings, by the presence of his beloved sister; and the raptures which this circumstance awakened in the bosom of his lovely daughter could scarcely be restrained within bounds, and she now yielded to the indulgence of her charming flow of animated spirits, for which Nature had alone designed her, because she was well aware that her dear father could now support them; and the consequence was that there was hardly a day which intervened that Jean did not propose and furnish fresh sources of pleasure and amusement for her father's guests. Sometimes she would accompany them up to the mountains, and point out to their observation the romantic beauties of the surrounding country, enter the huts of the peasantry, and show them the blessings of a Highland home. At another time she would lead them to contemplate the beautiful and majestic ruins of many a towering edifice, but now mouldering into dust, and tell them its ancient history; and all with such winning simplicity, sweetness, and good-humoured pleasantry, that Fothersgill very shortly become so enchanted with the character of the lovely Caledonian, that he declared she surpassed all the young women of the present day, and frequently wondered that the heart of his pupil was not more sensible of her powers of attraction.

And it is true that Tanjore, as he sometimes listened to the melodious voice of the fascinating Jean, as she warbled the beautiful and national airs of her native country with a grace which was peculiar only to herself, felt for a moment entranced by the witchery of her charms; and as he sometimes caught himself stealing glances at her all-seductive and beautiful form, would acknowledge that her loveliness greatly surpassed even that of his charming cousin; yet one thought reflected back on home and dear Emma instantly recalled his half-yielding senses to a recollection of her who had charmed

him in infancy, and at whose gentle shrine his heart had involuntarily paid the first offering of love; and Tanjore felt that in spite of any opposition from chance, time, or destiny, that he could never desert it. Though the vast expanse of ocean might roll between him and Emma, though sickness might pale that lovely form, and age wither up its beauty, yet Emma would be dear to his throbbing heart while life remained within him.

All this Tanjore felt, even while he contemplated the transcendent charms of the lovely Caledonian maid;—this thought was passing over Tanjore, notwithstanding which he paid every attention to the daughter of the Duke of Belmont, which her exalted rank and the amiability of her own engaging disposition so justly entitled her to receive; but it was that sort of attention which proved that his heart had received no warmer impression from her charms, and that he could quit Dumfairling Castle (where he had now been an inmate nearly two months,) whenever his father should suggest the propriety of his returning to England, without incurring the danger of leaving his heart behind him with the mountain maid.

And had Tanjore neglected a correspondence with his amiable family, during his abode at the Duke of Belmont's or they with Tanjore?—certainly not. He had received two letters from his father, and one from his mother, which he had duly answered, with every mark of duty, respect, and affection; but to his great surprise, Emma was scarcely mentioned in either of them, except by a slight paragraph, which, in the letter from his mother, was expressed in the following terms:—"I am happy to say that your cousin Emma is perfectly restored to health and spirits, and is now on a visit at her aunt and uncle Clarendale's."

This was the only part of his mother's letter with which the feelings of Tanjore were not perfectly satisfied, and he shook his head as he perused this paragraph a second time, perceiving or conjecturing that there was an affectation of coldness respecting Emma, in the style of Mrs. Trelawney, which was quite unusual, and therefore he was inclined to suspect its sincerity.

"So," cried he, "my mother would have me to believe that the restoration of dear Emma's health and spirits is the effect of my absence more than any other circumstance, as if I were a being that had been quite obnoxious to her feelings; but this wont do, my sweet mamma! I am not at all addicted to vanity, but I know the nature of the gentle

Emma better;—she does not rejoice at my absence, or, if she does, it is a joy which she only feigns: in vain would they roll back the tide of passion that swells in two fond devoted hearts, but it is not so easily to be accomplished; I shall love Emma while I breathe, and Emma will——"

There Tanjore stopped;—he repressed the coming thought that Emma would love him again, in the probability of her becoming the wife of his brother, and with a deep sigh folded up his mother's letter, with a blessing on that beauteous head, which, perhaps, slept not more calmly nor peaceful than his own, when she contemplated the distance which was now between them.

The next letter which Tanjore received from Berkeley Square was from Miss Trelawney, informing him that her marriage with Lord Wyndham was to take place at no very distant period, and of the splendid preparations which were rapidly going forward for that event; that her dear papa had already presented her with a rich set of jewels for the happy occasion; that her wedding dress was to be magnificent, and that her sisters and cousin Emma were to be her bridemaids; that she was in a delightful flutter of spirits, as Lord Wyndham was just then standing at her elbow to prevail with her to name the happy day; and concluded her letter by desiring Tanjore to give them a more correct portrait of the beautiful Lady Jean Belmont than he had hitherto done.

Tanjore was now more highly displeased with the style of his sister's letter than he had been with his mother's.

"So, in her delightful flutter of spirits, Alexina has lost sight of all sisterly affection," thought he, flinging her letter away in disgust; "I am not even invited to be present at this splendid wedding; but what does this splendour avail to me?—there is more splendour in one glance of dear Emma's eyes, than all the magnificence that Alexina can boast of. Thoughtless girl! does she think that such idle communications can afford me any pleasure, while I am absent from her who in the humblest cottage would have the power and the charms to content me? Dear Emma, too, how coldly, how distantly has Alexina spoken of her; but I will remind her of it,—I will let my sister know, that if she has forgotten that she has a heart, I have not. I should not be surprised, if the next letter I am favoured with from Berkeley Square were coolly to inform me of the nuptials of my brother William, too, with——'

Tanjore stopped again;—he could get no further in his supposition—for the soul of him he could not then pronounce the name of Emma, which must have immediately followed that of William: all the blood had mounted to his face in one instant—tears started to his eyes, and deep sighs heaved unconsciously from his breast, when his tutor suddenly surprised him in this conflict of his feelings, and exclaimed,—

"My dear Mr. Tanjore, I stand amazed too see you in this situation! My God, Sir, what is the matter with you?——but I see how it is—I can guess——"

"And pray, Sir, what are you so ready to guess?" cried Tanjore, with extreme impatience as well as vexation marked on his countenance.

"Why, Mr. Tanjore, I know that you have this morning received a letter from Berkeley Square," replied Fothersgill, with symptoms of curiosity he could not utterly conceal.

"Well, Sir, what then?" inquired Tanjore, pettishly.

"And I do suppose, that from the intelligence which that letter conveys you are greatly affected," returned Fothersgill; "no doubt you did not expect that a marriage would take place so shortly between Mr. William and Miss ——"

The tutor stopped suddenly, on perceiving the inflamed countenance of his pupil, who indignantly exclaimed,—

"Your sagacity, then, Sir, has deceived you: Mr. William Trelawney is neither married, nor going to be married, that I know of; nor will I again be interrogated on a subject which does not at all concern you."

"Mr. Tanjore, Mr. Tanjore, this to me," cried Fothersgill, in a serious tone; but he said no more, and resumed a thoughtful silence, his countenance confessing how deeply his feelings were wounded by so unmerited an attack of severity from his pupil.

Meanwhile, Tanjore, as deeply hurt by his own pained and tortured feelings, instantly exclaimed,—

"To you, Sir, or to any man would I say as much, even were he my father, who would aim a dagger at my throbbing heart, already smarting under the wound of disappointed affection."

The tutor absolutely looked aghast, and recoiled a few paces from the stern, yet dignified look of the spirited Tanjore. Wholly unconscious, however, of meriting his ungenerous accusation, he coolly repeated (for Fothersgill was never betrayed into passion,)—

"Me aim a dagger at your throbbing heart, Mr. Tanjore? I would perish myself first! You know that, Mr. Tanjore—I would drop down at your side, before I would harm a hair of your head. Don't make me weep, Mr. Tanjore,—don't make me weep,—I am an old man, and never shed tears but when I am really affected."

Poor Fothersgill had already taken out his handkerchief; he had applied it to his eyes, and this sight completely subdued the anger, and softened the heart of Tanjore. He arose from his chair, he approached Fothersgill—all his mother shone in his eloquent eyes—he extended his hand towards his tutor, and, in a voice of humility exclaimed,—

"Fothersgill, dear Fothersgill, forgive me!"

"Forgive you, Mr. Tanjore!" cried Fothersgill, instantly returning his cordial salutation by a firm grasp of friendship; "forgive the son of my patron!—forgive the dear boy whom I have watched over in the first days of his childhood, with an anxiety which could never be suppressed, with affection which could never be stifled, even when my duty called upon me to correct his faults. Did not nature then break out, Mr. Tanjore, and inform you how dear you were to an old man's heart, who has ever fondly loved you? Were you penniless, Mr. Tanjore, would I not share my last farthing with you? Were you deserted by all the world, Mr. Tanjore, would Fothersgill desert you too? No, I would remain with you while the last pulse of life could beat in these poor old veins; and my last sigh would murmur blessings on your name. Forgive you, Mr. Tanjore?—do not mention that again, I beg of you."

The feelings of poor Tanjore were now wholly overcome, and throwing himself into the arms of his faithful and affectionate old tutor and friend, he wept aloud; nor did he suffer him to leave him, till he was restored to his affection, his confidence, and his esteem.

"They have parted me from Emma,—eternally parted me!—and I had forgot myself, Fothersgill," cried Tanjore, "forgot the world, and forgotten you. Here is my sister's letter, a cold unfeeling one; at least I thought so, but perhaps I may be wrong;—read it, Fothersgill, and judge for yourself."

Fothersgill took Miss Trelawney's letter in silence, read over the contents, and returned it to Tanjore with the following words:—

"My dear Mr. Tanjore, pardon me if I feel inclined to judge more favourably of your sister's letter than you do, because I view

it in a less impassioned light; your feelings are at this moment irritable, and your spirits agitated; when they are more settled and composed, you will see things through a very different medium than what you do now, and will make every just allowance for a young woman so happily circumstanced as Miss Trelawney: she is on the eve of matrimony, not only with the man of her heart, who is every way entitled to the choice with which she so greatly honours him, but behold the glittering prospects which surround her, with not a cloud to dim the lustre of the bright-beaming sun of happiness which opens on her view,—a brilliant sky, under which the fond transported maid breathes the purest aspect of all-delighted heaven—love, fortune, exalted birth, and all the flattering appendages of the most brilliant rank and fashion. My dear Mr. Tanjore, it is scarcely possible for a young woman like your sister to contemplate all these smiling prospects, and feel that they will shortly be realized, without feeling her head as well as her heart a little giddy, when she has a full view even of such scenes only in the perspective; but when they approach still nearer, can you wonder that she is charmed with the fascination?—What youthful female could resist them? Yet, believe me, my dear Mr. Tanjore, in all this delightful flutter of spirits which she so playfully describes, I cannot discover that apparent want of feeling and affection which has called forth such severe animadversions on her letter: it is indeed gay and sportive, but I will take upon myself to say that her heart has not shut out sisterly affection for her brother Tanjore. To be sure, she has said but little about Miss Emma Bradbury; but there may be reasons, my dear Mr. Tanjore,—you understand me,—there may be reasons why and wherefore, which we must not pretend to inquire into."

"Oh, doubtless, reasons enough," cried Tanjore, again colouring deeply; "but I can assure you, Fothersgill, they are reasons which I should disdain to inquire into at the present crisis of affairs; and though I intended to reply to Alexina's letter in a manner highly expressive of my offended feelings, yet after what you have urged in her behalf, I shall certainly not do so at the present opportunity, but wait till she is Lady Wyndham,—then, Fothersgill, if she forgets herself, I do not mean to spare her."

"But one word more on this subject, my dear Mr. Tanjore, and I have done," replied Fothersgill; "it is not a likely supposition that any of the descendants of Mr. Trelawney will forget themselves, and

your sister is one of them; she has been educated under a very different system to some of those high-bred fashionable young ladies who do indeed forget themselves long before they enter into the holy state of matrimony, and continue to do so to the end of their existence." Fothersgill now looked at his watch, and declared that he had never once recollected the embassy on which he had been sent by Lady Jean, "but, all lovely as she is, you see I had quite forgotten the sweet maid when I found you in grief, Mr. Tanjore," cried Fothersgill, directing a look of kindness towards his pupil; "I was bidden to tell you that the picture-gallery was now open for our inspection, if you feel inclined to see it, under the convoy of Mr. Donald, the lovely Jean having gone to take an airing with her father and aunt."

And, glad to be relieved by any thing from his own thoughts, Tanjore was very willing to accept of the invitation, which was not only gratifying to his taste but his feelings; and in a few minutes they were attended by Mr. Donald, who being an ancient domestic in the service of the Duke, was considered the major-domo of his Grace's establishment. He had, indeed, very great authority invested in his hands, having been a very deserving favourite with the late lamented and amiable Duchess, at whose demise he was raised by the Duke to still greater honours, and continued to prove himself every way worthy of the distinguished favours which were conferred on him, by the most exemplary fidelity and gratitude to his master.

"I hope we shall not intrude upon your time, Mr. Donald," cried Tanjore, on perceiving the good-humoured pleasantry which was exhibited on his countenance.

"Sair, I beg ye wull think nathing of that at a'," cried Donald, bowing down to the ground; "I am proud of the distinguished honour of attending ye, and will it please ye to gang all over the Castle, I wad nae think muckle o' the trouble of showing ye a' the bonnie sights ye ha'e to see there."

By this time they had reached the door of the picture-gallery, into which Donald presently conducted them, the magnificence of which perfectly astonished the tutor and his pupil. The half-finished portrait of the late Duchess was concealed by a rich drapery of crimson satin, but as it stood in the centre of this spacious and elegant apartment, Donald removed the drapery, and disclosed the form and features of the lovely Duchess to their view. He heaved a sigh as he withdrew the curtain, while he exclaimed,—

"See ye now, Sairs, the bonnie flower that's ay now mingling wi' the dust; gude truth, it was a mournfu' day when she bowed her head to the earth; ay, it was a day which gar'd a' folks to greet, for there was nae the like of her in a' Scotland, for she baith filled the weam and claithed the back of mony one that had nae the siller to win it for theirselves.

The resemblance of the late Duchess to her lovely daughter was striking to a degree: the hair, indeed, was a shade lighter than Lady Jean Belmont's, but the fair open brows, the high forehead, and the dark blue brilliant eyes, with the dignified expression which illumined them, were the same as shone in the face of the beautiful Jean; and Fothersgill rapturously exclaimed,—

"You will never lose sight of this lovely portrait, Mr. Donald, while the fair daughter of the Duke of Belmont lives."

"It is the vary model of her, is it not, Sair?" cried Donald, his eyes glittering with the tear of sensibility paid to the memory of his departed mistress. "There whar never twa peas mair like i' the same pod, only that ye wull ken the bonnie wean has gotten mair flesh about her; ay, she's right bonnie, an' mony one wad be sighing for the blithsome lassie, wad she but gi'e em a blink o' her een."

To which Fothersgill replied,—

"That's sooner said than done, I believe though, Mr. Donald; she will be the richest heiress in Scotland, and there's not many who will presume to aspire to the honour of her hand."

"Ay, she will have over muckle siller," cried Donald, winking in a very significant manner, the meaning of which was not so easily to be understood; "but it's nae the siller in a' the land wull tempt the lassie to gi'e her hand whar she canna gi'e her heart; ay, she is a right winsome lassie, and has a' the bluid o' the Campbells in her veins."

There was more in Donald's looks, as he uttered these words, than he was willing to reveal; and throwing the drapery again over the portrait of the lovely Duchess, he pointed out to the particular observation of Fothersgill and Tanjore an uncommonly beautiful and highly-finished painting, on a very large scale, though the subject was infantine. It was a beautiful little girl, in the act of protecting a bird-cage from the approaches of a wily kitten, which a boy was holding in his arms at a distance from his lovely little playmate; and the attitude and expression of these children were so na-

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tural and beautiful, that Tanjore was enchanted by its effect. The bird, which was a goldfinch, was so admirably drawn, that it seemed actually to partake of the terrors of its lovely little mistress; and the boy's anxiety to save it from the claws of the kitten was finely expressed,—it was a face of uncommon beauty, with a Scotch bonnet with a plume of feathers on his head, and a plaid sash over his shoulders; and the look, which seemed to ask protection for her little favourite, from the girl to this boy, was so inimitable, that Tanjore in vain attempted to withdraw his eyes from it.

"Had you a thousand pictures, Mr. Donald, to exhibit," cried he, "this would claim my warmest admiration; "it is astonishingly beautiful, and nature and affection speak too forcible to be resisted."

Donald smiled and exclaimed,—

"I dinna wonder over muckle o' that, Sair, when I sal let you ken wha the wee lassie is, an' wha the bonnie chiel."

"Surely the litt'e girl has some resemblance to Lady Jean," cried Tanjore; "and the boy——"

Some curiosity was certainly blended in the face of Tanjore as he made this inquiry; and Donald archly replied,—

"Ah, Sair, ye dinna ken any thing about the boy at a', an' he's nae here to say any thing about himsel'; but ye might easy ken the wee lassie,—its nae mair than the bonnie Jean her vary sel, the bonnie blue that's ay sae smiling in her een might ha'e telled ye that."

The curiosity of Tanjore, and even of Fothersgill, was now raised to the highest pitch, and he exclaimed, not once removing his eyes from the picture,—

"Yes, the little girl is certainly Lady Jean Belmont, but I am anxious to know who that lovely boy is,—a relative, probably, to the Campbell family?"

On which old Donald gravely replied,—

"He's nae relation at a', Sair, but a bonnier chiel ne'er walked on Scottish ground than the gallant braw young Edwin Mowbray. Wad ye but see him ye wad be over muckle a my mind. He is the last of an ancient, honourable family, and sic a fine lad ye sal nae see in a' Scotland."

"So," thought Tanjore, "the secret is now out, my lovely mountain maid, and this Edwin Mowbray is the idol of your heart;" and, anx-

ious to know more of the history of this so greatly admired, and certainly greatly to be envied, Edwin, he exclaimed,—

"And lives he in Scotland now?"

"Ay, Sair," cried Donald, "he lives just whar ye do yersel at this vary present time; he lives in Dumfairling Castle till the Duke can get him ay better provided, for he's nae siller, an he's nae land he can ca' his ain, puir body, though he comes of a right gude honourable family; an' his mither died i' the Duchess's arms when he war nae mair than twa weeks auld; but ye munna say a word about it, Sair,—ye ken it wad nae please the Duke, nor the bonnie Jean, to be glibbering about young Edwin."

"Fear nothing, Donald," cried Tanjore; "I am a true-born Englishman, and would scorn to betray the confidence which is reposed in me."

"I ken that right well, Sair," cried Donald, and led them on to the observation of the remainder of the portraits which this splendid gallery contained.

CHAPTER XVII.

"That which is past is nothing sure;—
"And what of joy to come
"Impatiently we want; when got,
"Is quickly past and gone:

"And when 'tis past, like other things,
"It nothing will be thought;
"Should then that dream, which nothing is
"So anxiously be sought?"

Donald pointed out to the observation of Fothersgill and Tanjore a number of highly finished portraits of the ancient family of the Campbells, among which was the father and the mother of the late Duchess, and in both of which there was a striking resemblance to their lovely daughter.

"There, Gentlemen," cried Donald, "is my Lord Alexander Campbell, who was the finest hero in a' Scotland: he fell in battle, i' the Scottish wars, fra a wound he received wi' a gun-shot in the

right arm, which folks said he might ha'e gotten the better of, had he not ane mair sare at his heart, for Lady Jean died, ye ken, leaving ane only child, which was a daughter, and he did na live muckle over lang after her. See ye noo on the left hand, there is the bonnie wean that was ay painted when she was about twa years auld, that was the Duchess of Belmont, the mither o' the blithsome Jean who is the present heiress o' Dumfairling Castle."

This infant likeness bore a strong resemblance to the lovely mountain maid, and another full-length portrait of her at the age of fifteen was exhibited in another part of the gallery, so exquisitely beautiful that Tanjore could not remove his eyes from it without expressing his most glowing and rapturous admiration. She was drawn in the Highland dress of her native mountains, except that a flowing veil confined part of her luxuriant bright auburn tresses; and it was at the period that she was in the attitude of delivering a speech to the chieftains and brave followers of the house of Campbell, when she appeared as the sole surviving descendant of that noble and illustrious family, and the energy of her soul-breathing countenance was peculiarly striking. The tear which moistened her lovely cheek seemed hardly yet dry, so inimitably had the artist traced nature and feeling in her beautiful face; and Tanjore exclaimed,—

"How exquisitely lovely, Fothersgill; I am charmed,—I am transported!'

"Mr. Tanjore," cried the tutor, "talk of your English beauties, you never saw such a face as this in England, Mr. Tanjore! no, not even in——"

"Berkeley Square, I suppose you was going to say, Fothersgill," said Tanjore, looking gravely; "but comparisons are not fair, especially when they are made at the expense of dear absent friends."

The tutor was profoundly silent at this remark, and he ceased to express his admiration at any of the remaining portraits, while they continued in the gallery, which having sufficiently surveyed, they took their departure, but not without rewarding old Donald liberally for the trouble he had taken on their account."

At first the old Scotohman refused their generous gift, but Tanjore insisted on his acceptance of it, and he deposited it in his pocket with a smiling air; and while Tanjore took his favourite Juno out for a short airing round the beautiful grounds of Dumfairling Castle

the tutor amused himself by stepping into the Duke's library, and taking up some of the huge folios, began to examine them with the minutest attention.

Meanwhile, Tanjore scampered away with his silent companion, who, though dumb, was very eloquent in expressing the most lively demonstrations of joy for the distinguished favour that her master was conferring on her, shaking her ears, and wagging her tail, as she brushed over the wild and beautiful heather which grew in full luxuriance on every side.

Still Tanjore's heart was not at ease in this long absence from his dear native home, and though by no means insensible or ungrateful for the friendship which had been so condescendingly shown him by the Duke of Belmont and his amiable daughter, whose charming and ingenuous character he greatly admired; yet Tanjore was impatient to return once again to the bosom of his own family; he anxiously longed to behold his dear mother, and his father, and his sisters, and oh! how ardently did he sigh, and wish to see Emma. At one time he fancied that Emma had forgotten him; yet this thought was instantly exchanged for one more pleasing, and he fondly anticipated the moment when he should see her fair cheeks tinted with glowing blushes at the sight of him, and that would repay him for all the anxiety he had felt on her account.

These were the reflections of Tanjore when he happened to be alone; but when he was in the presence of Lady Honoria, he was unwilling to indulge in these sensations, or appear spiritless or dejected, fearful that she should suspect the cause of his uneasiness, or that he was weary of that society which she had so anxiously prepared for him, and was so solicitous that he should enjoy. Lady Honoria too had corresponded with his mother; several letters had passed and repassed between them, but of what nature that correspondence was he was unable to guess. He had frequently observed, too, that when in the company of Lady Jean Belmont, her Ladyship often remarked the most trifling conversation which he happened to address to her with a peculiarly marked attention; and when this lovely and interesting creature was shining in the very midst of her all-powerful attractions, that Lady Honoria would then fix her eyes upon him with the most watchful, anxious, and penetrating gaze, as if she were willing to search into the deepest recesses of his inmost soul, in which sentiment the Duke himself seemed in some degree to participate, appa-

rently as watchful and attentive to the looks and conversation of his daughter, whenever Tanjore was near her.

Meanwhile, the unconscious and innocent Jean freely indulged in the frankness and ingenuousness of her open and generous disposition, in all the unreserved conversation which passed when they were sitting alone or walking out together, without a thought, without a wish which strayed beyond the boundaries of friendship, which had of late been so frequent, that it is certainly probable, had the heart of Tanjore been perfectly unfettered, it could not long have remained so, in the seducing society of the beautiful and fascinating Jean. There were peculiar moments, too, when even the charming spirits with which she delighted and charmed others seemed to receive a check from herself; and once Tanjore suddenly surprised her in tears. She was seated at one of the Gothic windows, which commanded a beautiful and majestic view of the ocean, and she was silently watching the white-bosomed wave as it gently heaved to and fro against the sandy beach, or laved the sides of the jutting rocks; and as Tanjore softly approached the contemplative maid, unwilling to disturb her meditations, she did not start with affected coyness from his gaze, but turned her dark-blue eloquent eyes full upon him, and they were wet with her tears, while she exclaimed,—

"You are doubtless surprised to see me thus employed, Mr. Tanjore, but you would be puzzled to guess from what cause spring these tears. I am not always mirthful when I contemplate that ocean; I think of objects who have either perished beneath its waves, or who are now venturing their lives on its stormy surface, and it is a sensation which I cannot always conquer, or wholly repel the melancholy influence of. At the moment you surprised me here, I had been offering up my fervent prayer to all-gracious Heaven, to protect in safety the life of one being for whom I entertain some gloomy and terrific apprehensions."

The voice of Lady Jean was at this moment peculiarly affecting, nor did she attempt to conceal her emotion. Tears almost involuntarily started to her eyes, and at length strayed down her lovely cheek, at sight of which Tanjore Trelawney, whose warm and affectionate heart always sympathized with the pained feelings of others, was considerably affected.

"And, oh! may those gentle prayers effectually prevail," uttered he, "dear, lovely, and amiable Jean, for whomsoever they may be thus

tenderly preferred! May they reach the throne of Heaven, and mixing with the breath of pitying angels, hover over the safety of that being whom you so anxiously regard!"

A pause of some minutes ensued. Meanwhile the lovely Jean endeavoured to compose the agitated state of her feelings, and to thank Tanjore in terms of the most grateful acknowledgement, for the interest and friendly warmth he had so strikingly displayed.

"Ah, dinna think me blind nor insensible to your perfections, Mr. Tanjore," uttered she with a beautiful blush kindling on her cheek in bright and crimson hues; "I have a right conception of the goodness of your heart ever since you came to Dumfairling Castle, which makes me more free and unreserved in my manner towards you than any sic like stranger. I ken right well you would not wrong a simple girl, formed in the fashion of her native country, that has nae guile in her thoughts towards you, except that of doing you a kindness, like an ye were her ain dear brother, and therefore does nae seek to hide her heart fra your observation. Waes me! it's beating now, like a puir silly bird that's driven from its home, and dinna ken wha it can rest its weary wings in peace. Gin I were to tell ye a' my griefs, ye wad nae betray me, Mr. Tanjore?"

The look and manner of the lovely Caledonian were at this moment so resistless, and so full of angelic purity, that Tanjore was as much awed by its expression as he was charmed with the lovely frankness of her character; and he immediately exclaimed, in his peculiar warm and animated manner,—

"Betray you, Lady Jean!—sooner would I perish at your side, or plunge into that foaming and impetuous ocean to be buried in its wild waves, than wrong thy confidence, thou lovely, generous maid! Bold I am to say, that Tanjore never did wrong to mortal man in thought or action; and shall he injure lovely woman, when she turns to him for protection, hope, or consolation? It is not man in the image of his Maker that would do this—believe it not, dear Jean; it is some base, cowardly, and unnatural monster, unworthy to bear the human form, and deface nature by the savage act of cruelty to woman."

"I ken ye have a heart as noble as the sunny smile that shines fra yere bonnie-like countenance," cried Lady Jean: "then list to me, Mr. Tanjore, while I tell ye a' the grief that hangs sae heavy at my breaking heart, gin it were ready to burst, and dinna put me out; ye mun be all attention, and if ye see the tears fa' fast fra mine een, ye

munna heed them, for ye ken there's nae stopping the tide when it flows fra the heart."

More than ever charmed with the manners, and penetrated with the sorrows of Lady Jean, Tanjore listened with the most profound attention to the following words, pronounced in language which soon found its way to his warm and affectionate heart:—

"Mr. Tanjore, my mither, wha was sae gude and tender-hearted that a' folks that had nae over muckle siller, and were sare oppreat wi' grief and the troubles o' this weary world, wad fain come to the Castle to ask pity and assistance, an' amang others there war a bonnie leedie, that war far gane wi' ween; she did na tell her name and quality, but she greeted sair, and the tear was in her een, an' she ay begged protection o' my mither, which she had nae the heart to refuse her. Now ye ken the while it was that my feyther was gone to the English court, and he did nae return till there war a bonnie ween born in Dumfairling Castle, belonging to the puir leedie wha my mither was sae kind to, and he was ca'd Edwin, and my ain mither stood godmither to him, and grew unco fond of the braw wee laddie; and in about sax months after my feyther had come fra England, he heard sic a tale fra the mou' of the bonnie leedie as gar'd a' folks to greet for her heart's grief, for the Earl Malcolm Mowbray was the father o' the bairn, wha spent his last bluid in the field of battle.

"But wha was the leedie that he sae sarely beguiled, think ye?

"Ay, she was the daughter of ane o' the Scottish chieftains, the Right Honourable Earl of Dougal, wha fled fra her native home, that wad nae mair receive her; and when Lord Mowbray went to the Scottish wars, he thought nae mair o' the puir lassie he had betrayed. Now what was to be done, Mr. Tanjore? for a' my feyther's noble bluid mounted to his veins when he heard sic a shameful and disgraceful story; but my mither greeted sadly, and wad nae let him turn his back on the puir lassie and the bonnie bairn, an' they staid in the Castle under the protection of my feyther, till Edwin war five years auld, and then his puir mither died. Ah, Mr. Tanjore, the puir lassie that was only in her youthful prime drooped her head, like the pale lily, and died in my mither's arms, begging to the very last of her for the puir bairn she was ganging to leave behind her, that my feyther wad nae turn him adrift on the wide world.

"And he was nae turned adrift, Mr. Tanjore;—ye ken Edwin has been ay brought up wi' us, and my mither sae fondly loved him

that she called him her ain dear Edwin, till her ain Jean were brought to light, and then she twined us together in her heart, like twa bonnie flowers that growed upon one stalk. So ye mun ken, Mr. Tanjore, that sin I war a wee lassie, nae bigger than yon sma' flower, I war bidden to love Edwin, and Edwin war bidden to love Jean, like an we war ain brother and ain sister."

Jean paused, and blushed deeply when Tanjore exclaimed—

"And do you not still love Edwin as your brother, Lady Jean?"

To which, after some hesitation, she artlessly replied,—

"Ye mun well ask me sic a question, but, waes me! I did na ken I loved him far better than any tongue could tell, when I war told that Edwin was nae my brother, and that I mun nae look upon him in any sic light again. I war a big lassie then, and I greeted sorely when my mither wad nae let me gang over the mountain's side wi' Edwin, nor dance in the Highland reel wi' him, and I could na tell the reason why, Mr. Tanjore, till once my feyther gat me ito the library, and told a' the tale of puir Edwin's shameful birth, and that his mither died in the Castle of Dumfairling wi' vary grief and shame.

"You may guess the rest, Mr. Tanjore," cried the tearful Jean, now sighing deeply, and laying her hand on her heart, "you may guess the rest; I was bidden then to think na mair of puir Edwin an he were one of our vassals, but it was nae sae easy done as said; I could nae tear him from this throbbing heart for a' that was said to me, and he's ay here—Edwin is ay here, Mr. Tanjore; in spite of a', they canna win me to forget him, and though mony ane seeks my hand, there's nae ane will ever come over Jean's heart the like o' bonnie Edwin."

"And where is Edwin now, dear Lady Jean?" inquired Tanjore, with strong symptoms of curiosity blended in his countenance.

To which she replied,—

"He's gone to the North Seas wi' Admiral Mackintosh a wee bit, but he's nae to stay lang if he does na like it, for ye mun ken that it is whispered about that Edwin will one day get the siller of the ancient families of the Dougals and the Mowbrays, in spite of a' that wad keep a puir fatherless bairn out of it; and ay he's clever,—there's nae the like o' him in a' Scotland; but, waes me! what's a' that to puir Jean?"

Had there been nothing more than the bewitching simplicity with

which Lady Jean gave this recital of her sorrows to the ear of Tanjore, it would have been sufficient to have awakened the most powerful interest in his heart; but when it was accompanied with the most touching sensibility and affecting expression, when it seemed bursting from her youthful heart by one spontaneous feeling, dictated by nature's strongest and most powerful tie, virtuous affection for a dear and tenderly-beloved object, Tanjore regarded her sacredly, and almost hallowed the fair shrine that consecrated the image of such pure and gentle virtues.

"Ah, dear Lady Jean," uttered he, "how highly am I honoured by the confidence you have reposed in me, and how truly do I sympathize in your feelings. Poor Edwin! and shall I not pity him too? —but wherefore should I pity him, who is so greatly an object to be envied, by possessing the inestimable treasure of such a heart. You have exalted Edwin beyond the wealth of worlds, Lady Jean, and he can never be debased while you honour him so highly."

Perhaps Tanjore uttered this with more warmth than he had intended, but it was the spontaneous offering of his heart to worth and beauty; and though the face of the lovely Jean was in a glow as she received his compliment, yet she smilingly replied,—

"And what matters a' this, dear Mr. Tanjore, since I am bidden never to think of puir Edwin?"

This was a question every way so unanswerable, and indelicate for Tanjore to pass his judgment on, that he did not immediately reply to it, and the summons to dinner was a very seasonable relief at the precise moment, both to him and the Lady Jean also, who felt the impropriety of renewing or continuing any further conversation on the subject of Edwin with Tanjore Trelawney, to whom she would not have been altogether quite so unreserved or communicative, but from certain observations she had made lately on the conduct of her aunt, Lady Honoria, with respect to Tanjore, and it did not appear at all improbable to Jean but that her aunt was very solicitous that an alliance might take place with a branch of the Trelawney family. Nay, she imagined that Tanjore had actually been invited to Dumfairling Castle for that very express purpose—she could no longer doubt it, from some hints dropped by the Duke that such an event would be highly pleasing and gratifying to him, from the high respect and esteem in which he held the character of the Trelawneys; often too had she heard her mother dwell with delight on the many

happy hours she had passed in the society of Mr. Trelawney, and there was not a day but Jean heard a repetition of these praises from the lips of either the Duke or the Duchess, while her aunt, Lady Honoria, as fondly talked of them, passionately exclaiming,—

"But you have no idea of the improved graces of that lovely boy Tanjore, he has all the fine sensibility of his amiable mother, the noble dignity of his father, and his person is perfectly an Apollo's; you cannot imagine, dear Jean, how passionately attached I am to Tanjore Trelawney;—you know I adopted him almost from the hour of his birth, and it is no wonder that he continues to be my favourite; I am sure that my dear niece would be most happy in being acquainted with her aunt's adopted—would not you, Jean?"

The reply was "Yes," from the roseate lips of the youthful and innocent Jean; but it was a monosyllable only pronounced, and not felt: she cared very little whether she should or should not ever be acquainted with this Tanjore Trelawney, that her aunt had so extolled, while her bosom unconsciously heaved a sigh when she thought of the absent Edwin.

This, however, was the last conversation which her aunt had held respecting her young favourite with her mother, and Jean remembered it, and was therefore under no surprise when Lady Honoria came back to Dumfairling accompanied by Tanjore Trelawney, whose merits she was by no means insensible to. Lady Jean thought Tanjore a very fine young man, of a frank, noble, and generous disposition; but Jean could not discover any resemblance in him to her ain dear Edwin, and in spite of all the encomiums which were lavished on his accomplishments by her father and aunt, still Jean's flinty bosom could not be melted into love, nor fettered by the graces or person of the so greatly admired Tanjore; and it was with a satisfaction which she could scarcely conceal that she too perceived she had made no impression on the heart of Tanjore: it did not mortify the vanity of the beautiful Jean, for she had not an atom in her whole composition, but it greatly rejoiced her, and she determined to repose a confidence in him which she felt convinced he had too much honour ever to betray, as well as to suggest to him the little probability there was of either himself or any other possessing what she had not the power of giving them, (for it was no longer her own,) her valuable heart. This had been one of the motives which had induced Lady Jean to be so explicit with Tanjore, in the hope that, as confi-

dence begets confidence, he would be equally so with her, should he be urged by imperative duty to make her an offer of his hand at any distant date of time, by the authority of his father and her own. In this case they would be both prepared for the trial which awaited them, and both be guided by it according to the dictates of their own hearts and their consciences, for the lovely Caledonian was not without her suspicion that Tanjore Trelawney had left his heart in England, for he was often pensive and even melancholy on receiving letters from his native home. She had frequently made inquiries about his sisters, and his cousin Miss Emma Bradbury, at whose name Tanjore always exhibited some degree of embarrassment, and even uneasiness and agitation; but it was never more apparent than when Jean one morning suddenly remarked, that there was likely to be a marriage shortly in his family, and she carelessly added,—

"But I suppose it has been a very long attachment, has it not, Mr. Tanjore?"

To which he replied,—

"No, indeed, a very short one; I do not think that Lord Wyndham beheld my sister Alexina three times before he resolved to marry her."

"Oh, but I did not mean either your sister or Lord Wyndham," very artlessly cried Lady Jean.

"To whom then did your Ladyship please to allude?" replied Tanjore, very impatiently.

"Why, your brother William and your pretty cousin, Miss Bradbury," answered Lady Jean, instantly remarking the deep blush that crimsoned his cheek and alternately paled in the same moment. "My aunt tells me they have long been contracted to each other; but what is the matter, dear Mr. Tanjore? You seem pained by my inquiries; pray forgive me if I have unintentionally wounded your feelings."

"Oh, you have done neither, dear Lady Jean," cried Tanjore, now forcing a laugh; "what your aunt has asserted is probably true, for aught that I know to the contrary. I do not concern myself much about these matters;—they are family secrets, and I do not trouble myself at all about them."

Here the conversation ended, and it was never afterwards resumed by Lady Jean, who wanted no further proof to guess in what quarter the heart of Tanjore Trelawney was stationed; and if he

loved his cousin Emma with no chance of ever being united to her, she had a fellow-feeling for him, and heartily commiserated his situation.

With respect to the feelings of the noble Duke and his sister Lady Honoria, they were precisely thus;—that they were most anxiously solicitous that Lady Jean Belmont should form an attachment for the son of their highly-respected and amiable friend Trelawney; that wealth was not wanting on either side, and if it were, that they would much rather that the fortunes of the house of Campbell should be possessed by the descendants of Trelawney, than be inherited by strangers, or be connected with a race of beings with whose virtues or vices they were unacquainted; and the Duke was very repugnant to his daughter ever marrying Edwin Mowbray; even in the supposition that he would ever be enriched by the fortunes of his grandsire, on whom he had no legitimate claim, it was ignoble that his daughter should ever become the wife of Edwin, whose birth was so generally known; notwithstanding which, the Duke felt that Edwin was dear to every fibre of his heart, and had his birth been noble he would freely have given him the hand of Lady Jean, for Edwin in himself was every way pre-eminent in virtue,—manly, graceful, and amiable in mind and manners, as he was highly exalted in character,—and hardly less dear to the Duke of Belmont was Edwin than if he had been his own offspring. He had bestowed on him the most liberal education, and nature had gifted him with the highest talents; and it was not the Duke's intention that Edwin should not also possess the advantages of fortune; but when, even in the dawn of her childhood, he discovered the attachment of his daughter for the *young* Edwin, it immediately altered the intentions of the Duke towards this orphan boy, and though he did not love him less for a fault which on his part was too natural, yet the respect which he owed to the great house of Campbell commanded to separate the youthful pair, and to nip the bud of affection which was too rapidly growing between them, —in consequence of which Admiral Mackintosh was applied to, to receive Edwin under his protection; and Jean was peremptorily told by her father that she must think no more of Edwin than as one of his vassals, and cautiously disclosed the history of his birth to his trembling and abashed child.

But this disclosure was not made without pain by the Duke, nor was Edwin sent from the Castle without his experiencing sensations

of the deepest regret, for Edwin had been fondly beloved by his adored wife, and, till the birth of her own little Jean, was never absent from the apartment of the amiable Duchess. At his mother's death, too, a most affecting scene had taken place between him and the dying penitent: she had prayed him never to desert her child, and he had promised to protect Edwin while he lived; and the Duke felt the most indescribable anguish assail his heart, when imperious duty demanded that he should send Edwin from the Castle of Dumfairling, in which he had inhaled his first breath, and this he must either do, or sacrifice (for such it would be thought) his only child. Heavy was the parting hour between him and the still-loved orphan Edwin; sighs escaped from the agitated bosom of the Duke of Belmont, as he approached to bid him farewell; but tears gushed from the eyes of poor Edwin, sobs choked his utterance, and nature poured forth volumes, though the tongue was denied the power of speech.

"Edwin, remember that I do not throw you from my protection," ceied the Duke, in a voice almost stifled by emotion; "but there is an imperious duty which I am called upon to fulfil, by sending you to remain under the care of Admiral Mackintosh for a short time, after which it may be necessary for you to return again to Dumfairling Castle, which will ever be the home of Edwin, while he merits its protection."

This speech seemed to have the effect of electricity on the torn feelings of the mournful and agitated youth; he sprang from the prostrate position in which he had placed himself at the feet of his benefactor, and grasping his hand, exclaimed,—

"And when Edwin proves himself unworthy, may he that moment cease to live! I never knew any father but you, your Grace, and you have been a kind one. Forgive my tears—I cannot stop them, though it is unmanly to shed them in your presence; and now I go at your command, bearing in my heart the impression of all your goodness, and humbly leaving behind me all I have to bestow, the blessing of a poor orphan youth, who never wronged nor harmed mortal—Peace be with your Grace, and happiness!"

"Dear, loved boy, farewell!" cried the Duke. "You shall hear from me, Edwin, shortly. All good spirits attend and protect you!"

Such was the parting between the Duke and Edwin Mowbray; but what was the parting between him and the lovely Jean?

Edwin was forbade to see Jean, and Jean was forbade to see Edwin—it was the imperative command of her father,—yet there was no command not to open a window, when Jean perceived that Edwin was stationed under it. She held a flower in her hand,—he raised his eyes towards her,—Jean kissed the flower, and dropped it on the face of Edwin, who concealed it in his bosom, and instantly departed.

But, oh! precious flower! what balmy fragrance did thy leaves unfold, when, twined around thy tender stem, the name of Jean appeared, in her own hand-writing, on a small slip of paper, which contained the following short but impressive words :—

"Love's nae sae soon cheated, my ain dear Edwin, as they moun think; and when they told me that ye war gone awa, I wad na believe them, sae I plucked a bonnie flower that ye planted wi' yere ain hand, just to tell ye a' my mind, and to say, I'll nae marry to please any of them till ye come back to the Castle to yere ain faithfu' and constant Jean."

The transported Edwin could scarcely credit the evidence of his senses, when he beheld the handwriting of Lady Jean, but, when he perused the contents of her short but expressive billet, he was lost for a few moments in the delirium of the wildest joy, (tempered indeed but with a very small share of philosophy, for remember that no philosopher was ever in love,) and he was on the point of rushing unbidden into the presence of the lovely and adored Jean, to confess the unutterable transport she had conveyed to his soul, when the thought that he should then be unworthy of the protection of the house of Campbell very wisely deterred him from so rash an act, for had he done so, the gate of Dumfairling Castle had been closed on him for ever.

Edwin therefore departed without seeing Jean, consoling himself with the charmed recollection of the tender assurances she had so sweetly given him of her inviolate affection. The leaves of the flowers were indeed perishable,—they withered, drooped, and died: but the fragrance that they left in the heart of young Edwin never lost its sweetness, nor faded in his remembrance. Exiled from the presence of her he adored, it was still the solace of his cheerless solitary hours to trace the characters of her handwriting in the memento she had presented him with of her artless affection; to image to his mind her fair form, faultless and pure as the unstained lily or the mountain

snow; and to echo her name as the breeze wafted over him from the bosom of the ocean. But ah! silence mocked but his heaving sighs, for no gentle echo softly responded back the name of Edwin to his delighted ear; it was but fancy which had created the sound, and when he closed his eyes in gentle sleep, it was still the power of fancy that again reminded him of his lovely, innocent, and affectionate Jean.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Hence, ye vain fears of criticism, hence!
"By caution nurs'd, at happiness' expense;
"To prove my pen, in trite quotations run,
"Thine own the quibble, and thine own the pun;
"Take thy full swing, and in the critic's spite,
"If nonsense urge thee, freely nonsense write."

Lady Honoria Belmont sent for Tanjore at an unusually early hour one morning to attend her in her dressing room. At his entrance, her Ladyship's countenance beamed with the reflection of some sudden but pleasing intelligence, and she exclaimed,—

"Sit down, dear Tanjore, for I have some delightful news to inform you of, and at which I know you will rejoice as much as myself: Your sister Alexina is married—she is now Lady Wyndham. I have received a short, but rather agitated letter from your dear mother, informing me of this joyful event, which is so likely to be productive of happiness to you all. Heaven smile propitiously on this union, and send that their days may be long and happy! Alexina is a sweet, deserving young creature, and Lord Wyndham is surely one of the most amiable of men. Your mother has not written much,—she is flustered,—ever the child of feeling and sensibility, she will continue so to the end of her existence. They were only married three days ago; but you shall read the paragraph yourself, dear boy, in the news of the day. Your mother has enclosed me the paper, with her kind love to her dear boy; your father too has added a postscript that he will write to you in the course of a few days: still, dear Tanjore, there is some alloy to the scenes of festivity which are now taking place in Berkeley Square. Alas! when was happiness without alloy?—and your dear mother is doubtless greatly affected by it."

Tanjore, who had just taken the paper from off the table, and was mechanically casting his eyes over it, with a variety of tumultuous feelings heaving in his bosom, hard to be defined, now suddenly stopped, the intelligence just imparted by her Ladyship being a matter of infinitely more moment to him than his sister's marriage with Lord Wyndham; not that he did not rejoice at this event, but he had expected it, and therefore he was not suddenly surprised; he now thought only of Emma, in the probability of her being again indisposed, and her health was more precious than the whole world; and his countenance underwent some considerable emotion while he tremulously inquired what was the cause of his mother's present uneasiness?

To which Lady Honoria, remarking his agitation, instantly replied,—

"It is very natural for you to inquire, my dear Tanjore, and I am sure it will be equally natural for you to feel on the subject; in short, I am much concerned to hear of the languid state of poor William's health."

"William, dear Lady Honoria!" exclaimed Tanjore; "and has my brother been ill?"

"Excessively ill indeed," cried her Ladyship; "so much so as to require constant medical attendance; but he is now considerably better, though the fears of your mother imagined that it was the first presage of a consumption, nor does she yet seem to divest herself of that alarming apprehension."

The feeling heart of Tanjore was instantly overpowered by this alarming intelligence, for he really loved his brother with all the warmth so natural to his kind and tender disposition: and tears actually started to his eyes, when he exclaimed,—

"Poor William! how much am I concerned to hear of his indisposition, dear Lady Honoria, for indeed, indeed I love my brother; there is not a sacrifice that I would not make of my own happiness to serve him. Yes, I would even be content to suffer in my own health, if by that I could restore his. Would that it were me instead of poor William! I am of little consequence, and were I to die for William's sake, I would do it willingly,—indeed, Lady Honoria, I would;—I should not be missed, but William—the heir of my father's fortunes, the pride of my father's heart, and the destined husband of Emma Bradbury!——"

Lady Honoria viewed the fine animated glow of feeling which lighted up the countenance of Tanjore, as he spoke of his brother,

with an admiration which she could scarcely conceal; but when he adverted to Emma Bradbury, her admiration had nearly ceased, as she thought he was thinking more of his own prospects with that lovely girl than of his brother, and she glanced towards him rather reproachfully, as she exclaimed,—

"Emma Bradbury, Tanjore, was not the subject of our discourse; I was speaking of your brother's illness, and of your mother's fears on his account, and there was no necessity for mentioning Miss Bradbury at all in the business, unless, indeed, that you choose to make *her* the exclusive object of your thoughts."

Tanjore blushed deeply, but it was a blush more of innocence than guilt; and after a painful pause, in which he appeared to suffer some conflict, he exclaimed,—

"Your Ladyship would not condemn me, if you knew the cause; and if you do not already know it, I am not ashamed of revealing it to your knowledge."

"Do so, my dear boy," cried Lady Honoria, extending her hand at the same instant towards him, for she saw that he was considerably affected; "for I would not willingly condemn you, believe me. You have a warmer advocate in me, Tanjore, than you imagine, both with your father and your mother; it is not a little that would induce me to alter my opinion of your morals, your character, or your disposition."

Tanjore now coloured deeper than he did before, but it was from a perfect conviction that he had acted rightly; that he never had a thought, he never had a wish injurious to his brother's happiness, or to the peace of his lovely cousin; and gaining courage and self-possession from this consoling reflection, he began to address Lady Honoria in terms for which she was wholly unprepared, which exalted him so greatly in her good opinion, that she thought more highly of her adopted favourite than ever.

"I cannot suppose, Lady Honoria, that any one can accuse me of insincerity, or want of duty towards my inestimable parents,—I am sure none will; and as to my love for my brother, it has grown up with me from infancy; he well knows that I would at any time have sacrificed the dearest wishes of my heart for him, and have I not done it now, dear Lady Honoria? Do I not give up Emma?—have I not resigned my dearest hopes in that angel's heart, because I knew that my brother loved her?—did I ever seek clandestinely

[illegible] soul I have not—I [illegible] word, or action, en- [illegible] steem, or sought to be his [illegible] occasion: I have, on the [illegible] against this seducing and [illegible]—yes, I feel—triumphantly [illegible].

[illegible] Lady Honoria, I was in the pre- [illegible] friendship on both sides, and [illegible] had taught my heart [illegible] brother, and I view her [illegible] transgressed against the bounds of pro- [illegible] of me, dear Lady [illegible] William, [illegible] of mine: I never [illegible] never will——by the Eternal [illegible] wring a pang from the [illegible] own happiness, though [illegible]—Oh, Lady Honoria, I am young, and [illegible] passion. You never [illegible] was to love, and then to resign the [illegible] if you did know this, how you would [illegible]."

Here was a [illegible] Lady Honoria, who, if there really had been a reason [illegible] conduct of her favourite, would now have pitied him. The strong appeal he had innocently made to her own feelings prevented her almost from the power of a reply, for well had Lady Honoria known the power of that passion which he had so feelingly described, dearly had she experienced what it was to resign her dearest hopes in one exclusive object, when she had so fatally loved his father, without the most distant probability of ever being beloved in return, and with the certain conviction that he not only loved, but was very shortly to be united to another; yet Lady Honoria had involuntarily yielded to the impression of the first and only attachment her heart had ever known, or ever would again know, for Mr. Trelawney,—in doing which she censured herself more than any other would have done; for the consciousness of her weakness preyed on her spirits and would have carried her to an untimely grave, had she not called the aid of religion and philosophy to soften the thorns which compunction had made, and she happily

succeeded; but she did not forget those pangs were once hers. Turning, therefore, a look on Tanjore which revealed all the sensibility of her feelings, she exclaimed,—

"Dear boy, the confidence you have now reposed in me shall never be misplaced, nor can I thank you sufficiently for the frank and candid acknowledgment you have made of your feelings: they reflect much credit on you, dear Tanjore, and was Emma ten times more worthy, you would justly merit her affections, by the unexampled generosity and nobleness of character which you have displayed; but do not suppose, my dear boy, that you are either censured or disapproved of by your father or mother for your love to your cousin; they have never once complained of you, Tanjore,—on the contrary, they have expressed their approbation of your conduct with respect to Emma; no, indeed, they are more inclined to feel displeased with Emma herself, as being the cause of William's unhappiness, which has so visibly affected his health."

"Displeased with Emma!" cried Tanjore, colouring again deeply; "and why should they feel displeased with Emma, dear Lady Honoria?"

"Because," answered Lady Honoria, "they think she has acted a little inconsistently towards your brother, to whom she once appeared to give a preference, and if she was conscious that she really did not love him, she should certainly not have encouraged his very marked attentions; but, poor girl, she is extremely diffident, and perhaps feared to do otherwise, lest she might occasion the displeasure of her uncle and aunt."

"Pardon me, dear Lady Honoria," replied Tanjore, "but you do not know Emma: she would scorn deception, and never has practised it once in her life to William, whom she always respected and esteemed, but she never loved! No, Emma never loved William; yet this dear matchless girl will become his wife,—she will sacrifice her dearest happiness for what she conceives to be her duty; she will marry William because she knows that he loves her, and that it is the wish of my father and mother; and if she does this, ought they not to be satisfied? If we do our duty, ought we to be called to account for the motives which have actuated us?—surely not,—it is quite ungenerous to ask or inquire into the causes."

There was too much truth in the observations of Tanjore, to admit of a dissenting voice from the lips of Lady Honoria, and she insen-

sibly suffered the subject to drop, by leading him to another, and pointing to the newspaper, which Tanjore still retained in his hand, and he read aloud the following paragraph:—

"Married by special license, yesterday morning, the Right Honourable Earl Egbert Wyndham, to Miss Alexina Trelawney, eldest daughter of Tanjore Trelawney, Esq. The accomplishments of this amiable young lady are too well known to require eulogium, and the merits of his Lordship too generally appreciated to need flattery. The happy knot was tied at Mr. Trelawney's elegant mansion in Berkeley Square, after which Lord Wyndham gave a most magnificent dinner to the bridal party at his house in South Audley Street."

Tanjore and Lady Honoria then separated; her Ladyship to attend to the duties of the toilet, and Tanjore to seek out Fothersgill, to inform him of the happy marriage; at which the tutor exclaimed, in his usual way,—

"The bridal knot tied! I stand amazed at your intelligence, Mr. Tanjore. Well, I suppose that it will be Miss Ellen's turn next, and then your sister Mary's. Thus the world whirls round—first marriages, to which succeed births, then comes death to put a finish to the whole. Thus we go on, my dear Mr. Tanjore, from day to day, and hour to hour, making all our 'yesterdays,' as the divine bard says, 'seem as nothing.'"

"Well, but you forget crim. cons. in your string of human possibilities, Fothersgill," cried Tanjore, laughing.

"Crim. cons., my dear Mr. Tanjore?" uttered the tutor, in a very grave tone; "I perfectly stand amazed at the immorality of such a thought. Heaven preserve me from thinking of crim. cons. at my time of life."

"And does any time of life lessen the immorality of them?" inquired Tanjore.

To which Fothersgill replied,—

"No, Mr. Tanjore, I do not say that it does. You are right, Sir, the moral principles of a man should be sucked in with his mother's milk, and descend to the grave with him; but when he is loaded with age and the infirmities of human nature, it is monstrous to find him forgetting them or disgracing them."

"Well, but I have another piece of intelligence to inform you of," cried Tanjore, the whole expression of his countenance changing at the same moment, "not so pleasing, Fothersgill, as that I have

already communicated, but that which afflicts me greatly,—my brother has been dangerously ill, and is even now indisposed."

"Mr. William Trelawney ill!" exclaimed the tutor; "Sir, I stand deeply concerned at your intelligence; this is unpleasant news indeed. Have you heard from your father, Mr. Tanjore?"

"No, but Lady Honoria has," answered Tanjore; "and her Ladyship informs me that I may expect a letter from my father shortly, giving me a full account of the marriage festivities which have been carried on with such splendour in Berkeley Square, I suppose, but in which you and I, Fothersgill, have had no share."

"Well, Sir, it is very probable that neither of us would have been much benefited by witnessing them," replied the tutor; "the indisposition of your poor brother would have been some drawback on our felicity; but to be plain with you, Mr. Tanjore, I never considered the constitution of Mr. William Trelawney a strong one: I well remember that when he was a boy he had several severe attacks of affection of the lungs, and that I then imagined they would be renewed with additional force at different seasons; his complexion, you know, though not fair, is at times remarkably florid, and then for a while excessively pale, and this is by no means an unusual symptom attending the beginning of a disease which, if not radically cured at its first approaches, too generally proves fatal. However, I have painted the very worst of my fears," added Fothersgill, perceiving that Tanjore looked extremely affected by this last observation; "let us hope that our apprehensions may prove groundless, and I most heartily wish that they may; the very regular mode of life which your brother has led, from infancy to the present period of his days, are essential points in his favour."

"I am very anxious to hear some account of him from my father," resumed Tanjore, after a thoughtful pause, "for well do I know what my poor mother is suffering on my brother's account. She is so tender-hearted, Fothersgill, that she could never bear to see any of us afflicted for a moment. You remember once, when little Mary was ill of a fever, how she attended her night and day, and wept over her, depriving herself of all necessary rest till her child was again restored to a state of convalescence."

"All this is very true, Mr. Tanjore," cried Fothersgill, "although the weeping over a sick person is not the most likely way of producing amendment in the invalid; but you need not wander so far as

your sister Mary's illness to enumerate instances of the kindness of your mother's disposition. There was Miss Emma, you know, Mr. Tanjore,—had she been one of her own children, could Mrs. Trelawney have done more, or felt more for her?—For my part, I do not remember ever to have seen your mother more affected than she was the first night, when Miss Bradbury was taken so suddenly ill."

"Oh, yes, I have not forgotten it. Fothersgill," cried Tanjore; "there is nothing which has ever occured to Emma that I can possibly forget."

At this moment Lady Jean made her appearance, and never was the presence of this charming animated creature so necessary to relieve the depressed spirits of Tanjore. She entered with a smiling air, and singing the fag end of a Highland ditty, which her melodious voice added a thousand additional charms to; and never did she look so beautiful as when, with a tap on the shoulder, she aroused Tanjore from his pensive meditations.

"What gars ye look sae heavily, Mr. Tanjore?" cried she; "and ye too, Mr. Fothersgill?—ye mind me of a wintry cloud that's just gaen to burst wi' a clap o' thunder."

"And you remind me, dear Lady Jean, of that bright and sunny beam which so suddenly disperses it," cried Tanjore, gently pressing the lovely hand which still rested on his shoulder, with an air of gallantry which was unusual with him, and which greatly added to the bright and rosy tints which glowed on the cheeks of the lovely Jean; and the lovely hand was as quickly withdrawn as it had been innocently placed there, while she exclaimed,—

"Ye munna flatter, Mr. Tanjore,—ye munna flatter; there's na gude comes o' muckle flattery,—we lassies are nae able to bear it."

"Pardon me, Lady Jean," cried Fothersgill, "but I cannot conceive that Mr. Tanjore has flattered you in the slightest degree. I was just going to say that your presence was more welcome than the breath of the roseat morn, which you so greatly resemble from your freshness and your fairness; and I was going to compare you with a certain flower that never fades, for even when it dies it leaves its fragrance behind, as a lasting memorial of its virtues."

"Did ever any mortal hear the like o' this," cried Lady Jean, laughing; "I must dance a reel with you this vary night, Mr. Fothersgill, for the honour of your compliment."

"Dance a reel with me, Lady Jean?" cried the tutor, staring with astonishment; "I protest I know no more of dancing than a monkey does of algebra; but I can vouch for the accomplishments of Mr. Tanjore in that respect,—he is an excellent dancer, I can assure you, Lady Jean."

"Then I will try his skill in the course of the four and twenty hours," replied Lady Jean, "for do you know that I was sent hither to invite you to a Highland wedding. The daughter of one of our tenants is this day married to her Highland man, and it is an ancient custom with the house of Campbell for some of the family to presied at the feast. Puir things, it wad be a pity to say them nay, they are sae gude humoured and sae hearty; and though my father will not be there, I have prevailed with my aunt to let me go, and all our household, to wish long life and happiness to the bride of Andrew Duncolm; and puir Moggy will be sae cheered by our presence,—she is a canny lassie, that wad be ay doing gude to mony one that canna win siller enow to do gude to themselves; and ye mun be there, Mr. Tanjore, and sae must ye, Mr. Fothersgill,—I wonna gang without ye."

"I shall accompany you with great pleasure, Lady Jean," cried Tanjore, highly delighted with any proposition that would at all afford a seasonable relief to his present reflections; after which they conversed in their usual pleasant strain. When Lady Jean was by, this charming creature always diffused a charm around her of almost resistless fascination, and Tanjore found his spirits considerably exhilarated when he made his appearance at dinner, to which they were shortly summoned.

"So," cried the Duke, "there is one of your sisters married, my dear boy. Give me leave to congratulate you on the pleasing event. When you write to your father, tell him I rejoice to hear it."

"I thank your Grace," said Tanjore, bowing gracefully.

"Though I would say in the same instant," rejoined the Duke, "that I am also excessively concerned to hear so unfavourable an account of his son's health. He must travel; he must go abroad—the air of France or of Italy is extremely restorative to weakly constitutions, and I shall recommend it to your brother to try its effects, nor can it be done too speedily, from the nature of his complaint."

The subject was now almost immediately changed, from the tendency it had to depress the spirits of poor Tanjore, who did not enjoy

his dinner with his usual appetite. He now found that William's illness was even more serious than he imagined, and that it had been known to Lady Honoria long before she thought proper to make him acquainted with it; nor could he conceive the reason he had been made a stranger either to this or to any other passing event in his family, and he could not help taxing his mother and father with unkindness towards him.

Surely they could not suppose that he would rejoice to hear of his brother's ill state of health, or that he would take any advantage of so afflicting a piece of intelligence with respect to his cousin Emma. He must be a monster could he do this, and he was well aware that they did not think him such. Yet, why this cold, this impenetrable silence? His sisters, too, could they not have written to him? He did not expect his younger sister to do this, but could not Alexina, or Ellen, devote a single half hour to relieve a brother's anxiety for their welfare?—In short, Tanjore felt himself extremely dissatisfied with the whole of his family, his sister Mary and poor William excepted, and he determined that he would not spare them, whenever an opportunity offered of communicating his sentiments very freely on the subject.

"Dear Tanjore, you are thoughtful," cried the Duke, who had been for some minutes attentively viewing his expressive countenance; "come, fill your glass, and let me join you in wishing restoration very speedily to the health of your brother."

This glass was drunk, and as the ladies had retired early to dress for the evening's amusement, another quickly *followed*, which, in addition to the Duke's pleasing conversation, had some *effect* in chasing melancholy away from the mind of Tanjore, together with the preparations he was obliged to make in his dress, in order to attend Lady Jean and Lady Honoria to the Scotch wedding, which the Duke explained to him and Fothersgill in a very humorous manner.

"Don't you think," cried his Grace, smiling, "that I am a very uncivil, ungallant sort of a fellow, thus to refuse the first kiss of a youthful bride that woos me so sweetly to her arms? You must know that it is an ancient and established custom here, for the Lord of the Castle, when the daughter of his tenant is married, to salute the bride even before the enamoured bridegroom, and to dance with her in the first reel; but I really have no taste for these honours,

and have declined the invitation. I should be sorry, however, to hurt the feelings of these poor but honest people, and have, in compliment to their faithful services, actually permitted my daughter Jean to supply my place at their bridal festivities, which are this evening to take place.--Mr. Fothersgill, you must go too, for it will be one of the most novel sights to you in the world—the festivities of a Highland wedding! You will not get rid of the sound of the bagpipes ringing in your ears for a month to come; and if music be 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul,' you will have enough of it at a Scotch wedding. Tanjore, I must insist upon your asking Fothersgill to dance with some of the bonnie lasses at Moggy's wedding," added his Grace, not a little amused with the increased gravity of the quaint tutor, who, in the fear of really being asked to dance, would very willingly have excused himself from being one of the party at Moggy's wedding, could he have formed any probable pretext for getting off; but this Tanjore would not suffer him to do, but telling him to attend to his personal appearance and look as killingly as he possibly could, Tanjore began the duties of the toilet, the Duke's carriage having already drawn up to the door, and in a few minutes he was completely attired in an elegant suit of mourning; but how little was Tanjore indebted to dress, for, like his father, he always looked elegant, and the highly-finished gentleman: his uncommonly fine brilliant complexion glowed with the roseat tints of fresh health: his dark eyes rather beamed with sensibility on this evening, than sparkled, as they were wont to do, with lively intelligence; and his beautiful teeth (on which we must observe that he bestowed some care) added much to his personal graces;—in short, Tanjore, when he again entered the saloon some few minutes before the ladies, looked, what he himself was perfectly unconscious of, one of the handsomest young fellows that nature ever formed; and the Duke suddenly exclaimed,—

"My dear boy, you will certainly come home to-night from the Scotch wedding with more hearts than your own in your possession."

Tanjore crimsoned deeply, well aware that his own heart was disposed of long ago, or that it would certainly have been in danger now, for at that moment Lady Honoria appeared, followed by the beautiful Jean, and of all the female figures under heaven's canopy her Ladyship on this evening was the loveliest. Never had Tanjore before seen Jean out of her sable dress, but now she was

attired in vestments of the purest white, and her lovely dark hair was wreathed with white roses, with a loose drapery of rich tartan plaid gracefully folded like a sash over her fine-formed shoulders; a gold chain glittering on her snowy bosom, with the star of the house of Campbell, which she was obliged to wear as the heiress of Dumfairling; and her beautiful arms were left uncovered. She had no gloves on, but a nosegay of the most lovely and fragrant flowers in her hand, which she was to present to the bride, after the custom of the country, after which a pair of white gloves were to be presented to her by the husband of the bride, with whom she was to dance the first reel, and this ceremony being over, the bridal festivities immediately commence, with all the usual glee, mirth, and harmless pleasantries.

All this was explained to the tutor and his pupil before they departed for Mountain Bray, which was the name of the Laird Macguinney's house. Miss Moggy Macguinney being an only child, was the reputed heiress of all his siller, and was therefore considered no small personage at Mountain Bray; and young Andrew being possessed of some siller too, it was agreed that the youthful pair should be united in the bands of matrimony, and Moggy was this day made the happiest of brides with her ain dear Andrew, wha was the pride of her heart.

The expressive look which the Duke gave to his lovely daughter, as he glanced his eyes over her atractive figure, was followed by a sudden and involuntary sigh, which seemed to have burst from his heart without any power of control, and it was a look and a sigh so perfectly understood by Lady Honoria, that she immediately requested Tanjore and Fothersgill to see Lady Jean to the carriage.

"I will be with you in a few minutes," cried she, waving her hand for them instantly to depart, and her Ladyship's commands were as instantly obeyed.

Lady Honoria then whispered in the ear of her brother, while she tenderly repeated,—

"Dear Sydney, I know that you are affected by the sight of Jean in her present attire;—you need not tell me why, for I partake of similar emotions, by the strong resemblance she bears to her sainted mother: yet, you know, she could not appear in other habiliments, and you must forgive us this once for trespassing on your goodness. Dear Sydney, promise me that you will go to bed early, and take care of yourself. Was not my presence absolutely necessary on the present occasion, I would willingly remain with you."

The Duke pressed the hand of his affectionate sister, and bidding her to be careful of his Jean, immediately retired.

Lady Honoria instantly took her seat in the carriage, which immediately drove off.

The residence of Laird Macguinney stood on the brow of a lofty mountain; it was two miles from the Castle of Dumfairling, and so romantically beautiful, that Tanjore could not help admiring its delightful situation. On the nearer approach of the carriage to this wild, sequestered spot, the sound of the bagpipe saluted their ear, while numerous passengers crossed the path which led to the Highland dwelling, all throwing off their bonnets with loud huzzas as they passed the carriage of the Duke of Belmont. They were bridal guests going to the wedding, with new plaids and white ribbon knots tied on their Highland caps.

"See ye the bonnie lads and the bonnie lasses all ganging to the wedding, Mr. Tanjore?" cried Lady Jean.

"My dear Jean, do speak English," exclaimed Lady Honoria, smiling at the bewitching simplicity which accompanied these words; "for it is probable that neither Tanjore nor Fothersgill understand what you are saying."

"Oh, yes, but they do, dear aunt," cried Lady Jean, laughing; "I have been teaching them to understand Scotch ever since they came to Dumfairling Castle,—have not I, Mr. Fothersgill?"

To which the tutor very warmly replied,—

"Your Ladyship has been teaching me to admire the Scotch ever since I came to Dumfairling Castle, and the impression will not easily be effaced from my recollection."

"Ditto repeated, dear Lady Jean," exclaimed Tanjore.

The carriage now suddenly stopped at the entrance of the Laird Macguinney's ancient and humble Highland dwelling, the sight of which was so extremely novel to Tanjore and to Fothersgill, that it was almost impossible to resist smiling at the motley group which were collected together in the ancient hall, which was appropriated for the reception of the numerous invited guests. Lads and lasses, all dressed out in their very best, with a posey of fresh-gathered flowers ready to present the bonnie bride with, were assembled on each side of a spacious table, set out with provisions, certainly of the most substantial kind, for there were but few delicacies, except six fowls dressed in the Highland fashion, and a dish of moor game, reserved

for the noble guests. There were pasties, too, prepared with no small care by the delicate hands of Moggy herself, and some "auld gude wifes" who assisted on this very important occasion; and as to the Highland whiskey, it flowed in full bumpers almost on every side, among the more ancient part of the bridal company and the aged minstrels, which were numerous; and the drone and the bagpipes, aided by the additional sound of some violins, badly in tune, created a confusion and mixture of tones hard to be defined. One or two of the musicians, however, were of no mean order, and played some of the national airs of their country with expression and feeling, and they had just concluded—

"Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled!"

at the entrance of the expected visitants. Instantly every Highlander bent on one knee, and doffed his bonnet to the lovely flower of the illustrious House of Campbell, and every eye was fixed in admiration on the beautiful Lady Jean, while reiterated shouts of acclamation and joy burst from the lips of the aged and young, which filled the ancient hall of the Laird Macguinney, and made it ring with rejoicings which were never echoed there before; and when Macguinney approached to welcome Lady Jean, in the midst of this joyous assembly a profound silence prevailed.

He was naer seventy years of age, and the silver hairs which shadowed his venerable yet open brows he had never disgraced. He had been a faithful follower in the clan of the House of Campbell; and when he bent his aged knee to the youthful Jean, and presented her with the white rose (which was the custom,) he exclaimed,—

"Lang life and happiness to the bonnie bairn that sprang fra the House of Campbell! Peace to thee, lassie, and to a' thy race, and to the gude memory o' thy departed mither! God's blessing be wi' ye, fra this time, and evermore."

The feelings of the lovely, tender-hearted Jean could no longer be controlled; her beautiful blue eyes swam in tears, and in a tremulous voice she thanked the old man for the blessing he had bestowed on her and all her race, and insisting that he should rise, took the cup from the youthful bridegroom, who bent to her on the other side, and drank the healths of the whole company, so gracefully and so sweetly, that shouts of applause followed. She then gave her nosegay to the bride, who smilingly placed it in her bosom.—Andrew

presented the gloves, Jean drew them on and gave him her hand, the music struck up, the lads and lasses arranged themselves, and the reels commenced.

Never had Tanjore and Fothersgill witnessed such a scene of novelty, which had not only instructed and amused them, but had perfectly penetrated their hearts, for here was pure nature, unassisted by art: here were genuine simplicity and feeling; here were no studied forms of ceremony, affectation of sentiment, or rivalship of dress; here were the sons and daughters of humble industry assembled together, in innocent and heartfelt congratulations on each other's happiness: and here was exalted birth not disdaining to share it with them, nor was its lustre here diminished—like a brilliant star, it still held its pre-eminence; for, when exalted rank is dispensing blessings around to its inferiors, it exalts itself, and shines with redoubled lustre on the objects whom it illumines with its smiles.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Not a sound shall disturb the balmy hour,
"But the night-bird trilling his amorous lay,
"As he sits on the wild rose, stealing perfume,
"And sweetly singing his sorrow away.
"Not a sound shall be heard, but the wanton wind,
"Creeping so soft from flower to flower
"And dropping a pearl in every cup,
"To make it look gay in the morning hour."

Never had the beautiful daughter of the Duke of Belmont appeared to such superior advantage, never had she shone with such irresistible grace, fascination, and beauty, as she did on this evening, when surrounded by all her father's tenants at Moggy's happy wedding; and never had she seemed happier herself, or more willing to please, but joining hand in hand in the merry dance with her joyous, innocent, and humble companions, none footed it so gracefully in the Highland reel as the lovely Jean, nor with more spirit; and scarcely could Tanjore or his tutor remove their eyes from her bewitching figure during the whole of the reel in which she had condescended to be the partner of the happy and youthful bridegroom; after which

the general dancing commenced, Andrew received the hand of his now "ain dear Moggy," and all the lads and lasses selected their favoarite partners and began the merry round, Lady Jean retiring to the seat of honour which was selected for her by the Laird of Macguinney, which was a chair hung round with a garland of the most choice and beautiful flowers, entwined with wreaths of laurel leaves, and similar ones were placed for the remainder of the noble guests, Lady Honoria Belmont occupying a seat on the right hand of her lovely niece, and Fothersgill on the left. Tanjore was seated next to her Ladyship, to whom, as a personage of exalted rank and the sister of their liege lord, every mark of attention and homage was paid by the Laird of Macguinney and the bridal guests.

Wine and refreshments were now handed round, and the wedding cakes, which, to say truth, were by no means of an ordinary or homely kind; they were excellent, and did ample justice of the "auld wives" who had the credit of preparing them.

While this ceremony was taking place, the minstrels, young and old, arranged themselves according to their order, and struck up the beautiful national airs of their native country, some of which were played with such expression and feeling, that while they warmed the hearts of their countrymen, they drew forth the loudest bursts of applause from the lips of Tanjore and the delighted Fothersgill, who exclaimed,—

"This is indeed music, Mr. Tanjore,—I never was so charmed before."

To which Lady Honoria, in a whisper, replied,—

"What, not with Catalina and the Opera? Oh fie, Fothersgill! You must never let any of our *elegantes* hear you say so when you return to England, or they will positively quiz you most unmercifully."

But the quaint tutor was pleased to respond again to her Ladyship's whisper, in the same under tone,—

"Lady Honoria, I have lived long enough to disregard the quizzing part of the creation, whether in England, France, or Italy; and I declare to you, that I would much rather listen to these Scottish minstrels than to all the Catalinas in the world."

"The melodies of this country are indeed enchanting," cried Tanjore; "and I have often felt their influence over my heart, as I do at this moment."

It was uncertain whether Tanjore, as he uttered this, did not glance

a look of peculiar expression towards the beautiful Jean; but it was a look totally misinterpreted by the tutor, but perfectly understood by her Ladyship. Fothersgill thought it was shot from the bow of Cupid, but Jean knew it was one which was dictated from the purest and most exalted friendship, for the tutor was at this moment quite unconscious of the confidence which subsisted between the lovely Caledonian maid and his pupil, between whom he was so desirous that a softer intimacy should take place; but had Fothersgill been fully acquainted with all that was passing in the heart of the lovely Jean, he would have felt convinced of the absurdity of such a thought, and that it was utterly impossible for either of the parties to change.

But to return to the happy bridal guests, and the minstrels, who after playing several favourite national airs, and drinking to the health of the bonnie young bride and the happy Andrew, were retiring to the seats which were allotted to them, in order to hold themselves in readiness for the dances when the reeling should again commence, when at the moment that the pretty Moggy was just going to give her hand to young Sandy, an auld gude wife stepped up to her, and whispered something in her ear, which Moggy thought proper immediately to communicate to her father, who, with an air of pleasantry, exclaimed,—

"Ay, Moggy, let the puir body hae a wee drappie an' a wee bit, an' he wull come among us, he sull be kindly welcome; ye ken we munna be thrifty on sic a day as this. Puir Robin! puir Robin! he canna see the light o' day, puir thing, an' I cannot deny the callan for the vary blood o' me. Ye mun ca' him in, Elpsa, an' I will introduce him to a' my bonnie guests."

Old Elspa immediately hobbled away, and in a few minutes returned, leading in a youth habited as a Scottish minstrel boy, apparently blind, (we say *apparently*, because it was impossible to distinguish whether he was really so or not, having a green silk bandage over his forehead and eyes;) the lower part of his face, however, was uncommonly beautiful, and his fine luxuriant hair, which was a shade of the brightest auburn, though partially concealed by his bonnet and feather, was yet sufficiently seen to add greatly to his personal graces: he was tall, and elegantly proportioned, and there was something in his whole appearance which had the most imposing effect; and though greatly under the influence of timidity, he made his obe-

dience gracefully to the whole company, and sat down in the retired corner to which he was conducted by old Elpsa, from whose hand he took the cup and the cake which she offered to him, but it was plain to be perceived that his own hand trembled as he carried it to his lips, and that with a faltering voice he pronounced the blessing (which was customary on such occasions) to the health and the happiness of the youthful bride and bridegroom; but what he uttered was wholly unintelligible to any but the Highlanders, as he spoke in the ancient Gallic accents, but though he said little, it had a surprising effect on the feelings of the Laird Macguinney and the rest of his countrymen, for the one and all approached the blind minstrel, and shook hands with him. The cup was again filled, and he was told by Elpsa that the daughter of their liege lord was present, the illustrious descendant of the House of Campbell, and that he must drink her health.

The minstrel youth, from some unknown cause or other, evinced signs of the most extraordinary agitation on receiving this intelligence. The cup again trembled in his hand; he essayed to raise it to his lips,—the attempt was fruitless,—it fell to the ground, and the contents were spilled upon the floor.

"Waes me! puir Robin, surely ye're nae weel?" cried Elpsa; "ye mun excuse him, Lady Jean,—puir thing, he's nae used to be i' the like o' sic bonnie gude company, an' a wee drappie makes the puir fule an he war daft."

But neither the appearance nor the manner of the minstrel youth had escaped the observation of Lady Jean, who, after he had been seated a few minutes in his retired corner, the more narrowly and attentively had watched his every action; his looks she could not observe, for they were hidden from her most scrupulous inquiry; and she exclaimed aside to Tanjore,—

"What a beautiful youth!—Ah, Mr. Tanjore, what a pity that he should be blind. How gracefully he speaks to the Laird Macguinney, and though we cannot understand him, I have no doubt but he is uttering the language of the heart."

To which Tanjore replied,—

And that is a language so seldom spoken, my dear Lady Jean, that it would entirely be obsolete, were it not for a few genial souls who have still a drop of the milk of human kindness left in their composition, and of this rare composition this poor youth may be

one; but he is a minstrel, and I have no doubt he is an admirable performer. What nature has denied from one source, how liberally does she supply in another, yet we are not sufficiently thankful for the blessing, ingrates that we are; we are still prejudiced and blind to that good which the unerring hand of Providence has already scattered in our path, and shun that as an evil which we should rather cherish as a blessing."

It was at this moment that the cup was again offered to the minstrel to drink to the health of the heiress of Dumfairling Castle, and that it not only trembled in his hand, but ultimately fell to the ground untasted; and Lady Jean, much astonished, in the most compassionate accents exclaimed,—

"Wherefore do they urge the poor youth to drink, whether he will or no? Look how he trembles, Mr. Tanjore; and what means this extraordinary agitation? Dear aunt, I wish it were decent for me to approach him; he is unhappy, I am sure he is,—he is confused with the presence of so much company; and if he is unfortunate, ah! how happy I should feel in affording him some relief."

"My dear Jean," cried Lady Honoria, who was herself under some surprise at the emotion which the minstrel had betrayed, "let us wait for a more seasonable opportunity than the present for making inquiries about that youth. I have no doubt but Macguinney will furnish us with every particular respecting his situation, when we are more private; but this is not a proper time, my dearest Jean, to interest yourself about an utter stranger; it would make you look particular, and perhaps expose you to some observations which it is much better to avoid, considering the situation in which you now appear. Were you at Dumfairling Castle, the case would be widely different, and it would be regarded no more than an object of charity, to which you are so accustomed to pay attention: but here every eye is fixed on my dearest Jean,—there is not a look nor an action that will not be registered in the memory of your father's tenants, of the representative of the House of Campbell, which though they will bear the test of the purest investigation, yet, my love, a female cannot be too cautious, she cannot be too scrupulously delicate,—it is a woman's shield, and when she neglects to wear it for her security, she knows not into what a labyrinth of dangers and temptations she may unwittingly plunge herself."

"Dear aunt, I submit myself to your superior judgment," cried

the lovely Jean, deeply blushing, from a consciousness that she had not always had an opportunity of doing so, however prompt might have been her inclination.

While this conversation was passing among themselves, the Laird of Macguinney was apparently in deep discourse with the young minstrel; Moggy too had several times approached him with an air of kindness, which received no look of displeasure from her new-made happy husband; and after the minstrels had performed a second time some of their most choice pieces, the Laird Macguinney approached the young minstrel, and beckoning Elpsa to bring him more forward into the presence of the company, exclaimed,—

"Now, Robin, gin ye depart ye mun gi'e us ane o' ye're ditties, mon. I ken right weel ye're nae mirthfu'; God pity ye, puir thing, ye have nae mickle need to be mirthfu' fra the loss o' yere precious een; but ye can chant a wee ditty brawly for a' that,—it wad gar the birden to hop frae its tree to hear ye chant sae sweetly, mon."

The youthful minstrel seemed fully sensible of the compliment he had received from the Laird of Macguinney, and though still under the influence of some powerful emotion which nobody could define, he seemed for a moment to gather courage and self-possession, and with energy arose from his seat and bowed gracefully to all the company, and lightly touching the instrument which was slung across his shoulders, began, in a voice which quickly penetrated the hearts of his hearers, the following celebrated Scotch song, from the so greatly admired and lamented Burns, which was never yet heard in Scotland without a tear of sensibility being dropped to the memory of their favourite bard:—

"I'm wearing awa, Jean
"Like snaw when its thaw, Jean!
"I'm wearing awa,
"To the land of the leal!
"There's na sorrow, there, Jean!
"There's na cauld nor care, Jean!
"The day's ey fair,
"In the land of the leal!

"Our bonnie bairn is there, Jean!
"She was baith gude and fair, Jean!
"And her we grudged right sair,
"To the land of the leal!

"Then dry that tearfu' een, Jean?
"This world's care is vain, Jean?
"We'll meet—and ay be fair,
"In the land of the leal."

The powerful and melodious voice of the young minstrel had enchanted every ear, and awakened the sensibility of every heart; but the effect which it had produced on the feelings of Lady Jean was greater than could be imagined, much less could it be accounted for, as the minstrel could by no means intend to address them exclusively to her. Such a thought could not very reasonably admit of credibility, and yet so powerfully and instantaneously was she affected by them that it seemed as if every tone and word of the minstrel boy had pierced her heart with the most indescribable and overwhelming sensations. In vain did she endeavour to recover herself from the deep impression which he had made on her feelings, but all her efforts were unavailing.

With astonishment Lady Honoria watched the successive changes in her countenance, as also the tremor which possessed her whole frame; and at the conclusion of the minstrel's song, when bursts of applause shouted on all sides from the lips of his countrymen, and he was solicited to sing it over again, Lady Jean involuntarily called out,—

"Oh no, I cannot——indeed I cannot bear it!" and to the utter astonishment of the whole company, burst into an agony of tears; while her alarmed aunt, beholding them with astonishment and deep concern, in vain besought her to explain to her the cause of her present agitation.

"You have heard this song before, my dearest Jean," cried she, trying to sooth her as much as possible, "but it did not produce the agitation which I now perceive; for heaven's sake, my dear child, what is the cause of it?"

But she only wept the more, while consternation and the deepest

* The above words were supposed to be written by Robert Burns in the last stage of that illness which terminated his existence; they were addressed to Jean Burns, wife of the poet, and after his decease given to a friend. The author, when in Scotland, had the pleasure of being introduced to Mrs. Burns, who was much affected in repeating and singing the words of this air.

sympathy were strongly blended in the countenance of every beholder; and when they all thronged around her, and all eagerly pressed forward to know what they could do to remove the cause of her uneasiness, the confusion and clamour became general, when scarce one voice could be heard from another. The minstrel boy was no longer to be heard or seen; he had escaped from all further observation so silently and yet so quickly, that no one had missed him till he was out of sight; and the Laird of Macguinney, who had been greatly concerned at the Lady Jean's sudden indisposition, exclaimed,—

"God be thanked that Robin's nae here to cause sic a fright that I ha'e nae seen this mony a day; ye ken it war a waesome ditty, and put Leedy Jean in mind o' her mither. I wad be fain guessing that war the vary cause o' her disorder. Puir Robin, he did na ken she wad tak it sae to her heart."

In a few minutes, however, Lady Jean recovered from her agitation, though her spirits had received a check which nothing now had power to charm away; she however again smiled sweetly on the kind efforts which every one seemed anxious to make to restore her to tranquillity, in which Tanjore, and even Fothersgill, had taken a most active part; and their attentions were by no means lost on her. Meanwhile her affectionate aunt endured the most painful uneasiness on her account; she could not imagine from what cause her extraordinary emotion had originated, which was in some way or other connected with this minstrel youth, whose agitation was almost similar to Lady Jean's;—yet what did she know of this youth but merely that he was a minstrel, and was blind?—she knew nothing more of him, for she had never beheld him till this evening at Moggy's wedding. It is true that the air which the minstrel had selected was one of the most tender and affecting kind, and bearing the name of her sainted mother as well as her own, might very probably have awakened some melancholy and painful retrospections in her affectionate and feeling bosom,—still it was not a moment, it was not a season when it would be most likely that she should yield to their impression!

Unable, therefore, to form the most probable conjecture for the agitation of her lovely niece, yet most delicately avoiding any inquiry into a circumstance so alarming and mysterious, Lady Honoria sat silently absorbed in reflections of no very pleasing or agreeable na-

ture, till roused by the sweet voice of the very object of whom she was so anxiously thinking.

"Dear aunt," uttered she, "I am conscious that I have behaved very foolishly, but did you know the cause of my being so suddenly affected, you would no longer be surprised."

To which Lady Honoria, looking a little reproachfully, replied,—

"And am I not thought worthy of the confidence of my dearest Jean?"

"Oh yes," answered the lovely ingenuous creature, "and if I blush in revealing my thoughts to you, rest satisfied that it does not proceed from the consciousness of error; it is only weakness,—I would call it sensibility, only I have given it the hardest term. In the first place, that song was the favourite of my poor mother,—she was always singing it; and it is also the favourite of my father—I dare not sing it in his presence, or you would see him as suddenly affected as I was. Then there is another cause, which I will reveal to you at another opportunity—yet why not now?—what has innocence to do with fear?"

"Nothing, my dearest," cried Lady Honoria, with a most angelic smile.

"Then the voice of that poor blind minstrel youth reminded me so forcibly of Edwin Mowbray's," cried Jean, "that had he not been blind, I should not have hesitated to declare that it was Edwin himself! The tones were so familiar to my ear, and to my aching heart it whispered sounds that are not forgotten yet."

"My dear child, these are dreams of fancy, in which it is improper for you to indulge," exclaimed Lady Honoria; "banish them from your heart;—I own that the minstrel youth might remind you faintly of the form of Edwin, of the voice in some degree; but you know that it is quite impossible for this minstrel to be him:—Edwin is at an immeasurable distance from you at this moment, my dear beloved Jean, and if he were not so, he would not assume a disguise so unworthy of himself and you."

After this conversation, which was carried on in a low voice between the two ladies, the spirits of the lovely Jean were considerably restored to their wonted animation. Meanwhile the dancing again commenced; Jean gave her hand to Tanjore, and insisted that he should dance a reel with her, in which he acquitted himself so gracefully and spiritedly, that he was the admiration of all the bonnie young lasses; after which they adjourned to partake of the wedding supper, which

was the last of the bridal feast; and when this was concluded, Lady Honoria gently hinted to Jean the propriety of bidding farewell to the bridal company, who would probably remain at the Laird of Macguinney's till a very late hour, and reminded her that her father would be naturally anxious for their return to Dumfairling Castle; that in consequence of this anxiety he would be deprived of his usual rest, which was now of the utmost consequence to his languid state of health.

"Dear aunt, you know that I would have been content to have retired some hours ago," replied the lovely Jean; "and if I had I should have avoided carrying a sensation in my bosom which will probably occasion me to feel uneasiness for some time, at least till I hear of the safety of poor ——"

Edwin did not escape from the lips of Lady Jean, but it trembled on her tongue, and beat in her throbbing heart; and to relieve her apprehension, Lady Honoria, before she departed from the Laird of Macguinney's, called for him into the adjoining apartment, and requested to know something more of the blind minstrel who had so suddenly made his appearance among the bridal guests, and then as suddenly departed without even bidding a respectful farewell.

To which the old Highlander replied,—

"Ah, ye mun just excuse puir Robin, yere Ladyship; he's a puir simple body, ye mun ken, that comes frae a far distant wild part o' the country i' the Highlands, and does nae ken the fashion o' the times, a puir minstrel that's stane blind, and gets a wee drappie and a wee bit o' ony folks that ha'e a mind to hear him chant his blithsome ditties i' their habitation; sae nobody minds puir Robin, wha has full liberty to gang his gait, and nobody wrangs the puir bairn, God pity him! that has nae the help o' his precious een."

"Does he often wander to this part of the country?" cried Lady Honoria, much affected by this account of the poor blind youth.

"Na, my Lady," answered Macguinney, "it's nae muckle he fashes us, puir body, wi' his company, for he gangs awa to the weddings and the fairs, an' the like o' that. Gin he can win a wee bit o' siller, he's ay contented an' happy, puir thing."

"Should he visit you shortly again, Macguinney," said Lady Honoria, "let us have notice of it at the Castle; I am interested in the appearance of the youth, and we will endeavour to place him beyond the reach of want and poverty. Though we cannot remove his infirmity, it is yet in our power to add to his comforts."

"May the Lord preserve ye," cried Macguinney, "wha wad help the blind and the fatherless. I sal obey yere Ladyship's commands wi' a' possible discretion and punctuality, gin I sal meet wi' Robin in these parts again."

Moggy was now called in, at the request of Lady Jean, who, placing in her hands the marriage gift which was the accustomed donation of the Lord of the Castle, added to it a most liberal present of her own, while she smilingly exclaimed,—

"Peace be wi' ye, Moggy, and lang life and happiness be yere portion through a' yere travels i' this weary world; when ye sal stand in need of friendship, ye'l lay remember Jean o' Dumfairling Castle."

The heart of Moggy was quite full as she received this liberal gift from the snowy hand of the beautiful Jean, and when she bade her farewell, a tear had intrusively strayed down her fair cheek, (for Moggy was excessively pretty;) in spite of her wedding-day, love for a moment gave precedency to one of the most beautiful sentiments which can exalt and animate the human bosom,—it is a gem more bright than beauty, and more unfading than victory on the brow of conquerors,—and this sentiment was gratitude!—without which even love perishes as on a desolate thorn, for love is cherished by gratitude; it is surely one of its gentle associates, and with honour by its side it may fearlessly encounter the perils and the storms of life; it may live in obscurity, but the shades of retirement will never diminish its lustre; it will brave penury, for poverty will never rob it of a single virtue; it will endure sickness, because it will meet with patience, if not with philosophy, for the hour of death will not deprive it of fortitude: in short, it is a sentiment which so glorifies the human race, that they who have it not, though they may boast of a thousand other virtues, are yet unworthy of estimation or of praise.

The carriage of the Duke of Belmont having long been in waiting, now drove up to the door of the Highland dwelling, and Lady Jean and Lady Honoria now returned to the bridal guests, with whom they had left Tanjore and Fothersgill, to take their farewell.

Lady Jean gracefully curtsied to all of them, wished them health and prosperity, thanked them for their faithful fidelity and services to the House of Campbell, presented a parting testimony of her esteem, by a most liberal present, which she requested might be shared among them all; and retired amid the blessings of the aged and

the young, and with the loudest acclamations that ever yet were heard to resound in the ancient hall of a Highland dwelling.

"I am excessively fatigued, dearest aunt," cried the lovely Jean, as soon as she was fairly seated in the carriage, closing her eyes, as if oppressed by weariness, which she could not shake off; "indeed, my father has given me a task of which I fear I have acquitted myself but indifferently."

"Indeed, my dearest love, you have performed wonders," said Lady Honoria; "nor do I wonder at the lassitude and fatigue which oppress you after such a ceremony as you have this night gone through; you have exceeded my most sanguine expectations, my Jean, and your father will be delighted when I inform him of the excellent representative he had in his child.

"But the minstrel blind boy!—you must not inform him of my weakness in that respect, dear aunt," cried Jean, blushing deeply at the consciousness of the sensibility she had betrayed.

To which Lady Honoria, casting a look of unutterable affection towards her lovely niece, replied,—

"I shall tell your father nothing, my darling, but what will reflect to your praise."

"Ah, Lady Jean, do not talk of the scenes of to-night with a sigh of regret," exclaimed Tanjore, "for they will ever be recorded on my memory as one of the happiest of my life."

"And on mine they will ever be indelibly engraved," cried Fotheregill; "I shall never witness such a scene again;—find me such another scene in England if you can. Ah, no, the marriage ceremony is there performed in a manner totally different to that we have witnessed in the peaceful happy Highland dwelling of the Laird Macguinney. Lords are there married, it is true, and to Lords' daughters; but few are the hearts which are permitted to share in the bridal festivities, and it would seem, by the cold forms of their fastidious ceremonies, that nature and feeling were completely banished from the heart, from the moment that the alliance takes place, and that marriage was a forbidden rite instead of a holy one. The parties meet in such secret and pompous state, every thing is carried on with such strict, formal, and I may say uncomfortable observance of fashionable etiquette, the bride scarcely condescending to bestow a smile on any one, and the bridegroom looking as grave and as formal as a primitive quaker, that I do not at all wonder that at the end of six months from this

cold and frigid consummation of the marriage rites, that apathy and indifference should so shortly follow, and that a bill for a divorce should so rapidly and eventually succeed. Instead of rejoicings, and diffusing happiness around to their inferiors, they bundle themselves off to a country seat the very moment the knot is tied; the house in town is shut up in gloomy silence, and you hear no more of the turtle doves than that they were paired by special license by a certain bishop, and that they immediately retired to rural shades, to contemplate the blessings of the married state; but be assured that they do not carry many blessings along with them, and whether they are married or not is of little consequence to the general happiness of their fellow beings."

Lady Jean, in spite of the weariness which oppressed her, laughed immoderately at the description which Fothersgill had given of modern and fashionable marriages, exclaiming,—

"If this account be true, Mr. Fothersgill, heaven forbid that I should be married in your country, for I cannot endure the fastidious ceremony you describe; happy myself, I love to see it reflected in the happiness of my friends and neighbours. I hope, however, this is a satire you have just given of your fashionable propensities; it surely cannot be a true picture of the felicity of marriage in high life,—what say you, Mr. Tanjore!"

To which Tanjore, laughing, replied,—

"I wish I could contradict the assertion of Fothersgill, with all my soul, dear Lady Jean, but I positively cannot; it is almost invariably the general rule."

"And did your sister, when she was married to Lord Wyndham, thus steal away and avoid the society of her friends?" said Lady Jean.

"I really cannot tell," answered Tanjore; "but I think it very likely; she has lately adopted some fashionable propensities, and that may be one of them."

"Dear Tanjore, I must not hear you speak so excessively severe of Alexina," cried Lady Honoria; "she is only just married, you know, and is quite unacquainted with the fashionable propensities you have been talking of."

"Pardon me, Lady Honoria, for presuming to differ with you in that respect," replied Tanjore, deeply colouring; "but I may as well speak severely of my sister as think severely of her, which I

cannot avoid doing almost the whole of the time I have been in Scotland."

Lady Honoria expressed some astonishment.

"And why, my dear boy," exclaimed she, "why are you angry with your sister?"

"Because she has forgotten me, Lady Honoria," replied Tanjore; "Alexina has never once written to me since I have left England, which is unkind and unsisterly, and deeply have I felt it."

"Dear Tanjore, you will think differently when you know the cause," retorted her Ladyship; "consider in what manner she had lately been engaged; she is arrived to the most serious and important crisis of her whole life,—every moment has been employed, every thought agitated. When she is more settled, she will think of those little attentions which she has omitted, and repay them fully; in the mean time you will yourself reflect on this, and spare her from those reproaches which I feel well convinced she has never merited."

The carriage now stopped at the gates of Dumfairling Castle—a light was burning brightly in the saloon, which excited some astonishment to the whole of the party, as they alighted from the carriage; nor did they ascend the flight of steps which led to the grand staircase without some apprehension that the amiable Duke of Belmont was indisposed.

CHAPTER XX.

"Detemin'd beforehand, we gravely pretend
"To ask the opinion and thought of a friend:
"Should his differ from ours, upon any pretence,
"We pity his want both of judgment and sense:
"But if he fall in with and flatter our plan,
"Why really we think him—a sensible man."

Lady Honoria, to her utter surprise, beheld her beloved brother not only seated in the saloon, perfectly well, but apparently in better spirits than when she went away; and he exclaimed, on the entrance of the party,—

"Give me credit, ladies and gentlemen, for being a better mid-

night taper than the lamp which is burning, and which I have twice replenished for your sake, my servants, except the porter, having long since retired to the arms of Morpheus, whither I desired them to go, after they had prepared some coffee and placed it by the fire, since which I have been ransacking a whole parcel of my favourite folios, and while you have been employed in dancing on the light fantastic toe, I have been profoundly engaged in searching for the philosopher's stone, which no man ever yet has found."

"And what is more, your Grace, I do not believe that he ever will," cried Fothersgill.

"And have you really never been in bed, my dear Sydney?" exclaimed Lady Honoria. "Good heavens, how imprudent that is; I shall lecture you most unmercifully for it, I promise you. There certainly could be no necessity for your exposing your health on our account; besides, there is Miss Marriot, you know, who always sits up whenever I am accustomed to stay out beyond my usual hour, who would have spared you from any unnecessary exposure of your health at so late a season,—indeed, brother, I am very angry with you.

"Well, but my father does not look much the worse for it, dear aunt," cried the lovely Jean, running and throwing her arms round her father's neck; "I really never saw him better, or appear so delightfully goodhumoured."

His Grace smiled, and returning most cordially the salute of his beloved daughter, exclaimed,—

"Why, I really have no reason to complain, when a fair lady has been my companion in my night-watching for you rebels, with whose conversation I have been charmed, and with whose attentions I confess myself highly flattered and obliged."

Miss Marriot now almost immediately made her appearance, curtseying, and offering her assistance to Lady Jean, to prepare some refreshment for them before they retired to their respective chambers.

To which Lady Jean smilingly replied,—

"You are very obliging, Miss Marriot, and we shall be extremely happy to accept of your services."

Miss Marriot now modestly took her seat at the table.

"I would have persuaded his Grace to have retired at his usual hour," observed Miss Marriot, as she poured out the coffee; "but he did not then seem inclined, and I hope he will receive no unfavourable effects by sitting up so many hours from his accustomed repose."

To which his Grace replied,—

"By no means, Miss Marriot; I have been much indebted to your extremely kind attentions to an invalid, and excessively enlivened by your very pleasing and rational conversation."

Miss Marriot blushed deeply, when she reflected from whom she was receiving so high and flattering a compliment, not only gratifying to her own feelings, but extremely so to those of Lady Honoria Belmont, with whom Miss Marriot was a very deserving favourite, and approached much nearer to a friend and companion than a servant, as which she had never been treated or considered since she had been in her Ladyship's service, from the discovery which she very shortly made of the superior mind and manners which this exceeding pleasing young woman possessed (for Miss Marriot was certainly extremely young when she first engaged in the service of Lady Honoria Belmont;) and a more intimate knowledge of her principles, character, and amiable disposition had further confirmed the very favourable opinion she had already conceived towards her.

The Duke perceived that his lovely daughter was uncommonly fatigued, and that her complexion bore the strongest testimony of it, for she was both pale and languid, the whole of which he very naturally attributed to the ceremonies of the evening, which in part was true; but Jean had other sensations creeping on her heart, which were very likely to deprive her of her fine flow of animated spirits for some length of time, for the image of the blind minstrel was still before her,—his melodious voice still sounded on her ear, and vibrated on her heart, while an almost mysterious charm which was about him reminded her of the long absent Edwin so strongly and so forcibly, that she could not banish the impression from her mind, that there was something more attached to his history than Macguinney had chosen to inform them of, and that his appearing at Moggy's wedding, and afterward so suddenly disappearing from it at the moment of her betraying such emotion, was not by mere accident, but design, which determined her at some future opportunity to seek an interview with Macguinney, and more minutely to inquire into the particulars of the history of this minstrel youth. At present, however, Jean was obliged to content herself; and was very glad, when, at the pressing solicitation of Lady Honoria, her father retired to seek some repose.

"I know, Sydney, that you are very anxious to hear in what man-

ner we have been entertained at Moggy's wedding, but positively we must defer all our communications till to-morrow; suffice it only to say, that your Jean has acquitted herself most delightfully, and that Tanjore and Fothersgill have been in raptures, and that I have been also highly gratified. With these particulars, dear brother, I insist upon your going immediately to bed; I wont suffer you to speak a word more if you were to stay here for five hours."

"In that case I had better take your advice, dear Honoria," cried the Duke, and instantly retired, nodding kindly, as he went, to Tanjore and to Fothersgill, who very quickly followed the Duke's example; and in a few minutes the saloon was cleared of the whole party, all gladly seeking that repose of which they now stood so much in need, but whether balmy sleep was the companion of all when they retired to their respective chambers, we cannot precisely tell; but when they all met the ensuing morning to a very late breakfast, (except Lady Honoria, who had not yet arisen,) it was very easy to perceive that Lady Jean had neither her usual spirits nor her animation, and the Duke, regarding his lovely child with a look of the most anxious and tender inquiry, demanded to know if she did not feel recovered from her fatigue?

To which Jean, making an effort to smile, and taking her father's hand and pressing it to her lips, replied,—

"Oh, yes, dear father, do not feel concerned on my account, I am quite well; but I am positively not yet awake; I could have slumbered for hours, if I had not feared to have kept you waiting."

"There was no necessity for that, my dearest love," cried the Duke; "Tanjore and Mr. Fothersgill would have excused your being absent on such an occasion. Indeed, my love, I wish you had not left your chamber till you found yourself recovered sufficiently from the fatigue of yesterday evening, which has been too much for my dearest girl; and yet I thought that my Jean was happy, or she would not have stayed so long."

"And so I was happy, my dear father," cried Lady Jean, smiling; "I will appeal to Mr. Tanjore and Mr. Fothersgill for the truth of my assertion,—did I not foot it as merrily as any of the Highland lassies at Moggy's wedding, now, Gentlemen?"

"Indeed you danced most delightfully, Lady Jean," answered Fothersgill, "and with Mr. Tanjore too! In short, the whole entertainments were such as to inspire the most grateful and pleasing

sensations I ever experienced in my life. How charming to see such unsophisticated beings enjoying themselves with such pure and innocent delight, all uniting in one general sentiment of peace and harmony with one another. Ah, your Grace, it was a scene which afforded me more satisfaction than I can find language to express; and then your lovely daughter shone like a bright star among them, adding to the lustre of her charms, but never diminishing them, by the benevolence and condescension of her charming smiles; and had you seen the venerable Laird of Macguinney, as he approached and bent on one knee towards her," continued Fothersgill, warm with the subject he was describing, "had you heard the blessings which he pronounced on the head of your beauteous daughter, and with what grace and unaffected humility she received them, you would have shed tears of rapture, as I did, and so did Mr. Tanjore, I am sure, at this moment; though it was a joyous meeting, there was not an eye that was not moistened with the tear of sensibility in the whole bridal company; and when we retired, it was amidst the cheering and heartfelt congratulations of your grateful tenants, showering down blessings on your Grace, and the lovely representative of the illustrious house of Campbell."

Nothing could exceed the gratified sensations of a fond father, on receiving this account of Moggy's wedding from the lips of Fothersgill, with whom the praises of his beloved child was rapture.

Nor was Tanjore silent. He began to recount the novel and pleasing scenes he had witnessed with enthusiasm, and declared it was the happiest evening he had passed in his life, and that it would be long treasured in his memory, when he should be far absent from the hospitable land which was indeed the birth of every social virtue.

"And who knows how soon I may be destined to quit it," uttered Tanjore, with a deeply suppressed sigh, "perhaps never, never to behold it more; yet while this heart beats with the pulse of life, gratitude will remain."

"My dear boy, you are worthy of my friendship, and had you not a father, Tanjore," cried the Duke, greatly affected with the sensibility which this amiable youth had betrayed, "had you not a father, whom I love as the brother of my soul, these doors would always receive you as a son."

Perhaps at this moment the noble Duke glanced unconsciously

towards his lovely child, on whose cheek the colour had transiently caught the glow of crimson, but it quickly faded to one of the palest lily; and it was in vain that the fond father had flattered himself that Tanjore had created one tumultuous feeling there: it was too plainly to be perceived that Jean did not love the son of Trelawney; and Edwin, the poor orphan Edwin, for a moment occupied a place in the thoughts of the Duke of Belmont—Edwin, whom he loved, and would have regarded in any other light than as the husband of his daughter. It was true that the Duke had lately received intelligence from Admiral Mackintosh of the conduct of this amiable youth, whose bravery he extolled in terms of the highest praise, and whose nobleness and integrity of disposition, and dignified deportment of manners, he lavished the greatest encomiums on, declaring that had he a son like the young and gallant Edwin Mowbray, he should consider himself the happiest of mankind; and the Duke determined that Edwin should shortly be promoted to the highest rank of his exalted merit.

A thousand times did he lament that his birth was not more noble, and that he could not raise him to a more exalted one, by his marriage with Lady Jean; but there was an almost insurmountable barrier, which prevented the possibility of Edwin becoming the husband of a child of the house of Campbell, for Edwin, though born of illustrious parents, was yet an illegitimate offspring, and being such, it was utterly imposible that an union between Edwin and Jean could ever take place; notwithstanding which, the Duke most highly esteemed and even loved Edwin, almost as if he had been his own child, and had long perceived the growing attachment which subsisted between him and his lovely daughter, for which reason he had felt it an imperative duty to separate them in the early bud, before it had expanded too wide to be disunited, and still he feared, though he had taken this precaution, that this infant passion still struggled in the heart of his Jean, and that she would never be persuaded to give her hand to another, though certain that she could never be united to Edwin.

Obedience he could expect on the part of Edwin—with him he knew that it would never be violated; but on that of his darling child he felt that he could never have the courage to enforce it: if her own heart did not whisper that she owed a duty to him superior to all others, he would be silent, but he would never force her to marry where

she could not love. He determined never to do this, since she was the sole heiress, in her mother's right, to the wealthy possessions of Dumfairling Castle, and if she chose to remain single, there was no law or authority to compel her to marry where her own inclinations did not take the lead. He could never bear to see his child unhappy, nor would he ever suggest a thought of the kind to wound her gentle heart, or rob her of that animated spirit which he delighted to see her enjoy. He would not have objected to her placing her affections on the son of Trelawney,—it would have afforded him the most exquisite sensations of joy; but as she had not done so, he must perforce content himself, and let matters rest, leaving it ultimately to the unerring wisdom of Almighty Providence to provide for the future happiness of his beloved offspring, with the strictest reliance on her chaste principles and the unshaken rectitude and purity of her intentions, which he had never once doubted; and frequently when Lady Honoria and himself had been alone, and conversing on this subject, when her Ladyship used to be expressing her deep regret that her lovely niece had no warmer sentiment for her darling boy Tanjore than mere friendship, his Grace would reply,—

"We cannot command the affections of the heart, my dearest sister; besides, were my Jean really to love Tanjore Trelawney, I have a very shrewd guess that Tanjore Trelawney would have no heart to bestow upon her. There is an attachmant in England, which I am apprehensive has already taken deep root in the mind of our young favourite, and will not be easily eradicated for the approach of any other. It is very plain, that although Tanjore has made every effort to be happy and cheerful in our society during his visit at the Castle of Dumfairling, yet he has often been under the influence of the greatest dejection of spirits, from which Fothersgill has frequently roused him. I have observed this more than once, and, I own, one morning taxed the tutor with the cause of the despondency of his pupil, to which Fothersgill replied,—

"'I would willingly avoid the discussion of so delicate a subject your Grace, but when you thus condescend to call upon me, as a man of honour I cannot deceive you. The children of my ever honoured patron (Mr. Trelawney) are all dear to me,—they are at once the most angelic and amiable family in existence; but young Mr. Tanjore has more than all the rest wound himself around my heart, and it must break every fibre of it when I cease to love him. He

is, your Grace, one of the most generous and amiable young men, yet he is certainly labouring under some impressions which prove dangerous to his peace, but of which, I trust, in due time his good sense will get the better; but I will speak more plainly, your Grace, —There is, in the family of Mr. Trelawney, besides his own daughters, a young and lovely niece, a Miss Emma Bradbury——'

"'With whom poor Tanjore has fallen desperately in love,' uttered I.

"'Your Grace is correct,' answered Fothersgill; 'but that is not only the most desperate part of the business,—she is also the object of his brother William's most ardent attachment; in short, I believe it has long been the wish of Mr. and Mrs. Trelawney to see their eldest son and their niece Miss Emma Bradbury united.'

"'Then if Emma loves William,' cried I, 'the case of poor Tanjore is deperate indeed!'

"'Really, your Grace, I believe that is also a doubtful point, replied Fothersgill, very gravely; 'I am rather inclined to think that Miss Emma would prefer Mr. Tanjore, were she at liberty to decide; but that is not the case,—she must marry Mr. William Trelawney whether she likes it or not: and that it is all, your Grace, that I can inform you of the business.'

"Now, I confess, Honoria," resumed his Grace, "that I felt completely shocked at the intelligence which Fothersgill had given me, and feel for poor Tanjore most sincerely, at the same instant that I must severely censure my friend Trelawney, who is precisely the last object living whom I should have imagined would have pursued such a system of cruelty with his son, he himself having been the victim so long of the arbitrary 'Will of his Father.' Surely, my dear sister, you were aware of these circumstances in the family of Trelawney before you left England, and that if my Jean had loved Tanjore, it would have been very unlikely for her to have gained an interest in his heart, already in the possession of Miss Emma Bradbury?"

Lady Honoria blushed deeply, and felt pained and hurt at the discovery which her brother had made, in spite of the efforts she made to conceal it from his observation. She could not bear to exist a moment under his displeasure, but was very near doing so, if she had not attempted some sort of explanation, while she exclaimed,—

"I assure you, on my honour, Sydney, that Tanjore never told

me that he loved Emma Bradbury till after his arrival in Scotland, and then that he had entirely resigned all hopes of her affections by yielding her to his brother; nor has Emma ever declared an attachment for Tanjore: it is mere supposition on the part of his mother,—nothing more, I assure you."

"Then I must tell you that these are suppositions too serious to be talked of if they are not true," uttered the Duke, somewhat warmly, "and that I rejoice my beloved girl has no predilection of the heart for Tanjore Trelawney. I do not censure the young man, for he is not to blame; he has acted most honourably with respect to my daughter, and was too honest to show her attentions in which his heart had no share. You, Honoria, I am grieved to say, would have encouraged them, and joined in a deception the most cruel, of deceiving a father and his child. What, is the happiness of Trelawney's family of greater consequence to you than mine? Was my Jean to have been given to Tanjore merely because Mrs. Trelawney wanted to marry her eldest son to Miss Emma Bradbury? Was my child to become a sacrifice for the sake of her's? Oh, Honoria! oh, my sister! how deeply am I pained and wounded by the agonizing reflection that my sister would have deceived me!"

"Hear me, Sydney," cried Lady Honoria, calmly, but indignantly; "had my father lived, he would not have heard you revile me in terms so bitter and injuriously, without defending his Honoria from the unjust reproach you have cast upon me; but though my poor father can now no longer protect his child, I am under the protection of Heaven to defend my own innocence, in calling attesting angels to witness the purity of my intentions towards you and my beloved Jean. Your happiness, Sydney, has ever been the chief object of my own felicity, the whole of my life: you know it too well to doubt the assertion,—when in my earliest days I ever made a sacrifice of my own pleasures for yours, when my own happiness and interest was never regarded when I could in the smallest degree contribute to yours; say, then did Honoria ever deceive you? Remember, Sydney, how long you have proved the test of a sister's faithful fidelity and unchanged affection towards you,—reflect on your lengthened years,—we are not in the spring of life,—we are no longer young! Consider how truly I have been your sister in all things to the time present from the days of our childhood, and though you cannot recall the unjust sentences you have pronounced against me, yet repent

that they have so hastily escaped your lips, and I will freely pardon you."

The Duke of Belmont had certainly been betrayed into the most involuntary warmth, (which was quite unusual with him, for he was invariably good-tempered,) by a supposition that his sister had been guilty of deception towards him with respect to Tanjore Trelawney; but no sooner had he recalled to his mind the image of their youthful days than his heart beat again warm with affection, and he was sorry and ashamed of the petulance he had discovered. Immediately, therefore, with the most softened aspect, and in a voice of contrition, he implored her forgiveness, promising her that he would never offend her again with his ungenerous accusations; on which Lady Honoria, with a smile of the sweetest placidity, extended her hand to meet that of the brother of her heart, but not without her eyes being moistened with a tear.

"Dear Honoria, say once more that you pardon me," cried the Duke: "Wretch that I am, to be the cause of those tears, or occasion one sigh of sorrow to heave from that affectionate bosom! Dearest Honoria, once more pardon your offending brother."

Your pardon is already granted, Sydney, and signed and sealed," cried her Ladyship, "by the only witness of our actions, who will also one day be our Judge. To that Judge alone we are answerable, and as this is our first cause of quarrel, may it ever be the last that will happen between us."

And with these words the brother and sister again shook hands and parted, and were better friends than ever duing the remainder of the time that Tanjore and Fothersgill continued to stay at Dumfairling Castle.

Many weeks, however, had passed since this little difference had occurred between the Duke and his amiable sister respecting Tanjore Trelawney, during which several letters had been exchanged from her Ladyship to the Trelawneys, but without her ever making her brother acquainted with the subject.

At length, a day or two after Moggy's wedding, letters arrived from England,—four or five from Berkeley Square, two of which were directed for Tanjore (one in the handwriting of his father, and the other in that of Lady Wyndham,) one was from Mrs. Trelawney to her continual correspondent Lady Honoria Belmont, one from Mr. Trelawney to Fothersgill, and another from the same addressed to the Duke.

The fine, quick, and intelligent eyes of Tanjore sparkled with pleasure at reading the superscription of Lady Wyndham's, and he exclaimed,—

"A letter from the bride come at last to her almost forgotten brother! Well, I shall certainly attend to her Ladyship first, and hear how prettily she will pretend to excuse herself for past neglect;" and the delighted Tanjore instantly retired to his chamber, and impatiently broke the seal of his sister's letter, which began thus:

"Dear, dear Tanjore,

"I know that I have suffered greatly in your opinion, and that you have thought me a vain, giddy, volatile, unthinking, and perhaps ungrateful sister, that was reflecting only on the happy scenes and glittering prospects which surrounded her, and could not afford to waft one affectionate sigh towards Scotland and her dear absent brother Tanjore, in the midst of her enjoyments in Berkeley Square.

"Now don't expect me to make excuses for all this, because I shall not confess myself guilty. No, dear Tanjore, whatever you have thought, I have never once forgotten you, neither have the scenes in Berkeley Square been quite so brilliant as you may imagine; it is true, that I am the happiest of wives, for my dear lord is the best creature living,—you cannot imagine any thing half so amiable as my husband is, dear Tanjore, and on my own account I have indeed nothing to wish for, because he is always anticipating every wish, every thought of mine. My establishment is extremely elegant, our house in South Audley Street superbly furnished, our equipage splendid, and our liveries very handsome; in short, I have every thing that can contribute to the happiness and comfort of life, and many luxuries which I never had either the ambition to expect, or the folly to sigh for; for the greatest treasure I possess is the heart of my inestimable husband, and him I prize beyond all worldly wealth or splendour. Were I not, then, to feel that I was the happiest of wives, I should be the most ungrateful woman in existence; but though I am the happiest of wives, I am not the happiest of daughters, nor can I behold my dear father and mother miserable without sympathizing most deeply in the present afflicted state of our family. I allude to our dear brother William, Tanjore, and grieve to tell you, that the physicians have ultimately declared to my

father, (my poor mother indeed is not yet aware of it,) that his disorder, though fluctuating, and even sometimes favourable, is a confirmed consumption of the lungs, which they have reason to fear, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of their united assistance, will terminate fatally, though tedious in its progress.

"Lord Wyndham was present with the physicians, when they, after a long consultation, felt it an indispensable duty to communicate this intelligence to my afflicted father, who though possessed of great fortitude, nearly sunk under the conflict of his agonized feelings, the more painful to support, as he felt the necessity of disguising them, both in the presence of the dear sufferer and my poor mother, who has already fretted herself to a skeleton about William; and were she suddenly to be informed of the opinion of the physicians, I really do not think that she would survive it. You know what a tender mother she is, dear Tanjore!—how my heart bleeds for her. My poor father, too, has no one to impart his grief, and fears to but me and Wyndham—he comes regularly once a day, to tell us what he thinks of poor William; and Wyndham is very often in Berkeley Square: so is my aunt Clarendale,—she returned with Emma, and has since remained with my dear mother, to whom her society is now highly necessary.

"You will ask, Tanjore, how long William has been so seriously ill, and why you were not earlier made acquainted with it? and it is certainly very natural for you to make such an inquiry; and I will tell you every particular, from the commencement of it to the present period.

"You must know, my dear Tanjore, that very soon after you went away, Emma, whose health was in a very delicate state, grew worse: she was several days again confined to her chamber, and when she recovered it was thought advisable to remove her for change of air, and she went immediately to Kenilworth, under the care of my aunt Clarendale; but on the day she departed, Tanjore, had you seen how she behaved to William, and heard what she said to him, you never would have forgotten it; and I much fear, though none of us like to mention it to my mother, that from that very day the constitutional disorder of our dearest brother, which had only slumbered while his mind was preserved in a state of tranquillity, became agitated, and afterwards gradually increased to a degree of inflammation which affected his whole frame, for the doctors declare that his lungs must very early have been under the influence of this

dangerous disease, though not perceptible in its external appearance at the time; but I will tell you of Emma, and judge what we all felt on this occasion.

"Lord Wyndham and my father were to convey her down to Kenilworth, and we thought that she appeared in much better spirits than usual, when she came into the room to bid us all farewell. She affectionately kissed us all; but when she came to William, she burst into tears, and giving him her hand, firmly and solemnly pronounced,

"'I do not think I shall live long, but if I do, William, this hand is yours; and remember that Emma gives it to you without the interposition of any other person. I freely give it to you in the presence of your dear father and your mother, and these the dear sisters of my heart. Emma is yours, dear William, if Heaven spares her to you,—she will be the wife of no other; and, oh! would that I were ten thousand times more worthy of your inestimable hand, ten thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich!—but, such as I am, receive me. You have loved me long!—the poor orphan girl, consigned to that angel's care by my dying mother, now wishes to prove her deep sense of gratitude for the care which has been shown to her helpless infancy. Should I die, William, all that I have is yours; and should I live, I will be thine alone,—and may the shade of my blessed mother now look down—may the spirit of the virtuous Rebecca shed her blessing round, and ratify and sanction our union!'

"'Dear, heroic, amiable girl!' cried my father, and clasped the trembling Emma, Tanjore, to his heart, with the most unutterable affection; but my poor mother could not speak,—she sobbed aloud; and we were all so deeply affected by this scene, that we could say nothing to comfort her; for did we not all know the noble sacrifice which poor Emma was making, and that she had no right to make this sacrifice, but for the extraordinary virtue that she possessed?—so young, so lovely, and with every advantage to shine as a bright star in the midst of an admiring world, who would pay her homage the very moment that she appeared. Did we not all know on whom her heart doted, at this moment that she was generous enough to make a voluntary offer of her hand and person to my brother William? and had any one a right to probe her gentle heart further? Had she not done all that a female could do, and could female excellence do more? I say not; nor could I have done as much. I freely confess it, that Emma has surpassed all womankind.

"But to the point,—how did our brother conduct himself at this trying crisis?—Why he was transported beyond himself, and by turns he laughed, and by turns he wept.

"'And are you mine for ever, Emma?' cried he.

"'Your's in this world, William,' answered she; 'and in the next my Father's—my heavenly Father's.'

"The carriage was now waiting, Tanjore. Emma, more calm and collected than ever I saw her before, approached my mother, still weeping from the excess of her emotions:

"'Farewell, dear mother,' cried she, 'now no longer aunt!'

"'Angels of Heaven, protect my daughter!' exclaimed my mother.

"William seized the other trembling hand, for Emma was now both pale and trembling, Tanjore, and conveyed her to the carriage; my father and Lord Wyndham immediately placed themselves beside her, and it drove off.

"Well, dear Tanjore, I will be as brief as possible in my painful recital to you, for you know not how deeply it affects me: Emma very shortly recovered her health and her spirits; but I do believe that, from the affecting incident which passed on this day, William lost his for ever. Why it was so, we must not presume to inquire into the unerring wisdom of an Almighty Providence. At first his health appeared to have undergone no perceptible change, and his spirits, as Emma's health continued to amend, arose to a pitch of animation we had never seen before? nor did he ever complain of the slightest indisposition, till one evening that he returned later than usual from Kenilworth, and then he appeared to have taken cold. The next morning he was feverish, and the ensuing one totally unable to leave his chamber. It was a week previous to that on which I was to become the wife of Lord Wyndham, and it was a melancholy presage, my dear Tanjore, of those hymeneal festivities which you imagined we were enjoying in Berkeley Square. Alas! poor William was attended by a physician on the day that he was to have attended his happy sister to the altar, at which my mother herself was absent, for she would not leave him, for the cold which he had so fatally caught produced an inflammation, and the inflammation a fever: and when Emma and my uncle and aunt Clarendale arrived, with my cousins Lucy and Sedley, to be present on my marriage day, they were ushered into the sick chamber of poor William, who was

incapable of speaking to them; on Emma alone he fixed his languid eyes, demanding to know if she was come to marry him, calling her his lovely bride, and would not suffer any one to approach him but her, or administer his medicines.

"But, oh! what a nurse has she been to him, Tanjore! Would you believe it, that she never left him from the moment she heard he was ill? Whole nights and days has that dear girl watched in his chamber; and now the fever has subsided, (but he is so weak and languid as to be scarcely able to speak,) yet Emma never leaves him, and he seems to breathe only in her presence. It was only yesterday that the physicians decided on his case, but neither Emma nor my poor mother are as yet acquainted with his danger,—none but my father, Lord Wyndham, and myself have been informed of the real nature of his disorder; and when I heard it, I wept bitterly. Ah, my dear Tanjore, it is an awful change to reflect upon—— Death! which neither spares old nor young, and yet has few fears or terrors for the truly virtuous, and of these our dear brother is one.

"My father is just come in, dear Tanjore, and William is better. Would to heaven that my father's hope may not prove a flattering and delusive one! My father informs me that he writes to you by this post;—present my love to the amiable family of the Belmonts; and believe me, my dear Tanjore, that I am always.

"Your affectionate sister,

"ALEXINA WYNDHAM."

CHAPTER XXI.

"And this too must I suffer——I, who never
"Inflicted purposely on human hearts
"A voluntary pang! But that is false——
"She loved me, and I loved her——fatal passion!
"Why dost thou not expire at once in hearts
"Which thou hast lighted up at once? Zarina!
"I must pay dearly for the desolation
"Now brought upon thee."

THE feelings of poor Tanjore, on reading his sister's letter, were wound up to a pitch of agony. At one moment he bewailed the fate of his lovely cousin, and lamented his tamely submitting her to pay a sacrifice to duty in which affection had no part,—his sister, his

father, his mother, every body knew that it was a sacrifice, and yet William, knowing it to be so, had inhumanly accepted of it; and a momentary resentment filled the breast of Tanjore against the conduct of his brother; but, to do him justice, it was only momentary, —in the next moment his heart bled for the sufferings of that brother, now laid on the bed of sickness, perhaps never more destined to rise from it; and he thought that if his own life could restore poor William to health, how freely would he give it,—but to give Emma ——oh, it was more than life to Tanjore!

At the same moment that he was conscious she had made a sacrifice of all that she held dearest in life, to purchase the happiness of William, and highly as he venerated the character of his father and his mother, he could not but consider them reprehensible in this affair. Like a lamb offered up to sacrifice had they led poor Emma, who had acted in conformance to their wishes, but not from the dictates of her own heart. They would suffer her to become the wife of William, with the reflection that her affections were in the possession of another! and much he wondered at that father, who had been so severely tried himself from the same influence over his mind; and much he wondered at the sensibility of that mother, who had herself been taught the lesson of relinquishing the object of her heart's dearest choice!—And surely if his father and his mother had both felt the consciousness of these sensations, they should have felt for Emma, and they should have felt for him!

How often had he heard his mother declare that she never could have survived Trelawney's marriage with the supposed daughter of the Earl of Fitzosbourne; and how frequently had he heard his father express his abhorrence of such an alliance, and that if he had married Lady Alexina he should have been the most miserable of mankind!

It is true, that comparisons were to be drawn in favour of such a character as his brother William: it was by no means a case in point,—William was every way deserving of his lovely cousin; but if her heart was not his, the sacrifice offered to Hymen was exactly similar. Marriage without love, say what you will, must ever be worn with a mask!—Splendour may rock the cradle, luxury and soft blandishments tempt it to smile; but love, and love only, can yield it real and permanent felicity. Love alone lights the temple of Hymen, and without this brilliant luminary it will ever be left in darkness, dreary

gloom, and solitude. Though placed on an eminence of the most exalted rank, the flowers which it produces are of a sickly hue!—unlike the genial offspring of pure and native affection, fresh in the bloom of sweetness,—though fostered in the humblest shade, heaven still breathes with balmy fragrance on its smiles! Nursed on the bosom of love, it is healthy in the midst of brambles and of thorns, and when it rises to the first blush of roseate morn, it wafts a thousand odours from its dewy wings! Hope gladdens it with smiles, and in soft whispers cheers and restores it to balmy slumbers of the night.

There was an air of candour and sincerity breathed throughout the whole of Alexina's letter, with which Tanjore was much pleased; and he could not but rejoice in her prospects of happiness with such a character as Lord Wyndham, which was of far more consequence than even the exalted rank in which he had placed her. Alexina was doubly blest in being the wife of such a man, for it did not appear that wealth had ever been the object of his Lordship's consideration, whom he now more highly esteemed and venerated than ever.

How delicately, too, had Alexina spoken of Emma! Happy herself, she was not so selfish as never to bestow a thought on the miseries of others; and how greatly did she appreciate the virtues, and lament the destiny, of her lovely cousin!

"Yes, my sister is worthy of her exalted station," cried Tanjore; "she deserves to be the wife of Lord Wyndham, and may days of bright and unfading happiness crown her union with this most amiable man!"

Again Tanjore perused that part of Lady Wyndham's letter wherein she had so feelingly described the illness of poor William, and setting aside all selfish considerations for his own happiness, resigning, eternally resigning all hopes of Emma, he most fervently prayed that his brother might be restored to health, and that his union with Emma might ultimately be productive of happiness to him and his fond parents. For Emma he had no fears;—the angelic fortitude she had displayed, and the purity and rectitude of her own spotless heart, would, he felt well convinced, support her against every trial of her fate, and lead her on to the practice of every great and celestial virtue which could adorn and dignify the character of lovely woman!—For Emma he had no fears! for she had resisted the

most dangerous temptation which can assail human fortitude,—the weakness of our own hearts. When we can obtain a victory over that, we are secure—we stand firm as a rock, and may fearlessly overlook the dangerous precipice that is beneath us.

Of his own destiny he was now reckless. All climes were alike to him, however foreign or distant; all changes in life or fortune to him indifferent; and more eager than ever to commence his travels with his cousin Sedley, he tore open the seal of his father's letter, in the hope that its contents were only to apprize him of the immediate necessity there now was for his going abroad; but what were his emotions on perusing the following lines, dictated by the agonized feelings of his almost distracted father:—

"My dearest Tanjore,

"By this day's post I have written to Fothersgill to expedite your return to England, as speedily as possible after you receive this summons from your almost broken-hearted father, while at the same moment he is under the painful necessity of conveying to you the intelligence of your dear brother's alarming indisposition. Alas, Tanjore, even before you arrive, William may be no more! Till yesterday I had cherished hopes of his recovery, but they have since been rendered futile by the confirmed and now declared opinion of the physicians, that he cannot survive long in a state of mortal existence, however flattering may be the present appearance of his disorder. Oh, my boy, this is a blow which I least expected to take place; it is then no wonder that I can so ill support it, or that I am so little able to afford consolation to your poor mother in this distressing hour of our grief. She is also not aware of the extreme danger of her child, and has long been flattering herself with the hope of his recovery. How shall I unfold the fatal truth? How will her gentle nature sustain the shock? Hasten, my boy, to the arms of your afflicted father; lose not a moment in expediting your journey to your paternal home, which, though a melancholy one, will yet be cheered by your affectionate presence. I have written my instruction to Fothersgill to prevent all delay; I have also written to my ever highly-honoured friend the Duke of Belmont, acquainting him with the melancholy necessity for your leaving his hospitable mansion. Alexina has informed you of every particular of your poor brother's first attack of serious indisposition; it is too distressing for

me to dwell on. He has always been slightly attacked with an affection of the lungs, and the effects of a severe cold, caught in the night air, has ultimately brought it to the present alarming crisis.

"Like all invalids labouring under this fatal disease, he is quite unconscious of his danger, and his spirits are sometimes exhilarated, though his frame is so dreadfully languid and weak. Your cousin Emma is always in his chamber; she has acted like an angel, and I had already cherished the fond and flattering hope of seeing this lovely and transcendently amiable girl the wife of William at no very distant period. Alas, it appears that Heaven has destined that hope never to be realized!

"Your mother has this moment summoned me to the chamber of William,—she is pale and breathless——Emma utters screams of terror——oh, Tanjore! oh, my boy! I fear that the last scene is now over.

"Hasten, fly to your afflicted father,

"TANJORE TRELAWNEY."

This letter had so pierced the heart of Tanjore, that several times his emotion would not suffer him to proceed; and he was almost blinded by his tears, when Fothersgill entered his chamber. Fothersgill could say nothing by way of consoling his beloved pupil, for it was very plain that the tutor himself had been weeping. He had not read the letter of his honoured patron without deep sympathy and considerable emotion, nor had he contemplated the fate of Mr. William Trelawney without shedding a tear of heartfelt sorrow and regret.

No, Fothersgill had a heart too full of gratitude and tender sympathy to behold with an eye of apathy the sorrows of this amiable family, or without deeply partaking of their heartfelt regrets; nor could he view a fine and promising young man, gifted with every virtue and graced with every superior accomplishment, suddenly cut off in his youthful prime, and dropping into the mouldering dust, without heaving a melancholy sigh. Although he murmured not at the hand which dealt the blow, yet a tear, a sigh, were the sacred rights of friendship, and were not forbidden to flow; for our blessed and immaculate Saviour wept for Lazarus,—so are the tears of friendship, which moisten the remains of departed worth, hallowed in their source.

"My dear Mr. Tanjore," said Fothersgill, "would it were in my power to offer you any consolation; but indeed I fear there is but little hope for the recovery of poor dear Mr. William."

"Hope!" cried Tanjore, sobbing, and holding out his father's letter towards Fothersgill, "read, and judge of what a situation they are now in at Berkeley Square. When that letter was concluded, he was in doubt whether my brother was yet alive. Observe the agony of his last words, when he bids me fly to him immediately under that impression; and so I will;—for heaven's sake, Fothersgill, get every thing in readiness for our instant departure."

"I have already made the necessary arrangments, Mr. Tanjore," cried Fothersgill; the Duke and Lady Honoria are inexpressibly grieved and shocked at the intelligence which they have received from Mr. Trelawney, and when you are more composed, request to see you. The Duke insists that we shall go post in one of his Grace's carriages, with four horses, which will convey us with the utmost expedition from Dumfairling Castle to Edinburgh, from which place we can take a chaise and four on to the remainder of the journey."

Soon after this conversation between Tanjore and Fothersgill, they repaired to the saloon, in which were already assembled the Duke, Lady Honoria, and the lovely Jean, whose azure eyes were filled with tears on the approach of Tanjore, and whose warm and generous bosom most truly sympathized in the deep suffering of his new sorrowing heart. Meanwhile, both the Duke and Lady Honoria made use of every kind and soothing effort to lessen the agonized and almost distracted state of his feelings.

"Consider, my dear boy," uttered the Duke, "how necessary an exertion of fortitude will be in the trying hour when you shall arrive in the presence of your afflicted family, to whom your society and attentions will be of the utmost consequence; endeavour to possess your mind of composure before you behold them, or seeing you thus disordered will only add to their affliction, and affect them but the more deeply. You too, Fothersgill, must not appear thus overwhelmed with grief;—exert your influence over the mind of your pupil, and teach him the lesson of philosophy, Fothersgill."

To which Fothersgill replied,—

"That I would most willingly do, your Grace, but philosophy is a lesson which, however I may teach, I cannot practise at the present moment; we are all philosophers in our turns, and I have been one

in mine; and Mr. Tanjore will be one in his, when he shall reflect how unavailing are our deepest regrets when heaven is pleased to visit us with affliction."

"Oh, it is for my poor mother that I am now feeling the insupportable agony which I cannot suppress," cried Tanjore; "her tender affectionate heart now bleeds at every pore."

Lady Honoria was greatly affected; she knew too well what were the feelings of her dear and amiable friend, but endeavoured by every means in her power to tranquillize the agitated mind of poor Tanjore; and her Ladyship happily succeeded, and had the satisfaction of seeing that the kind persuasions which she had used were extremely beneficial to him in the hour of parting, and that he was prepared to meet the worst, when he should arrive at the residence of his father.

In two hours every thing was ready for the departure of Tanjore from Dumfairling Castle, where he had enjoyed many months of uninterrupted hapiness, in the bosom of a family whose friendship and hospitality would never be erased from his grateful memory.

"Dear Tanjore, write to us the very moment that you arrive," cried Lady Honoria, in a tremulous voice, as he approached to bid her farewell.

To which, equally agitated, Tanjore replied,—

"Oh, could I forget my venerated friends in Scotland, I were unworthy of existence; oh may every blessing,—may every good attend you till we meet again!" He then snatched the hand of Lady Honoria to his lips, while the lovely Jean extended her hand towards him in silence, for her heart was too full to utter an adieu; while the Duke, much affected, strained him to his heart.

"Heaven bless your Grace, and eternally bless your amiable child," cried Tanjore, as Jean had turned away to conceal her flowing tears! and Fothersgill, who had taken a most respectful farewell of the Duke, Lady Honoria, and the ever-charming Jean, seized the arm of his pupil, and hurried him to the carriage, whispering in his ear by way of comfort, that Juno was perfectly safe under the care of the coachman; and no sooner were they seated, than the postillions drove off with the rapidity of lightning from the gates of Dumfairling Castle; having received orders that they were to use the utmost expedition they lost not a moment; only that at the end of the first stage, where they stopped for a few minutes, Juno was received into the carriage along with her master.

"Poor beast, you may as well let her ride with us, Mr. Tanjore," cried Fothersgill, "for she has made a sad moaning because she could not get a sight of her master; she has her feelings, I warrant me, as well as the best of us."

"Has her feelings!" cried Tanjore, patting and caressing his dumb favourite, as she leaped with the most lively joy at being permitted to approach him. "Poor Juno,—I know that she has feeling, for she is grateful for the kindness I have shown to her, and that is more than what one half of human beings can boast of to one another."

"It is a lamentable truth, Mr. Tanjore," uttered Fothersgill, and relapsed into thoughtful silence, as the carriage drove rapidly on, leaving the lovely mountains and the delightful valleys of old Scotia far behind them, on which Tanjore often threw a look of fond regret.

"Oh, sweet Jean," uttered he, while tears filled his eyes; "ah, sweet Jean, long shall my memory dwell on the recollection of all thy matchless graces and accomplishments, thy tenderness of heart, the simplicity of thy manners, and thy frank ingenuousness of disposition."

To which Fothersgill, somewhat abruptly, uttered,

"Which, with all their witchery and charms, had no power over thy heart, Mr. Tanjore, though of all the enchanting creatures which ever blessed the sight of mortal man, Lady Jean is the loveliest; well there is no accounting for taste, certainly, but were I a man at your time of life, Mr. Tanjore, I own I could not have resisted such a woman as the lovely daughter of the Duke of Belmont."

Tanjore coloured deeply at this ill-timed remark of the quaint tutor, and a little angrily replied,—

"Fothersgill, you displease me greatly by this observation; were you a man at my time of life, under the peculiar and existing circumstances which you know I unfortunately am, I am presuaded that you would act exactly like Tanjore Trelawney. I admire Lady Jean Belmont, and think, with you, that she is confessedly one of the loveliest women in existence, but a man of honour, Fothersgill, can truly love but one lovely woman in existance; he may admire, he may respect, he may esteem, but he can love only one, and you are well aware that this was my case long before the hour I beheld Lady

Jean; why therefore do you recall to my mind a circumstance, only to pain and wound my feelings. I never loved but one woman, and I shall still love her to the end of my existence."

"Now, Mr. Tanjore, you are extremely wrong in supposing that I would do any such thing," answered Fothersgill, with some warmth, "for when I wound your feelings, I strike deeply at my own; but I am only saying that had your heart been disengaged, you would not probably have resisted the fascinations of Lady Jean in the manner you have done during our abode at Dumfairling Castle."

"Very possibly not," cried Tanjore, "but there are more reasons than one why I should have resisted a passion for the lovely Jean."

"Why, Sir? the Duke and Lady Honoria would not have opposed your union with his lovely daughter," resumed Fothersgill; "and your father, Sir, your father would have been proud of such an alliance."

"My father," cried Tanjore, now colouring more deeply than before, "may be a match-maker, but it is out of his power to be a love-maker on the present occasion; for be assured, Fothersgill, had it been my destiny to have loved Lady Jean, her affections would never have been mine."

"You astonish me, Mr. Tanjore!" exclaimed Fothersgill.

"It is no less astonishing than it is true," cried Tanjore, "and I think if you had any discernment in woman's heart, you might have discovered that long ago."

To which the tutor quaintly replied,—

"Then it is no wonder that I am blind, for I never made woman's heart a part of my researches in natural history."

"And yet it is the most natural study for mankind," retorted Tanjore; "to be more plainly understood, however, the heart of the lovely Jean is in another's possession, Fothersgill, and therefore it cannot be in mine. Recall to your memory the scene of the picture gallery: did you not there observe her extraordinary emotion at the sight of a particular painting which excited our admiration,—the Boy and the Girl protecting the little bird from the claws of a cat?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Tanjore," replied Fothersgill, "now you talk of it, I do remember a something of interest, which was blended in her charming countenance as she intently gazed upon it."

"And you also remember the name which she pronounced with such peculiar tenderness," cried Tanjore; "and, with a look which could not easily be mistaken, it was—Edwin Mowbray."

"Well, Sir, but who could ever have imagined that the infant boy was the object of passion in the heart of Lady Jean Belmont," returned Fothersgill.

"But that boy is no longer an infantine subject now," answered Tanjore, "he is nearly of her own age; he has been the companion of her youthful days, he has been born, reared, and educated with her, and, from what I can learn, is the object of high estimation in the Castle of Dumfairling; at all events, Fothersgill, he is the object of Lady Jean's most ardent affection; nor can I exactly reconcile the sudden appearance of that blind minstrel at the bridal feast, on the night of Moggy's wedding,—there was a singularity in his manner, an affected mysteriousness, which was by no means natural, and the agitation of the lovely Jean when he sang the Scotch melody was most extraordinary."

"Which was performed in a masterly style," exclaimed Fothersgill; "it was not the style or manner of an uncultivated peasant, Mr. Tanjore."

"And I actually believe it was Edwin Mowbray himself," cried Tanjore; "I shall ever believe so, though by what means he assumed such a disguise, or for what purpose, I cannot divine."

"Oh, Sir, men will assume any disguise to obtain a sight of the woman they love," uttered Fothersgill, with somewhat of a sarcastic smile; "besides, how do you know that he did not fear in you a most formidable rival?"

"Be that as it will, I would never have assumed a disguise unworthy of myself," cried Tanjore, "nor pretended to an infirmity with which it had not pleased Heaven to have afflicted me."

"It is very true, Mr. Tanjore," said Fothersgill; "I agree with the impropriety, with the immorality of such a system; but find me a philosopher in love, if you can: it was probably the only stratagem which he could make use of to approach the mistress of his soul, and if we cannot pardon him, let us at least afford our pity to his weakness."

After this conversation, more serious contemplation filled the mind of Tanjore and Fothersgill, on their nearer approach to their native country; and more than once the tutor had occasion to remind his

pupil to arm his spirits with fortitude to meet the distressing and awful scene they expected to encounter, when they arrived in Berkeley Square. From Edinburgh they proceeded with the utmost expedition, and in a very few hours they found themselves in the land of England,—the land of splendour and the land of misery! the land of liberty and the land of oppression!—deny the assertion, if it be possible,—but from what cause we will not presume to detail. We will only accompany the tutor and his pupil towards the neighbourhood of Berkeley-Square, desiring the postillions to drive as cautiously as possible up to the residence of Mr. Trelawney, with an injunction not to knock, but to ring softly at the bell. The door was opened in silence by the porter, whose very looks denoted the present alarming and distressing state of the afflicted family of his beloved master, for Trelawney was beloved by the highest and the lowest domestic in his establishment.

Fothersgill discharged the chaise as quietly as possible from the door, and all the windows of the house being nearly closed, and a gloomy silence prevailing in every part, he concluded that the awful crisis was indeed over, and that Mr. William Trelawney was no more; and so did Tanjore, who scarcely found himself able to stand, when he alighted from the chaise, and in a low voice demanded to know of the porter if his brother yet survived!

"He was not expected to live all day yesterday, Sir," answered he, "and the physicians remained with him the whole of the night; but this morning, contrary to their expectations, a sort of change has taken place for the better. Dr. Starmer has this moment left him; but I grieve to say, Mr. Tanjore, that Mr. William is not the only part of the family who is seriously ill."

The name of Emma quivered on the lips of Tanjore; he felt a sickness come over his heart almost to fainting, and, leaning on the arm of Fothersgill for support, he tremulously inquired who was afflicted as well as his poor brother?

To which the porter, with tears in his eyes, replied,—

"My mistress, Sir: Mrs. Trelawney has been confined to her chamber ever since she heard that no hopes were entertained of Mr. William's recovery. My master was obliged to tell her yesterday morning, and she fainted away several times, and has not been able to leave her chamber. Mrs. Clarendale is now with her, and Lady Wyndham and his Lordship; and Mr. Clarendale is with my

master in the drawing-room. Lord and Lady Wyndham have been here all night; and the young ladies are so distressed. Miss Ellen and Miss Mary take on sadly; they do nothing but cry bitterly, and though they try to hide it, their eyes are always wet with their tears. As to poor Miss Emma, I do not think that she has gone to bed for a whole fortnight, for she sits up every night, with Mrs. Pelham, in Mr. William's chamber."

Tanjore heard no more—he quitted the arm of Fothersgill in one instant, and in the next flew up the staircase, and tapped softly at the door,—it was opened by Lady Wyndham.

"My brother Tanjore, papa!" uttered she, "my dear brother Tanjore!" and Mr. Trelawney, whose head was pensively reclined on the table, absorbed in the most agonizing reflections, started from his recumbent posture, and clasped his son in his outstretched arms.

"My boy! my dear, dear boy! in what a sorrowing hour do I again infold you in a father's fond embrace," cried Mr. Trelawney; while Tanjore in vain attempted to suppress the tide of tumultuous feelings which completely overpowered him, and he burst into an agony of tears.

Fothersgill, having slowly followed him into the room, made his respectful obedience to Lord and Lady Wyndham, by whom he was received with their usual kindness and condescension; after which a long and painful pause ensued: it was indeed a death-like silence, only interrupted by the tears and the sighs of the afflicted relatives. At length Mr. Trelawney, more collected, uttered,—

"Tanjore, I hardly know how to tell your dear mother of your arrival, in her present state of weakness. I grieve to say, that she is now excessively ill; and poor William——is——still alive——— and that is all. We expected, yesterday, every hour that he would have breathed his last. A change has this morning occured, but how long will be its duration we know not."

At this moment, Ellen and Mary both entered the room, and both burst into tears at sight of their brother. He embraced them affectionately, bade them be composed, and evinced a fortitude and delicacy which did credit to his feelings as a brother and a son, never once inquiring after Emma, or seeming anxious to behold her; he intended to be guided in every respect by the approbation and sole wishes of his father, and beyond this point he had no inclination to go.

Lord Wyndham never appeared in the eyes of Tanjore so amia-

ble and interesting as he did now, in the present crisis of affairs, one moment comforting the feelings of his afflicted father, and in the next softening as much as possible the grief of his beloved sisters, who were all much improved in their appearance, although their hearts were so heavily surcharged with grief. Mary was wonderfully grown, and though much smaller in stature than either of her sisters, her figure gave evident signs that it would be attractively lovely when completely matured into womanhood. Ellen was more inclined to the *en bon point*, but not so much as to render her shape vulgar or ungraceful; her face, being uncommonly beautiful, shone with the additional expression of good-humoured sweetness. As to Alexina, she had lost none of the elegance of her figure in becoming Lady Wyndham, and her brother thought her greatly improved.

Mary, however, who had never taken her eyes off Tanjore since she had come into the room, could not help softly whispering in the ear of her sister Ellen,—

"How brother Tanjore is grown, Ellen! What a fine colour he has got, and how handsome he looks. Oh, poor mamma! I wish she could see him; I am sure he will make her better;—I wish papa would let me go and tell her that he is come."

"Papa will do that when he thinks proper," cried Ellen.

At this moment, both Dr. Starmer and Dr. Wilmot were ushered into the drawing-room. Tanjore and Fothersgill immediately arose, and bowed most respectfully, Dr. Starmer observing, that the mountain air of Scotland had proved extremely beneficial to his young friend.

"Yes, thank Heaven, my dear boy is much improved by his journey to the North," said Mr. Trelawney.

"Now, then," uttered the worthy Dr. Starmer, "we must take the utmost precaution with our invalids, Mr. Trelawney: they must neither of them be too suddenly informed of the arrival of Mr. Tanjore Trelawney. We will now, if you please, take a peep at them just while you are taking your tea, and, if circumstances are favourable to our expectations, will presently inform you."

"I shall leave every thing wholly to your discretion, Gentlemen," cried Mr. Trelawney, as he arose to accompany them to the chamber of his son; and they immediately quitted the room.

"Dear Tanjore, I really cannot help looking at you," exclaimed

Lady Wyndham; "tell me, Wyndham, did you ever see any one more wonderfully grown?"

"Never, my love," uttered his Lordship; "and as to you, Fothersgill, I protest that you are a young man again."

"With a very old face, though," whispered Mary immediately to Ellen, which under any other circumstances would have produced a laugh beyond the power of concealment; but Ellen now gently answered, in a low voice,—

"For shame, Mary, is this a moment to indulge your wit at the expense of poor Fothersgill,—it is really most unfeeling, and highly improper."

Mary blushed deeply, and became silent and grave, fearful that Lady Wyndham was observing her, of whom she always stood in fear, and even more so since she had altered her condition.

Lord Wyndham had now entered into conversation with Fothersgill on the merits of Scotland, which the tutor pronounced to be one of the finest countries in the world. To which his Lordship replied,—

"One of the finest, I perfectly agree with you, Fothersgill, nor do you speak partially in declaring it to be such; it is the general opinion of all who have visited it, who are not blindly prejudiced in favour of their own, among which number was Dr. Johnson."

"So I should imagine, my Lord, from his very illiberal and ungenerous observations, which are, however, by no means appropriate or just," answered Fothersgill, at the moment that Mr. Trelawney again returned to the room.

"Dear Tanjore," uttered he, "I know you have been anxiously expecting me, and I hasten to inform you that your dear mother is better."

"And how is dear William, father?" cried Tanjore.

"Why he is certainly not worse," answered Mr. Trelawney; "your uncle Clarendale is now conversing with him, and will probably remain in his chamber all night, and it is the opinion of Dr. Starmer that he may continue better for some time; at all events he thinks that the morning will be a more favourable opportunity both for him and your mother to be informed of your arrival in Berkeley Square. You must make up your mind, therefore, my dear Tanjore, not to see either of them to-night."

"Sir, it is my duty to do whatever you shall think proper," cried

Tanjore; and after some little further conversation with his sisters, both him and Fothersgill, weary and oppressed, retired to their chambers.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Go then——if e'er we meet again, perhaps
"I may be worthier of you——and, if not,
"Remember that my faults, tho' not atoned for,
"Are ended! My sins have all been of the softer order.
"Hide thy tears! I do not bid thee not to shed them,
"But let me not behold them—they unman me?"

Never had the heart of Tanjore Trelawney suffered so deeply, as, in the lonely hour of almost midnight, he retired to his own chamber in his father's house, for the first time in his life, without being permitted to press the lips of the mother who adored him, or without seeing her whom his heart adored above all other beings in the earth's creation! Could Tanjore but have procured one glimpse of Emma, he thought that he should have been full content without speaking a sentence to her,—yet his father had denied him access to both, and Tanjore could not reconcile himself to these very rigid principles of duty and prudence. At a time when the messenger of death actually hovered over the pillow of his beloved brother, and his mother fancied that he was many miles distant from her fond expecting arms, he was desired to retire to his chamber for the night without so much as the privilege of approaching the place where she slept, fearful that the sight of him would discompose her. In short, Tanjore felt really angry with this system of conduct in his father, which, though it might spring from prudential motives, had certainly very little of affection in its composition, or so it seemed to Tanjore, and instead of going to bed, he sat, with his head reclined on a table, over a midnight lamp, ruminating over the deep and heavy afflictions which now hung so mournfully over the domestic happiness of his beloved relatives,—yet he could not allow the propriety of his father's refusing him the consolation even of beholding his mother, to whom he was conscious that he was dear beyond the power of expression; and to that mother he could not now appear, without the permission of his father or the physicians who attended her.

And to this complaint of Tanjore we must readily submit, and the

so greatly admired Trelawney, as he has ever proved himself to be in the course of this history, we must yet acknowledge to be in fault on the present occasion. There is a sort of what the world calls prudence, which should ever be found to yield to the softer and nobler quality of the human breast,—and that is affection. Very base and contemptible objects may be rigid in the performance of what is termed prudence—worldly prudence; but the term is so hated, that it were a pity that it is not abolished at once, for; alas! under this mask of prudence every softer, every dearer and more generous tie is absolved, and we sacrifice to prudence what even the God of Nature has desired us to pay to the sensibility of the heart. Under this impression of wordly consideration, or prudence, (so falsely denominated and erroneously termed,) the dearest friend we have on earth may breathe his last sigh in the arms of a stranger, or even a mercenary nurse, without our being permitted to approach him in that hour when he most requires our attendance, our friendship, our confidence, our consolation. If a female, we are told that it is indelicate; and if a male, that he cannot admit of females in this his last hour of earthly consolation; and though he wishes it, he is denied this last of earthly privileges, owing to the accursed practice of worldly prudence and worldly delicacy,—the mercenary nurse receives an imperfect sound of his last words, a stranger, by no means connected with him, hangs over the last struggle of mortal breath, and when he is senseless, and can no more answer their rapacious turns, the agonized heart which has so long mourned over his earthly sufferings is then permitted to behold the lifeless from, who can no longer be sensible of the affectionate solitude they have breathed towards him.

This of all other worldly customs is surely the most accursed, and the most unamiable in the eyes of the Author of our beings!

There is nothing indelicate in approaching the sick chamber of those we love! Our presence may greatly relieve, but it can never depress the spirits of the suffering invalid, nor should a friend ever be denied to visit the afflicted: it often proves more efficacious than can be offered by the best skill of the physician, and does more good than all the medicines which they can procure from their so long practiced and experienced college of learning altogether.

Would to heaven that the rules of delicacy were more followed, and more generally practised in other situations, by these very able,

learned and *delicate* practitioners of the healing art; but that it is not we could adduce innumerable instances, were it not entirely foreign to the purpose of this history. To let them into secrets hardly worth knowing would only be trespassing on their valuable time, therefore we will prudently dismiss the subject till some future opportunity.

Certain it was, however, that Mr. Tanjore Trelawney, as he mused over his midnight taper, had worked himself into no very pleasing humour with Dr. Starmer or Dr. Wilmot, both of whom he considered had debarred him from the happiness of seeing his mother, his brother William, and, lastly, his adored Emma; and, still angry with his father that he had permitted a ridiculous indulgence of their professional privileges, he mentally exclaimed,—

"My father does not love me, surely, as he loves the rest of his children;—I am always considered an intrusive object when I appear among them. Why then am I recalled from dear Scotia's vales? why am I then not banished in dreary and solitary exile, never more to molest their peace and happiness, if I am considered a bugbear only to their repose? Now I am come, my father fears that I shall awaken uneasiness in the mind of my mother, and that the sight of me will be injurious to my brother. Ah! unhappy, miserable Tanjore! why wert thou born only to create unhappiness around thee?"

No sooner had Tanjore concluded this apostrophe to his feelings, than a gentle tap at the door of his chamber aroused him from his meditations. He started at the sound, and believing that it was Fothersgill who had flown hither to console him, knowing him to be miserable and unhappy, he arose and cautiously unclosed it.

"Do you fear the presence of a female, Mr. Tanjore?" cried a soft voice, which he immediately recognized to be that of Mrs. Pelham; "if not, pray admit me; I wish to see and converse with you for a few minutes, and by the light in your chamber, concluded that you were not gone to bed."

Immediately the fair visiter was admitted, and greeted with the most cordial smiles, by the delighted Tanjore, who having placed her in a chair next to him, exclaimed,—

"Dear Mrs. Pelham, how happy I am to see you, and believe me that you never came at a moment more appropriate to sooth the anguish of my tortured feelings. I am expressly forbidden by my father to approach the chamber of my mother or my poor brother; there is something, I suppose, in my appearance that is to frighten

the whole family on my approaching them, and in this case I had better kept away,—do you not think so, my dear Madam?"

Mrs. Pelham heaved a deep sigh, while she answered,—

"Say not so, dear Mr. Tanjore, or you will be doing great injustice to those who very sincerely and truly love you, though they are not permitted to tell you so. Your dear mother, indeed, does not yet know that you are come, for Mr. Trelaney will not suffer any one to inform her of it, nor did I know of your arrival till within ten minutes ago."

"And who was your informant, then, Mrs. Pelham?" cried Tanjore, somewhat impatiently.

To which Mrs. Pelham replied,—

"Your sister Mary could not avoid letting the secret out, when she came to take leave of her brother William, along with Miss Ellen and Lady Wyndham, which has been their custom, by his own desire, ever since his confinement. He regularly wishes to see his sisters, and his mother and father, before they retire for the night, (poor dear young man,) with a presentiment, no doubt that it is the last time he will behold them in this mortal state of existence. Oh, Mr. Tanjore, you cannot imagine what a house of mourning this has been since your absence. Soon after you went away we had poor dear Miss Emma taken so sadly again, that she was obliged to go to Kenilworth for change of air; and when she began to recover, then your dear brother was suddenly attacked with this fatal illness, which was not thought so dangerous at first, as he grew better when Miss Emma was quite recovered, and went to Kenilworth frequently to see her; but on his last journey, Mr. Tanjore, he caught a severe cold: it settled on his chest and lungs, and, alas! is hourly consuming him. We had hopes till the day before yesterday, when he fainted successively, and it was then that the fatal truth was obliged to be communicated to your father by the physicians. There were more than five called in by the advice of Dr. Starmer, and they ultimately agreed that he could not survive many days.

"Think how we were all afflicted by this intelligence, Mr. Tanjore;—your poor father wept and sobbed like a child, and sent for Lord and Lady Wyndham, who have never since quitted Berkeley Square; then your poor dear mother and Miss Emma remained all this while unconscious of the fatal truth, Mr. Tanjore, which was doubly distressing to all parties. Your mother kept continually feeding herself

with the hope that he was better, and so did Miss Emma; for when Mr. William awoke from a deep slumber, into which he had fallen after the fainting fits, his cheeks were flushed with the highest crimson, his fine eyes sparkled with brilliancy, and his spirits were animated to a degree beyond what any one could have imagined. It was then that Mrs. Trelawney ran into the drawing-room, where your father, Lord Wyndham, and the physicians were sitting, and exclaimed,—

"'Dear Trelawney, our William is better,—congratulate me, dearest friends, my child will yet be spared to the prayers of his fond mother! He is awake, Dr. Starmer, no longer pale, but his complexion glows with the most rosy tints; he has been eating, too, —he has greedily devoured part of a chicken, and drank a glass of wine, and he is in such spirits! Oh, I am sure he will recover, Dr. Starmer,—you must not tell me that my William in worse——he is much better,—only come and look at him.'

"Now, Mr. Tanjore, there never was a more distressing moment for your poor father, for he had only a few hours received the confirmed opinion of your brother's case from the physicians; yet they immediately complied with the wishes of a fond mother—they accompanied her to the chamber of their patient, at whose altered appearance they neither expressed hope nor fear, but leaving her with her son, returned again to your impatient father, who exclaimed, with much anxiety,—

"'How is my boy?'

"To which Dr. Starmer mournfully answered,—

"'My dear Trelawney, endeavour to be composed, and I will then talk to you on a subject which it will be a very painful matter to break to Mrs. Trelawney. Let us for a few moments spare the anguish of a woman's and a mother's feelings;—you know not how distressing it is for me to reveal the truth on this melancholy occasion, but were I, from a false delicacy, to suffer you any longer to cherish hopes of your son, I should be acting unworthy of a friend or physician. To be plain, my dear Trelawney, the situation of your son now portends that a fatal crisis is progressively approaching, to avert which all human effort will be vain. The hectic flush on his cheek is no more than an access of the fever which is consuming him, and when it subsides, his spirits will sink as low as they now appear to be exhilarated; nay, perhaps they may be at-

tended with more unfavourable symptoms of the disorder. The present appearances are, I grieve to tell you, by no means a favourable symptom of this fatal disease; I would much rather have found him low and languid; however, we will take every precaution to keep him as quiet and as composed as possible to prevent a return of the access of fever, which he would have but little strength to support, nor will I permit any further conversation to be directed towards him,—he has already talked too much.'

"They were then joined by your dear mother, who, it seems, still flattered herself with the most sanguine hopes of your brother's recovery, and actually talked of it as a circumstance beyond doubt to Mr. Trelawney, often repeating,—'Now is not William much better, my dear Trelawney?'

"Well, Mr. Tanjore, you may very naturally suppose how exceedingly painful this conversation continued to be to your poor father; and on the following day, as appearances were not worse with your brother, Mrs. Trelawney still imagined that they were much better, and I shall never forget the moment when it was thought necessary that she should no longer be kept in ignorance of his danger.

"I was standing near the bed, Mr. Tanjore, and Miss Emma had just been giving your brother his medicine (for he has taken nothing but from her hand for a considerable time past,) and we thought that he had fallen asleep, every thing was so silent, and he seemed so quiet, when Miss Emma, approaching the bed and gently drawing the curtains aside, gave a faint scream and exclaimed,—

"'Oh, Mrs. Pelham, William is dead,— I am sure he does not breathe——run, fly for Dr. Starmer, and my uncle and aunt.'

"Dr. Starmer immediately examined him, and pronounced that he had only fainted; and while the usual remedies were applied, I ran to console your poor distracted mother; but, oh, Mr. Tanjore, it was not easy to pacify her, or convince her that your brother was yet alive. She fainted in the arms of Mr. Trelawney, and was that evening conveyed to the chamber almost insensible, in which she has remained ever since the fatal intelligence of your brother's danger has been communicated to her. All her inquiry is, when any one approaches her, 'Is my child dead?'—and when we answer her, she bursts into an agony of tears.

"Oh, Mr. Tanjore, it is heart-breaking to see her in this lamentable situation, though Dr. Starmer thinks she is much better and

more composed to night, and I pray Heaven that she may continue so, dear soul; she has yet much to encounter, for your poor brother cannot long survive, Mr. Tanjore; he grows weaker every hour now that the fever has left him. He has had no fever since yesterday morning, but does not appear quite so collected; his eyes, when they are open, are fixed only on the face of Miss Bradbury, and when he closes them, his lips softly murmur out her name."

The feelings of Tanjore were now wholly overcome at the affecting recital given him by Mrs. Pelham, but at this part of it he could no longer stifle his agonizing sensations, and he burst into a torrent of tears.

"Poor William!" uttered he, "poor William, would—would I could restore thee, my dear suffering brother, to thy Emma, whom thy faithful love has deserved. Would it were indeed in my power to give thee life, happiness, health,—or that I only were the sacrifice!"

"Hush! cease, for Heaven's sake, my dear Mr. Tanjore, do not talk so wildly," cried Mrs. Pelham; "it is not in mortals to give life or health, and it is much if they can give happiness; nor must you talk of sacrifices,—sacrifices to heaven! there can be none, since every moment of our lives employed in the service of our Heavenly Father is but then a faint image of our duty towards him, and the great debt of gratitude that we owe for the manifold blessings which his indulgent kindness showers upon us. It is not your life which can preserve your brother, nor can mortal hand arrest the blow;—however, it is very pleasing to see this tender tie of family affection preserved, even to the last hour of our frail existence; it is acceptable in the eyes of Heaven, Mr. Tanjore, and will no doubt meet with its merited reward."

Tanjore now longed most impatiently to hear if Mary had also told Emma of his arrival, and in what manner the lovely girl received the intelligence; but the extreme delicacy and propriety which he wished to preserve in all that respected his cousin, prevented him from even mentioning her name, or asking a question so natural.

But Mrs. Pelham, though she did not immediately guess at his thoughts, very soon spared his feelings all anxiety on this subject, by informing him that Miss Bradbury was the person who had sent her to communicate to him the real state of his brother William, and to say that his visit to him ought not to be deferred, as he had several times mentioned his name, and asked if his brother Tanjore was come.

"You astonish me, Mrs. Pelham," cried Tanjore, crimsoning deeply with resentment at his father; "if my brother made this inquiry, why was it not told to me before?—why did not my father tell me?"

"The inquiry which your brother made was not in the presence of your father," replied Mrs. Pelham; "be not so hasty;—it was only whispered to Miss Emma not five minutes ago, after which he fell into a gentle doze, and we are fearful of disturbing him."

"Who is with him besides my cousin Emma?" inquired Tanjore.

To which she replied,—"Your father, and uncle Clarendale; and Dr. Starmer is in the adjoining apartment with Lord Wyndham."

"Dear Mrs. Pelham, if he should ask for me again, hasten to me, lose not a moment,—my heart, though it should break, pants to behold my brother," cried Tanjore, sobbing violently: "My poor brother," how little did I think, when last we parted, to meet thee again stretched only on the bed of death."

"It is a most awful and affecting change indeed, Mr. Tanjore," cried Mrs. Pelham, "nor can it be reflected on too seriously, or be contemplated too deeply. I will now take my leave, not knowing how soon my services may be required; in the mean time I would recommend your endeavouring to obtain a few hours' rest,—you must be dreadfully fatigued, Mr. Tanjore, and it must be excessively dreary in this apartment, where you have not a soul to speak to; I thought, indeed, that you were not quite alone, and that I should have found you with a companion, in Fothersgill, who does not usually desert his friends on such occasions."

A deep blush overspread the countenance of Mrs. Pelham as she uttered this sentence, too perceptible to escape the observation of Tanjore, who had too high a respect for the character of his faithful tutor to suffer the slightest censure to be passed upon it; and he answered, somewhat warmly,—

"I can never be deserted by Fothersgill, Mrs. Pelham, though I may by all the rest of mankind! I have received too many proofs of his strong and unshaken fidelity towards me, to doubt even for a moment his real friendship and regard. He offered his services, when we retired for the night, to pass the whole of it in this chamber; but I would not listen to such a proposition. He is an old man, and was already exhausted with the fatigue of a journey which has been expedited in the course of only a few hours, and sleep will restore him,

though it could avail nothing to me; I cannot sleep while my mind is so anxiously disturbed for the repose of those far dearer to me than my own preservation."

Mrs. Pelham now softly retired, and left Tanjore to his no very pleasing meditations; and quickly as the morning light broke in through the windows of the chamber, he thought it a ceaseless and lingering while in coming. Thus are we biassed by circumstance and situation: we heed not the approaches of the winged messenger, (who nevertheless visits us with unremitting pace,) when the heart sits lightly on its throne; but when sorrow presses on our weary eye-lids, we listen to the quickly passing hours with dull and tedious melancholy, oft believing that he is tardy when he is actually swiftly flying o'er our heads with the most resistless fury.

Tanjore had trimmed his midnight taper several successive times since the departure of Mrs. Pelham, and wondered that he had occasion to do it so often; then he looked at his watch, and fancied that the hand stood still,—he wound it up again, heard the watchman faithfully repeat the hour, and thought that it was the longest night he ever remembered in the course of his existence. At length the day appeared. The sun arose, but Tanjore thought not with its usual brightness; there was a passing cloud which now and then obscured its lustre, and between whiles it looked dark and cheerless.

The first object that presented itself to Tanjore was Fothersgill still in his night cap, who exclaimed, on the first glance of the dreadfully harassed and perturbed countenance of his pupil,—

Mr. Tanjore, I stand amazed and horrified to see you."

"Why so, Fothersgill?" cried Tanjore, endeavouring to look as little oppressed by weariness as possible; and his tutor replied,—

"Why, Sir, it is very plain that you have not been through the sheets in the course of the whole night, nor do I believe that you have as yet taken your clothes off. Now I must needs say, Mr. Tanjore, that this is extremely wrong, imprudent, and ridiculous, as if the destruction of your own health could be beneficial at all to others. Upon my soul, Mr. Tanjore, I stand amazed at your folly; you must instantly take some refreshment, a dish or two of strong coffee, and then go to bed immediately. Come, I will assist you to undress."

"If you don't take your hands away, I shall presently knock you

down, Fothersgill," cried Tanjore, gently pushing his tutor to a distance, and attempting to force a smile; "as to my going to bed, it is all nonsense, and I shall not do any such thing, for if I go there I cannot sleep,—therefore let me hear no more on that subject; but I will take some coffee as soon as you please, for my head aches most intolerably."

"Well, well, I will do whatever you please," cried Fothersgill, eyeing the pallid looks of his dear young favourite with the most affectionate concern, "if you will promise to take care of yourself. My heart bleeds to see you thus, indeed it does, Mr. Tanjore; I could not sleep myself, but I found it necessary to go to bed, were it only to stretch my limbs, and I am sure yours must ache sadly."

"Not so much as my heart, Fothersgill," cried Tanjore, sighing deeply, while he informed his tutor of the visit of Mrs. Pelham, and what she had said to him respecting his brother; "and after that, you know, it was utterly impossible to sleep," added he.

In answer to which Fothersgill replied,—

"Why, I got up in the middle of the night myself, Mr. Tanjore, to see how matters were, and stole softly into the apartment where your father was sitting with Lord Wyndham and Dr. Starmer. I heard the voice of Miss Emma too, pretty soul; she always speaks softly, but now she only whispers, and I heard her say that your brother was sleeping soundly, at which Dr. Starmer exclaimed, 'So much the better, it will greatly refresh him; keep every thing as silent as possible, and on no account disturb him.'—So I took my leave of your father, and returned to my chamber again, Mr. Tanjore. It is not two hours ago, and as the house is so quiet, I hope that your brother is now enjoying undisturbed repose. Come, I shall go and send in some coffee; there is a light in the housekeeper's room, —I shall be all right when you see me again. In the mean time, that's a dear boy, lay down for one half hour; I protest that you have the appearance of a spectre, if such there be. Come, indulge your poor old-fashioned tutor for once in his whimsicalities, and I will comply with any of yours at another time."

"It does not matter whether I stretch my legs on the sofa or the bed, as I am not going to undress myself," cried Tanjore, throwing himself on a sofa which was placed near the window of his chamber; "so, to please you, this shall be my resting-place till you return to me again."

"Which shall be as soon as I can get some coffee prepared," answered Fothersgill. and immediately departed, the great clock in the hall responding the hour of six at the moment he quitted the chamber of Tanjore, by which time all the domestics had arisen, and were pursuing their several occupations in as orderly and as quiet a manner as possible.

Already was the breakfast in preparation to be carried into the Doctor's apartment at the usual hour, (seven o'clock,) so that Fothersgill had no difficulty in procuring the coffee, informing the housekeeper at the same instant that it was Mr. Tanjore Trelawney for whom he wanted it so immediately, as he had been sitting up in his chamber the whole of the night; at which Mrs. Evans expressed the greatest surprise, there not having been any immediate necessity for his so doing, while she exclaimed,—

"But that is exactly like Mr. Tanjore, Sir,—I do not think there is such another kind-hearted young gentleman in existence; when he thinks that any body is in pain, or looks unhappy, how anxiously does he inquire into the cause, and to know if he can do any thing to serve them."

"Mr. Tanjore has indeed a most excellent heart, Mrs. Evans," cried Fothersgill, always delighted to join in the praises of his young favourite.

"That he has, Sir," returned the housekeeper, pouring the coffee into a silver pot, while she placed it on a tray with some biscuits; "I shall never forget, when the coachman lost his wife and child last summer, with the scarlet fever, how kindly Mr. Tanjore went up to him in the hall, and spoke to him, at the same moment that he slipped some money into his hands:—'John,' cried he, 'I am very sorry to hear that you are labouring under some severe family distress, but we are all liable to the same misfortunes, and you must endeavour to bear them with fortitude;' and he added, seeing the tears start into poor John's eyes, 'Come, don't grieve, you are an old and faithful servant of my father's, John, and while you continue to merit his good opinion, he will always take care of you.' The sum that Mr. Tanjore then gave John was five guineas, Sir,—there was liberality for you."

The tutor acknowledged that it was a noble act of generosity and kindness of disposition, for which, from the days of his infancy, he had ever been remarkable.

The coffee was now taken in by Fothersgill himself, who would not allow of the attendance of a servant into the chamber of Tanjore, whom he found stretched on the sofa where he had left him; but his eyes, though heavy, were by no means inclinable to sleep.

"My dear Fothersgill, what trouble you have been giving yourself on my account," cried Tanjore, penetrated by the kind attentions of his old affectionate tutor beyond the power of expression.

"Indeed Mr. Tanjore, I have had but little trouble in the business," answered he; "the coffee was all ready made for the Doctor, who takes his breakfast early, and Mrs. Evans had only to put it into the pot. Edward would indeed have brought it up to your chamber, but I chose to be his substitute, unwilling that he should disturb you if you should have fallen asleep."

"You are excessively kind," cried Tanjore, immediately rising and helping himself to some coffee, from which, in a few minutes, he felt considerable relief. Still Tanjore was extremely anxious to hear of the state of his brother, what sort of a night he had passed, whether he had slept soundly, and if he might obtain permission of his father to enter the adjoining apartment to sit with him and Lord Wyndham.

"I should think," cried the tutor, very gravely, "that such a request could not reasonably be denied; however, finish your coffee and compose yourself, my dear Mr. Tanjore, and I will presently go and see. I dare say that your father is now stirring; he generally lays down in the course of the night, on a bed prepared for him."

But Tanjore's anxiety became every moment stronger, and in a few minutes Fothersgill complied with his request, returning almost instantly, with a countenance and manner extremely agitated.

"How is my brother?" demanded Tanjore; "will my father yet permit me to behold him?"

"Alas, Mr. Tanjore," cried Fothersgill, bursting into tears, "it is greatly feared that in a few minutes all will be over. He has fainted twice from excess of weakness since he awoke, and if he relapses, Dr. Starmer does not expect that he will be able to speak again; yet every one is under the necessity of stifling their emotions; not a word is spoken by any one, and scarce a sigh breathed that may reach his ear. Your father is almost speechless with grief, but he desires that you will attend him immediately. Now, my dear Mr.

Tanjore, endeavour to bear up amidst this distressing scene, and command your feelings as well as you can."

Tanjore uttered not a word, but suffered Fothersgill to take him by the arm and lead him into the presence of his father. Every soul was kneeling, save Emma and Dr. Starmer, who were stationed in the chamber of the dying William, as dying they now imagined that he was. Nothing more could be administered,—nothing more could be done,—and an awful and prophetic silence prevailed.

His eyes were closed, and his breathing was more gentle than usual. At length he faintly murmured,—

"Emma!" and she drew near,—"Emma," cried the expiring sufferer, "I am better; I am going to the land of spirits very quickly, but still I feel better than I did some hours ago;—call my father ——my mother is ill,—I know she cannot come; but where are my sisters, and my brother Tanjore? I must speak to Tanjore,—where is he?—hold him up to me that he may hear me."

"I am here, my brother," cried Tanjore, in a voice convulsed with emotion.

"Emma, you must come too," cried William, in a now firmer voice, and making an effort to raise his head, in which he was immediately assisted by the almost fainting girl; "there, that will do," uttered he; "Emma, my dearest, your hand,—it cannot now be William's, but it shall be Tanjore's. Take her, Tanjore,—she is the gift of a dying brother, to whom she was the only tie that bound him to existence. There,—there,—now I am happy. See, father, the angels that I dreamt of last night are beckoning me to come to them, and I am going! Tell my mother not to weep for William, and that I blessed her with my last breath——no,—no,—not my last ——" and he fixed his eyes on Emma, from whence they were never more removed till the hand of death gradually advanced, and gently sealed them up for ever.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"The loves of relatives in time wax weak,
"Vary with circumstance, or change to hate:
"But, oh! the bosom-friend, who choice did make
"Of thee, from the world's maidens, for his mate;
"His glow of fondness nothing could abate:—
"'Tis of myself and only thee I speak;
"For well I wot, 'twere worse than idle prate
"To say that marriage is a bliss to all,—
"The foolish and the bad that sweet cup drug with gall."

EMMA,—the poor, suffering tender-hearted, patient, and exhausted ıma, not only exhausted by the sufferings of the dear departed one, whose chamber she had faithfully and unremittingly watched for g, tedious and successive weeks, and whom she had never quitted a moment during all the painful stages of his disease, now sunk ler the last conflict, powerless and weak,—her tender and delicate ne was no longer proof to the struggling sigh breathed of mortal stence, and when fatally convinced that the sad scene was closed ever, and that the beloved object before her was indeed no more, could not stifle her feelings, so painfully and so long suppressed the apprehension of disturbing his expiring moments, and a lent hysteric affection ensued.

William had expired so gently, that he seemed only to slumber; hand to the very last had rested on hers, and it was not till she dually felt the icy perspiration of it on her own, that, looking at Starmer, she uttered a piercing shriek, and exclaiming, "He is ıe for ever!" fell instantly insensible into the arms of her uncle rendale, who was standing near the bed-side in hourly expecta- ı of hearing the last sigh of his expiring nephew. Mr. Trelawney only for a moment stepped into the adjoining chamber, wholly ıble to stifle the feelings of a father; and the delicate state of lth which Lady Wyndham was now in had greatly alarmed the rs of her husband, in whose arms she had fainted when she beheld last of her dying brother, and he was obliged to remove her in- ntly into the adjoining apartment, whither Mr. Trelawney, Ellen, Mary immediately followed; and, while the tears gushed invo-

luntarily from his own eyes, he softly whispered to his weeping children, who thronged around Lady Wyndham,—" My dear children, do not weep thus ;—see how it distresses your sister, who is so unwell ;—pray, pray endeavour to compose yourselves."

" I will, I will indeed, dear papa, if I can," cried Ellen, rubbing her sister's temples ; while Mary had crept to a corner of the room, not exchanging a word with any one, and though her little feeling and susceptible heart had just beheld a scene the most awful and solemn that her youthful eyes had ever yet witnessed, (her brother's death-bed,) yet the little pious creature never ceased to pray, and consoled herself with the reflection that her brother would feel no more pain, when he was carried up into Heaven by the angels that he said he had seen, and was going to ; for Mary had treasured up every word that she had heard William utter ;—she had seen him give her cousin Emma to her brother Tanjore ; and the innocent little creature (too young to search very deeply into the recesses of the human heart) began actually to rejoice that Emma would be her sister instead of her cousin—at the very moment that the piercing cry of Emma was heard to resound through the chambers, and too fatally proclaimed, by her distracting grief, that William was now no more !

Lord Wyndham instantly quitted the side of his trembling Alexina, and besought his father-in-law not to go in ; but Mr. Trelawney broke from his outstretched arms, and rushed into the chamber, now indeed of death.

Poor Emma was already in the arms of Dr. Starmer, and Fothersgill and Tanjore forcibly detained the distracted father from going near the bed, the curtains of which were immediately closed, and they led him instantly into the adjoining room, whither Emma was directly brought by Dr. Starmer, and laid on the sofa, where every proper means were taken for her recovery ; and perhaps it was the first sight which Mr. Trelawney caught of this suffering girl, which at all lessened the violence of his immoderate grief. In a voice convulsed by emotion, he exclaimed, while he grasped the hand of the worthy Doctor,—

" Save but that child," uttered he, while tears rolled expressively down his cheek, " save but that precious relic of poor lost William's affection, more precious now to me than language can express ! ten thousand times dearer to me than ever, and I will pray for, you, Starmer, as the guardian angel of my hopes, my happiness in this created world."

To which Dr. Starmer, considerably affected, and motioning him to silence, replied, in a soft whisper,—

"I will do all that is required, but, for God's sake, my dear friend, compose yourself, and set your children an example of fortitude in this trying hour;—I can do nothing while I see you so distressed. I must have Miss Bradbury immediately put to bed; she is completely worn out with mental suffering and bodily fatigue. Consider what she has endured,—her constitution is greatly injured, and there is nothing but quiet which will now avail. In the mean time let us instantly remove to another apartment: I will not suffer you to be here, Trelawney, a moment longer. Come, I must positively insist on being major-domo of your family, and of Lord Wyndham's too: Lady Wyndham must instantly retire,—she is by no means able to encounter the scenes here."

"Yes, I must go home," cried Lady Wyndham; "for, indeed, indeed, I feel very ill, Dr. Starmer; but pray let me see my dear mother———oh, let me but see my mother?"

"That I will not do at present, certainly, my dear Lady Wyndham: it cannot answer any purpose, for we shall have enough to do with Mrs. Trelawney;—for your own sake be cautious," cried the Doctor.

"My dearest girl, pray be advised by Dr. Starmer," cried her father, affectionately taking her hand, and kissing her cheek; "I will see you, my love, when I am more composed: but go, my Alexina, —your delicate situation, by staying in Berkeley Square, will only expose you to great conflicts, and can avail your mother nothing, while it may bring on consequences dangerous to yourself."

"Will you, my dearest, now be persuaded?" cried Lord Wyndham, tenderly approaching her; and his Lordship's carriage was immediately ordered, without a dissenting word.

But Lady Wyndham did not leave her father's house without kissing the pale cheek of poor Emma, who had been immediately conveyed to her own chamber, and was now in bed, with Mrs. Pelham watching in her apartment, all access being denied by the Doctor to any one beside. Emma was sensible when Lady Wyndham approached her, but her voice was so tremulous and weak, that she could hardly bid her farewell; nor was her Ladyship much better, when her Lord conducted her to the carriage, which had been drawn up to the door in the most gloomy silence, all the windows of the house being nearly closed.

The melancholy tidings having been already spread in the neighbourhood, by whom the name of Trelawney was adored, there was not a tradesman who did not manifest his respect and grief on the present occasion, many of whom had actually closed part of their shutters as soon as the death of Mr. William Trelawney had reached their ears; and many went to the house in consequence, to inquire of the porter after the state of the health of this amiable family, thus testifying their most unfeigned and sincere regret for the domestic calamity which their benevolent and kind patron was labouring under.

As to the domestics, there was not an eye dry, nor a heart that did not deeply mourn at the death of their beloved young master, and sympathize in the sorrows of their amiable master and mistress; and though Tanjore had in many respects been a greater favourite than his brother, on account of his more open disposition, and frank ingenuousness of manners, yet William Trelawney had never been a niggard with his father's servants, and, having it more in his power, had very liberally rewarded them on several occasions. But his own valet had most cause to lament the untimely death of his beloved young master; and the grief of poor honest Christopher was so great, that he was many days confined to his chamber in consequence, which Mr. Trelawney was no sooner made acquainted with than he desired that every care and attention might be shown to him, and said that when he was better he would speak to him.

Five days had now elapsed since the death of her beloved son, and still Mrs. Trelawney was unacquainted with the fatal catastrophe, though she had probably guessed it from the sorrowful countenances of those who surrounded her.

She had inquired for Emma, and was told that she was confined to her chamber. She next asked for Alexina, but was informed that Lady Wyndham was at her residence in South Audley Street, too unwell to go abroad.

"Then where is Tanjore?" cried Mrs. Trelawney; "and where is my husband?"

"My father and brother Tanjore are both ill, indeed, dear mamma," said Ellen, who was sitting beside her, with Mary, whose eyes were both red with weeping. "Poor papa has been so sadly —and so is brother Tanjore; and sister Alexina was so ill when she went away, that Dr. Starmer said she must keep herself so quiet,—

and then she wanted to see you, mamma, so sadly: but Dr. Starmer would not let her."

"It is very strange that neither your father nor Tanjore told me a word about this yesterday," cried Mrs. Trelawney, looking at Mrs. Clarendale,—"Mary, why did you not tell me that Emma was ill, and my poor Alley too? and yet none of you would tell me.—And how is William?——tell me, Mary, how is my poor boy?"

Mrs. Clarendale was silent; and Mary and Ellen could now scarcely conceal their flowing tears from their mother, who repeated,

"Mary, how is William?"

To which Mrs. Clarendale at length falteringly replied,—

"Dearest Rosa, compose yourself, but do not ask me these distressing questions. William is——not——worse——and I am sure he is quite relieved from pain."

The fatal truth now flashed at once on the heart of the adoring mother, and she exclaimed,—

"He is dead!——yes, I know that my William is dead, and none of you will in pity tell me when he departed. Oh, Mary, wherefore do you weep, when I, his mother, cannot shed one tear to ease my bursting heart? Ah, I saw that my Trelawney was sadly changed, and his poor eyes were full of heaviness and grief! My Tanjore, too, could scarcely speak without tears!——Well, well, the will of Heaven be done! My dear child was spotless, in the possession of every good and gentle virtue, nor harmed he mortal; and he is now in the bosom of angels——yet——yet——I feel I am a mother, and know how to bear the separation which but for a transitory space of time is placed between us.——I shall meet him again, Mary!—I shall see my William again fresh in unsullied beauty!—He will know his mother——yes,—let me hope that he will be permitted to know the mother who so dearly loved him.——My Emma, too,—what has she suffered—what has she undergone for William's sake? Ah, no doubt but she is sadly worn, dear girl! Her gentle frame sinks under conflicts so great, and perhaps I shall lose her too."

"No, dearest Rosa, indulge not in such tears," cried Mrs. Clarendale, who greatly apprehended, from the increasing languor and paleness of the countenance of Mrs. Trelawney, that she would now speedily relapse into those dreadful hysteric faintings to which she had lately been so frequently subject, since her knowledge of her

To which Mr. Trelawney, now almost overwhelmed by the excess of his feelings, replied,—

"Oh, my beloved son, there is no request of yours that your father will not remember, that he will not treasure in his heart, that he will not for ever cherish,—for ever love—for ever res——" Nature was too powerful in a father's breast,—tears rushed to the eyes of Mr. Trelawney,—he hurried from the chamber of his dying child into the adjoining apartment, fell on the neck of Lord Wyndham, and sobbed aloud.

William lived nearly a week after these affecting requests were made; and, after his decease, his father hastened to fulfil every wish of the dear departed one, summoning Christopher as early to his presence as propriety and delicacy would possibly permit; but it was a considerable time before either of them could utter a word. They both of them applied their handkerchiefs to their eyes. At length, Mr. Trelawney, in low and faltering accents, informed him that it had been the wish of his beloved master that he should follow his remains to the grave.

Poor Christopher, now wholly overcome, wept audibly; and after receiving some further instructions from Mr. Trelawney to hold himself in readiness, as the funeral would set out for Kenilworth in two days from the present time, from Berkeley Square, he suffered the poor fellow to depart, to indulge in those feelings of natural sensibility which he had not the power to restrain.

And now it may be necessary to inquire into the feelings of poor Tanjore, who had sustained as severe a conflict as any of them, and a thousand times more delicate, because it was in the presence of an object whom he adored, but to whom he had as yet not ventured to address a sentence, fearful of offending those feelings he felt it his duty to honour and respect; nor had he, since the death of his beloved brother, once availed himself in the slightest degree whatever of those privileges which with his dying lips he had bestowed on him; and he was determined never to put Emma in mind of this contract, so solemnly ratified and sealed in the sight of heaven, if she herself was not inclined to consider it in the serious light it was intended. Emma's hand was given him by his expiring brother, but Emma had not given it to him herself; and till she showed a willingness to do so, he resolved never to breathe a sentiment or a wish of that beating heart which she had long known she alone was in the pos-

session of,—he would never repeat his brother's words, if they were not sufficiently engraven on her memory to be put in mind of them.

But though the lips of Tanjore were sealed in silence, his eyes were not equally to be kept under command; and they had wandered, with the most fond anxiety and tender solicitude, over the beauties of that lovely form, which had undergone a most alarming change since he had last beheld it. There was not a vestige of that clear and almost transparent delicacy of complexion for which Emma was so remarkable; but the hue of sickness and languor hung trembling on her beauteous features, as if the rose never was intended again to mantle on her lovely cheek. Her lips, too, once fresh as the roseat morn, were pale and colourless; and her eyes were sunken and languid;—it is true, they had still an expression of their wonted sweetness and sensibility; but even her lovely smile was so melancholy, that Tanjore turned with suppressed agony from the form of the sweet suffering maid, as he viewed her hanging over his dying brother, believing that she would be reckless of her own life if William could be spared.

Nor had the health of Emma been alone impaired, by her long and watchful attendance in the sick chamber of poor William, for Tanjore saw in her the victim of long-cherished grief which had rankled in her tender heart, and had preyed on her lovely form till it sickened and decayed; and left for a few moments alone one morning with Dr. Starmer, he ventured to express his fears of the very impaired state of his cousin's health, hoping that the worthy Doctor would forgive the fears of an affectionate relative.

Dr. Starmer, well aware what sort of anxiety poor Tanjore was suffering for Emma, admired the delicacy which induced him to conceal it under existing circumstances, and not appearing to notice the warm ingenuous blush which had mounted to the face of the amiable Tanjore, the worthy Doctor, pressing his hand most cordially, pronounced the following words:—

"Why, I protest, my dear Mr. Tanjore, that had it not pleased the will of Providence to have put a climax to the sufferings of this lovely, amiable, and patient girl, I could have given but little hopes of any amendment in the state of her health, which was daily falling a sacrifice to her strong sense of duty. Miss Bradbury has been on the whole a much greater sufferer than your brother,—he, poor fellow, had only to sustain bodily infirmities, which I grant were bad enough; but

Miss Bradbury had mental ones, the grief and suffering of the mind, for which there is scarce a remedy; and had your brother lived, Mr. Tanjore, it is my firm opinion that your lovely cousin would never have been his bride; for death would have cropped the lovely flower long e'er the sun had smiled on such a day. We physicians have sometimes the power to cure fevers, Mr. Tanjore, but he must be a very clever and ingenious fellow who can effect a radical cure of the fever of the heart, which was the disease of my lovely young patient, of which I now hope she will in due course of time recover, with a little assistance from a certain quarter, which shall at present be nameless; and now, my dear boy, let this be a sufficient hint to you that I do not imagine the situation of Miss Bradbury to be either quite so dangerous or so hopless as your fears suggest. Poor little girl! she has suffered much, with such patient and uncomplaining sweetness and heroic fortitude as I never knew another female to do, though twice her age."

The worthy Doctor and Tanjore now separated, the former gratified that he had relieved the mind of his young friend from the alarming apprehensions he sustained on Emma's account, and the latter transported at the conviction that the heart of Emma had never been estranged from him, and though she had consented to have become the wife of his brother, yet it was her duty and not her will would have complied.

To these thoughts, however pleasing, Tanjore put a check, for that poor brother was still a lifeless corpse in his father's house, and severely did Tanjore reprobate the indulgence of those feelings he felt that he ought to have suppressed, which nothing but the apparently dangerous state of Emma's health had been the means of conjuring up to his imagination.

It was the intention of Mr. Trelawney not to permit the disclosure of William's last requests to be made known to any one till after the funeral obsequies had taken place, because he wished to see whether affection alone guided the general grief which prevailed, so that not even Christopher knew the generosity of his master's kind marks of friendship towards him, which was extended to the last hour of his existence; neither did any of his sisters know that their poor brother had been mindful of them even in the parting hour.

Fothersgill was a man of few words, but his conduct on this melancholy occasion clearly proved to Mr. Trelawney the gratitude the faith-

ful tutor evinced to the worth of his departed pupil; for Fothersgill, each successive night, contrary to the wishes of his patron, had watched by the remains of Mr. William Trelawney, which were now removed to the grand saloon, which was at once the most splendid and spacious apartment in this elegant and magnificent mansion; and in this melancholy duty which the old tutor chose to pay to his departed pupil, sometimes Christopher bore a part.

There was only one day which now intervened for the removal of the beloved body to Kenilworth, and this was, perhaps, the most trying one, except the day that he departed, to the feelings of the afflicted family of Mr. Trelawney; and the solemn and affecting scene of this day may be better conceived than described. Not an eye appeared but was red with weeping, not a heart but was softened into the tenderest sympathy, to behold the silent but expressive grief of the fond father, now on the morrow to resign his first-born to the cold earth which was to shroud him for ever from all mortal sight; and on the evening previous to this awful ceremony, Mr. Trelwaney could bear no conversation with any one save his beloved wife,—with her he spent many hours, nor could he refuse her pressing entreaties to see her beloved child, while yet he remained in the house.

"To-morrow, you know, I cannot see him, Trelawney," cried Mrs. Trelawney, "for he will be———" She burst into tears,—and then recovering, fearful that her request would be denied, she added, "Mary and my brother Henry will go with me,—I do not want you to go with me, Trelawney."

"Indeed, but I will not suffer you to go without me," cried Trelawney, viewing her agitated countenance with some alarm; "nor shall you go now, Rosa, if you do not faithfully promise me to command your feelings."

"I will,—I will,—indeed I will, Trelawney," cried Mrs. Trelawney, immediately rising from her chair; "let me go now. Henry, give me your arm, and yours, Trelawney. Mary, you must go too."

Meanwhile Mrs. Clarendale, who had thrown a shawl round Mrs. Trelawney, whispered in the ear of Trelawney,—

"'Tis in vain to oppose her, and this is the best opportunity; she had better be indulged,—it will soon be over."

Thus supported between her husband and her brother, Mrs. Trelawney was led to the apartment which contained all that was earthly

of her first-born child, whose birth had once been proclaimed by the most transporting sensations by her, and hailed with rapture by his fond father.

It was approaching to the dusky shades of the evening, and already was the room lighted up with wax candles, and the shutters closed.

In the centre of this spacious apartment was a bier, which supported the superbly-decorated coffin of the deceased, the lid of which bore the inscription of his name, his age, and the date of the time he had departed; and it was partially unclosed at the moment that Mr. Trelawney knocked softly at the door.—Fothersgill was seated in a chair at the head of the coffin, and Christopher at the foot: they were both engaged in pious meditation, and when they beheld the personages who surprised them, they respectfully retired to a distance.

Mr. Henry Clarendale was the first to break the awful and prophetic silence which prevailed, and, approaching his beloved and now trembling sister, he whispered, in low and faltering accents,—

"Now, Rosa, are you prepared to meet this last trial of a mother's feelings?—if not, my beloved sister, instantly retire."

"I am,—I am, Henry," cried Mrs. Trelawney, in a voice almost convulsed, "I am prepared, or why did I come hither? Trelawney, I will go with Henry to look at my dear child,—you stay with Mary;" and she gave her hand to her brother, who held her firm in his grasp, fearful that this scene would wholly overpower her.

Mr. Clarendale now led Mrs. Trelawney close to the bier, and gently laid the lid of the coffin aside, which disclosed the inanimate, but still calm and placid features of the departed William. A smile, a heavenly smile sat serenely on that countenance, which never in life had been ruffled by a frown: it was a semblance of the temple of virtue in which that mind once dwelt; it was a reflecting mirror of the pure, spotless, and blameless life which he had led; and though he slumbered in the arms of death, yet no gloom sat on his still fair open brows. But, oh! as the mother gazed, like one entranced, almost motionless in her brother's arms, one burst of nature struggled to escape from her heaving bosom, and she wildly exclaimed,—

"Oh, let me kiss those pale dear lips!—oh, let me but touch that clay-cold hand! In vain, Henry, you hold me from him——I am his mother, and I have pressed those lips a thousand and a thou

sand times, and shall I not kiss them now? When he was born, no cherub looked so freshly———oh, William, William, my darling William,—gone——gone for ever!"

Mrs. Trelawney had now gazed her last, for the very moment that she came in contact with the icy hand of her lifeless child, she screamed and fainted, and was immediately carried out of the apartment, when she continued for two hours in her usual alarming way, which was no matter of astonishment to Dr. Starmer, who declared that he expected such would be the case, and blamed Mr. Trelawney for permitting her this indulgence.

"I must now positively lay an embargo on all future access to that apartment, except by yourself and son," cried the worthy Doctor, "or I shall presently have Miss Bradbury and Lady Wyndham doing the same thing. It can answer no purpose whatever but that of increasing the agitation of both these parties, and they are both invalids."

In consequence Mr. Trelawney immediately ordered Fothersgill to admit no one into that apartment without his permission, nor was any such permission given or required, for Tanjore had frequently been with Fothersgill and Christopher during their night watches, and Lord Wyndham had visited the apartment several times; Mrs. Pelham, too, had taken both Ellen and Mary to take their last farewell of the remains of their beloved brother; and all the domestics had been permitted a similar indulgence:—all, but Emma and Lady Wyndham, and this Dr. Starmer peremptorily refused.

At eleven o'clock the ensuing morning, the funeral procession was to take place, and the whole of the house was closed at an early hour. None but the mourners and the persons employed on the mournful occasion could possibly gain admission, and although there was an immense crowd of personages without the doors, there were none admitted within.

All was profoundly silent, and not a domestic was allowed to stand in the hall during the order of the procession, which was as follows:—

A hearse, drawn by six horses, richly caparisoned with plumes of white feathers, the hearse superbly decorated with the same, and mutes preceding it with white hatbands; six mourning coaches: in the first of which were the chief mourners, Mr. Trelawney and his son; in the second, Lord Wyndham and Dr. Starmer; in the

third, Dr. Wilmot and Mr. Fothersgill; the fourth contained Christopher alone; and the fifth and sixth, the two gentlemen, apothecaries, who were desired to attend. After the mourning coaches came Mr. Trelawney's carriage, then Lord Wyndham's, then Dr. Starmer's, and lastly Dr. Wilmot's, the coachman and footmen to each all with white hatbands.

Mr. Henry Clarendale, in order to be ready for the melancholy office he had to perform at Kenilworth, was under the necessity of setting off at a late hour the preceding evening, that he might be collected for the solemn and affecting scene he had to go through, as also to give such directions as would be necessary when the whole of the procession should arrive at Kenilworth.

The whole of Berkeley Square was now thronged with innumerable spectators, all the windows of the houses thrown up, and the most general anxiety prevailed. When the coffin was put into the hearse, there was a pause of some moments, and a considerable time elapsed before the mourners followed, which it appears was owing to the general grief, which was now testified in the loudest acclamations, bursting from the bosoms of this afflicted family, at the time that the beloved body was for ever departing from that mansion in which it had first beheld the light.

All the domestics, habited in the deepest mourning, now ran to the door to see the last of their beloved young master; and when the procession moved, slow and solemn, from Berkeley Square, there were many of the spectators seen deeply to sympathize in the sorrows of Mr. Trelawney. With slow and tottering steps he was supported to the carriage by his faithful servants; and Tanjore followed, scarcely able to command his feelings any more than his beloved father.

In short, it was a day which was long remembered in the neighbourhood of Berkeley Square,—as a memento that it is neither wealth nor splendour, nor exalted birth, can procure us one moment's longer continuance in our frail and earthly tenement than the hand of a superior and unerring power directs; for he that was possessed of all these—died."

Meanwhile the funeral procession moved slowly on, and arrived at Kenilworth at a much earlier hour than was expected by Mr. Henry Clarendale, whose residence was close to the church; and, long before they reached the place of destination, the road on each side

was thronged with spectators, not merely from a motive of idle curiosity, but from real and genuine sympathy of the grateful inhabitants of Kenilworth. The name of Trelawney was known and respected by them all; and they who had so lately beheld the son of their patron fresh in blooming health and beauty, could not now behold his beloved remains without shedding many a heartfelt tear.

For nearly a quarter of an hour the cavalcade halted at the door of Mr. Clarendale; and Sedley and Lucy were seen at the windows overwhelmed with sorrow. Mr. Clarendale received the mourners from their respective carriages, who partook of a very slight refreshment, and then proceeded to the church, whither Mr. Clarendale and Sedley had walked before them; and when they arrived he had put on his clerical gown, and slowly ascended the pulpit, when he most impressively read the funeral prayers, during which no eye but was moistened with a tear; and in many parts his own feelings were audibly affected. It was surely of all others the most painful task which could be assigned to him, yet he felt it his duty to perform it; but when they approached the grave now open to receive the beloved William, close to that of his sister Rebecca, whose name still legibly appeared, the voice of Mr. Clarendale trembled, and every nerve shook with agitation when he uttered the solemnly affectings words, "Our dear brother here departed." Tears—unbidden tears—gushed from every eye; and Mr. Trelawney was then obliged to have recourse to the assistance of Dr. Starmer to support him, for he could no longer support himself.

At length the painful and awful ceremony was concluded, amidst the tears, the sobs, the heartfelt grief of the deeply afflicted relatives, and the sympathizing sorrows of the surrounding spectators.

William Trelawney was now consigned to the appointed spot his last wishes had selected for his mortal remains to repose in; but the immortal part—the glorious and immortal part—was in the bosom of his Heavenly Father, receiving the merited reward of a life passed in the exercise of virtue, filial love, piety, innocence, and truth.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Have angels sinned?—and shall not man beware?
"How shall a son of earth decline the snare?
"Not folded arms, nor slackness of the mind,
"Can promise for the safety of mankind.—
"None are supinely good;—through care and pain,
"And various arts, the steep ascent we gain.
"This is the scene of combat, not of rest;
"Man's is laborious happiness at best:
"On this side death his dangers never cease;
"His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace."

Not all the persuasions of Mr. Clarendale, united to the affectionate entreaties of Lucy and Sedley, could prevail on Mr. Trelawney to stay an hour in Kenilworth after the melancholy ceremony was over. Anxiety for the feelings of his beloved wife was a greater consideration at the present moment than any earthly one beside; and though Dr. Starmer suggested the propriety of his staying all night at the Hermitage, yet he would not listen to a word uttered on the subject, though never had the worthy physician seen his beloved friend so greatly exhausted by internal agitation, which, having been so long suppressed in the bosom of his afflicted family, now had operated the more forcibly on his mind and feelings.

At length, Mr. Clarendale, though he could ill be spared from the respective duties of his situation, was compelled to return with him again to the metropolis, which was accomplished in a much less distance of time than when they had set out on the mournful occasion; and, the moment they arrived in Berkeley Square, the gloomy cavalcade was instantly dismissed, and Mr. Trelawney, more exhausted by mental sufferings than even by bodily fatigue, was received by Lady Wyndham at the door of the drawing room. She was excessively shocked at the appearance of her beloved father, who was even supported to a chair by Fothersgill, and obliged to take a glass of water before he could utter a word, and then he tremulously exclaimed,—

"Your mother, my child!—speak, how is your dear mother?"

To which Lady Wyndham, pressing her father's hand to her lips, instantly replied,—

"Indeed she is much more composed than any of us dared to hope she would have been after your departure to Kenilworth, from which we did not expect you would have returned so soon; but you are ill, my dear father, indeed you are very ill,—pray take some refreshment; or retire to your chamber, and I will send you some immediately."

Dr. Starmer now added his entreaties to those of his daughter that he would instantly go to bed.

Lady Wyndham is giving you excellent advice, and let me prevail on you to follow it, my dear Trelawney," cried the worthy Doctor.

"What! before I have seen my wife?" cried Mr. Trelawney.

"Most assuredly; I would by no means have you converse with Mrs. Trelawney to-night," replied Dr. Starmer; "you hear that you are not expected home to-night;—be persuaded, then, my dearest friend, and to-morrow you will be more collected."

Mr. Trelawney now took the advice of his friends, and retired with Tanjore; but it was not till successive weeks had elapsed before this amiable family were at all reconciled to the affecting loss they had sustained; and there were times when the memory of the dear departed William was held in such sacred remembrance by Mr. Trelawney, that he could not converse even with his most intimate friends.

Time, however, imperceptibly draws a veil over events which have been marked by the peculiar hand of destiny; and there is no affliction which it sends that it does not assist human fortitude to sustain, nor is there any thing but a consciousness of guilt alone which can render man miserable for life.

All the requests of the departed William were faithfully complied with by his father, with respect to the bequests he had made to his relatives, and every wish that he had expressed was conscientiously and fondly remembered, and punctually performed, a very short time after his demise; and Christopher had his choice, either to remain in the service of Mr. Trelawney or be provided for in any other capacity, to which was added an annuity for the residue of his life.

"Let me remain with you, then, Sir," said Christopher, "and prove my gratitude to the end of my existence. I should never be happy if I lived out of your family, and, so please you, permit me to end my days in it."

"So be it, honest Christopher," cried Mr. Trelawney, much af-

fected by the grateful attachment which the poor fellow had evinced to the memory of his beloved master; "you shall remain with me at present in the capacity you did with my beloved son, and when I go to India I will then make you my steward. I shall still require the services of Watkins in that capacity during my absence from England, and this situation will be open for you while I continue there."

The astonishment of Christopher, on hearing this intelligence, could only be equalled by his gratitude for the high place of office to which he was assigned; and he exclaimed,—

"To India, Sir!—and are you then going to India?"

"In a very few months, Christopher," replied Mr. Trelawney; "Not I alone;—but the whole of my family (Lord and Lady Wyndham excepted) will accompany me. I have business of high importance to transact in that country, and it cannot be done by agency; it is therefore necessary that I should appear personally. Change of scene and change of climate is absolutely desirable, in the gloom which the death of my poor boy has created in the minds of his afflicted relatives; and as it is also strongly recommended for the restoration of Mrs. Trelawney's health, I do not know of a more prudent plan to effect this change, than by removing them for a short time from this country."

Of course, this answer being perfectly conclusive of the fixed intentions of Mr. Trelawney, Christopher did not presume to interrogate him further on the subject, but bowed respectfully and retired.

It is most certain that this plan had long been projected and seriously talked of by Mr. Trelawney, ever since he had received letters from his correspondents in India; for he had still large possessions there, which, by the death of his principal agent, he was now called upon personally to arrange; Trelawney Castle being entirely unoccupied, with the plantation which belonged to it, and which Mr. Trelawney now intended to dispose of, and settle the whole of his property in England. On these intentions he had consulted with his amiable son-in-law Lord Wyndham, and Dr. Starmer, who protested that he could not have adopted a wiser resolution than in this change of climate; a change would speedily be effected on the minds and feelings both of Mrs. Trelawney and Miss Bradbury, whose constitutions had been so greatly impaired by recent events and mental sufferings.

"As to the latter of these ladies, you well know my sentiments

on that head, dear Trelawney," cried the Doctor; "I proposed to you, some months ago, a change of climate, as the only restorative likely to amend the health of this dear little delicate creature."

"You did, dear Starmer," answered Mr. Trelawney, "and I have ever since been brooding on what you remarked, though I dared not hint it to Rosa."

"Nor need you," replied the Doctor; "you need not hint it to any body, that I know of, except the present company; but I positively do say again that Emma Bradbury is consumptive, and if she continues much longer in this country she will be more so."

"Why, I will own that I have sometimes thought so myself," said Lord Wyndham; "for the dear girl is but a shadow of that lovely form which once glowed in bloom and beauty."

It may very naturally be imagined, that, after this unreserved conversation with his two most dear and confidential friends, that Mr. Trelawney very soon proposed to his beloved wife that she should accompany him in his voyage to India.

"What! and our children too?" cried Mrs. Trelawney, a little impatiently.

"Yes, my love, our children too," answered Mr. Trelawney, and smiled.

"*All* our children?" repeated she again; "Tanjore!—does Tanjore go to India with us, Trelawney?"

Mr. Trelawney hesitated; but, marking the melancholy expression which had taken possession of the features of his beloved Rosa, at length replied,—

"I will own, my dear, I had other views for Tanjore, and I wished him to travel for one or two years. You know I had proposed to your brother that his cousin Sedley should accompany him;—poor Sedley is almost a recluse,—the dear boy has set his mind on this; he bears in memory the promise his uncle gave him, and I am bound to perform it. But I will not make my Rosa uncomfortable,—Tanjore shall go with us to India, and Sedley too, if my Rosa wishes it. Say that you will but smile, say that you will but be happy, and every wish of yours shall be gratified."

Rosa did smile, but it was only through her tears; and as her fond husband kissed them off, she acknowledged that she must be the most ungrateful of all earthly creatures if she was not happy with such a man.

The fact was, that since the death of poor William Mrs. Trelawney dreaded to part with now her only son, Tanjore, of whom she was more passionately fond than ever; and whenever his father talked of the projected tour with him and his cousin Sedley, she desponded of ever seeing him again.

Twice had Lady Honoria, and even the Duke of Belmont, written to invite him again to Dumfairling Castle; but his mother would not suffer him to leave her, and Mr. Trelawney was under the necessity of informing them of the cause.

Meanwhile, in private, Mr. Trelawney had several conversations with Tanjore on the subject, not that he ever suspected that Tanjore had a passion for the lovely daughter of his noble friend,—he knew well where the affections of Tanjore were fixed, but he began to imagine, from their pressing entreaties, that the beautiful Jean had conceived an attachment towards his son; and one evening, as they sat alone, Mr. Trelawney began to interrogate Tanjore thus, while he held the letter of Lady Honoria Belmont open in his hand, reading aloud the following paragraph:—

"Our Jean, too, greatly laments the absence of our dear Tanjore. You cannot conceive, Trelawney, what delightful companions they were for each other: I have seen them from my window, bounding over the mountains like two gamesome kids together, as sportive and as harmless;—Jean told her simple Scottish tales, and sometimes sang them; and Tanjore dwelt delighted on the sound, and confessed that her voice was melodious as the soft nightingale, when at dewy eve she pours forth her song of tuneful melody."

"Well, my boy, this was pretty well, I think," cried Mr. Trelawney, smiling, while he gazed at the crimson blush which now tinted highly the cheeks of Tanjore, during the time that his father was reading aloud this paragraph; "and if you made no other confession to the lovely Jean while you heard her sing so enchantingly, I wonder, since you already confessed so much.

"You would not wonder if you had felt then, father, what I did," cried Tanjore, with a look so full of ingenuousness and native truth, that Mr. Trelawney could no longer be mistaken in its meaning, and remained silent, watching progressively each varied turn in one of the most expressive and animated countenances (except his beloved Rosa's) in the whole world, while Tanjore continued,—"I am sure that I venerate and respect the character of dear Lady Honoria

as much as I do my own mother's, yet if my mother had written so much, I would certainly have condemned her."

"And why, Tanjore?" exclaimed Mr. Trelawney.

"Because, father, Lady Honoria has written that which is not true," cried Tanjore, fearlessly; "indeed it is not true. I never gazed upon Lady Jean Belmont but with the eyes of friendship; I hailed her virtues with respect, with admiration; and I listened to her voice as I would have listened to the voice of the nightingale, and that I thought she sung melodiously is also most certain,—that I confessed it, too, in the presence of Lady Honoria, is true, as far as I can now recollect, and so I would have done had it been the voice of one of my sisters."

"Wherein then has Lady Honoria departed from truth?" cried Mr. Trelawney; "and why are you so warm on the subject?"

To which Tanjore instantly replied,—

"It is because Lady Honoria herself has expressed her sentiments too warmly on the subject; and it is an insinuation (at least I receive it as such) that if you are at all inclined to believe I feel it my duty to correct. I will acknowledge, that the very first moment I beheld the lovely daughter of the Duke of Belmont, I thought her the most beautiful female I had ever yet seen; and on a more intimate acquaintance with her, I discovered that her mind was equally lovely as her beautiful person, and I certainly both respected, admired, and was at times peculiarly charmed with the manner and conversation of Lady Jean; but when the day was departed, father, and I slumbered on my pillow, I saw not the lovely Jean in my dreams,—I heard a voice in soft and gentle murmurs whisper the name of Tanjore, but it was not the voice of the daughter of the Duke of Belmont that I listened to, nor was it the form of Jean that visited the slumbers of Tanjore."

Never had Mr. Trelawney been so charmed with the ingenuous character of his amiable son as he was at this moment, and in justice to the honour of his feelings, he felt obliged to acknowledge that Lady Honoria had gone a little too far in describing the sentiments with which the charms of her beautiful niece had inspired the heart of Tanjore; but he could not bear the slightest reflection to be passed on the purity of the intentions of this highly-respected and amiable lady, and after a few moments' pause, ventured to add,—

"But it may be possible, Tanjore, that our amiable friend may

have mistaken the nature of your sentiments for her charming niece. Your attentions, perhaps, to so lovely an object may have been construed into more than friendship: if so, we must forgive Lady Honoria for forming conclusions so very natural at Lady Jean's age and yours, which are nearly similar."

"Oh, father, there are existing circumstances which render that conclusion absurd, and wholly groundless," cried Tanjore, with great warmth; "Lady Honoria was long since fully acquainted with the nature of Lady Jean's sentiments and mine towards each other; she well knew that Lady Jean's affections were not mine, and that her heart was most devotedly attached to another."

"Indeed," cried Mr. Trelawney; "you surprise me, Tanjore; and was this secret in the possession of her father also, when you went down to Dumfairling Castle?"

"In the possession not only of her father, Sir," replied Tanjore, "but I believe it was pretty evident to every inhabitant of the Castle, long before I beheld it, and therefore could be no secret to Lady Honoria Belmont. It was an attachment formed in the earliest days of infancy with the lovely Jean, for an object, as I have heard say, every way worthy of her affections, except indeed that he was the illegitimate son of the Earl of Mowbray."

"And even that does not prove him to be unworthy," cried Trelawney; "if the virtues of his character outshone the obscurity of his birth. It is a distinction which the arbitrary laws of man have made, but not God; and surely of all others it is the most cruel and arbitrary that can be formed. Resplendent is virtue,—though found in the humblest bed, or when it glitters on a throne, it is still alike virtue, and the source from whence it derives its origin, is of very little moment in the eyes of a superior Being, which Being it confesses, and to whom alone it offers up its praise. Virtue, Tanjore, may be abused, but never debased, and find it where we will, its offerings will be accepted, will be exalted, when vice will be mortified, humbled, and sink in shades to rise no more."

With this encouragement to proceed to a more open disclosure on the subject, Tanjore progressively revealed to the knowledge of his father all that he had ever heard of the attachment subsisting between Lady Jean Belmont and the so much admired, so much talked of Edwin Mowbray, in which he did not omit the introduction of the mysterious blind young minstrel, who had made his appearance on

the night of Moggy's wedding, nor the agitation which Lady Jean had betrayed in the presence of the whole bridal company on his account; and when Tanjore had concluded his narration, Mr. Trelawney involuntarily exclaimed,—

"And I would stake my life on it that the blind minstrel was the very youth himself; it could be no other, you may rely upon it, who would thus mysteriously intrude himself into a company where he was not before an invited guest."

"I will own, father, that I have thought so," replied Tanjore, "and I most heartily wish that succeeding events may at last restore this amiable young man into the possession of rights, which it would be unjust as well as cruel to deprive him of, and that the hand of the lovely Jean may at length be his destined prize."

"Ditto repeated, my dear boy," uttered Trelawney, "and I have no doubt but that one day we may greet him such. I am too well acquainted with the heart of my noble friend,—he would never sacrifice his lovely and amiable child merely for the aggrandizement of the fortunes of the house of Campbell, which would be extinct were she not to marry at all; and from what you have just related, it is not likely that she will ever consent to an alliance wherein her heart has no share."

"No, I am persuaded that she never will," cried Tanjore, "and indeed I should be sorry to see the lovely Jean made miserable by such a sacrifice; she is a most lovely and amiable creature, and merits all the blessings that her own virtues give and Heaven can bestow."

Other conversation, even of a more interesting nature, now passed between Mr. Trelawney and his son, in which he frankly disclosed his intentions respecting his voyage to India, and the nature of his affairs in that country; "and your mother actually consents to accompany me," added Mr. Trelawney.

"My mother going to India, Sir?" exclaimed Tanjore; and in the supposition that his sisters and Emma would probably remain behind, under the protection of Lord and Lady Wyndham, he ventured to add,—"And does she so readily consent to a separation from my sisters, and——and——Emma, Sir?"

"I know not that she will be separated but from your sister Alexine," answered Mr. Trelawney; and she, you know, is under the protection of her husband, who will amply supply our place."

A pause now of some moments ensued,—Tanjore longed to know what were his father's plans with respect to himself, but he did not presume to inquire, fearful that he might be considered too self-interested about his lovely cousin, to whom, since the demise of his beloved brother, he had preserved the strictest delicacy, paying her only those marks of attention which might have been paid to his own sisters, with which conduct his father was most highly gratified and pleased, as he did not wish to expedite an union between Emma and Tanjore while they were yet so youthful and inexperienced in a knowledge of the world. Tanjore wanted polish, and Emma's mind had been too much weakened by a melancholy impression of William's death to enter into an engagement of so serious and solemn a nature, till her health and spirits were perfectly restored to their former tone and vigour, which had recently received so severe a check.

But the fond mother could not be quite so prudentially silent as the fond father, and the intentions of Mr. Trelawney with respect to Tanjore were first of all whispered into the ear of Lady Wyndham, then hinted to Mrs. Pelham, and Mary and Ellen being present, some indistinct sentences were caught by Mary, who stole into the chamber of Emma, while her cousin was dressing, and saluted her in the following manner:—

"Pray, Emma, is India a place where young ladies marry more than in any other country?"

"Not that I know of," answered Emma: "but why, my dear, do you ask such a question?"

"Why, as nobody is here, Emma, I will tell you," cried Mary, lowering her voice almost into a whisper: "Do you know that papa and mamma are going to India, and we are all going to India, brother Tanjore and all?"

A colour brighter than vermilion rested in crimson glows on the delicate cheek of the lovely Emma, and it seemed as if the so long absent rose, which had neglected its fair mistress, was now returned in gratitude to pay its court and homage there, and she exclaimed, in a tone of voice quite unusual with her,—

"Your brother Tanjore going to India with us!—My dear, dear girl, where did you gain this intelligence, which I own has so suddenly surprised me, that—that—that———"

Emma sat down on a chair, and Mary laughingly proceeded—

"That it has made you all of a tremble, and you blush so, Emma,—your cheeks are as red as a rose."

"Nonsense," cried Emma, "you do not answer my question, Mary, that I ask you,—Who told you that your brother Tanjore was going to India with us?"

"Why, who but mamma herself?" cried Mary; "I heard her tell Mrs. Pelham that papa had made up his mind about brother Tanjore's going to India with us, and cousin Sedley is to go too, and we are all going whenever sister Alexina's little baby is born; and oh, how I do wish that it was come, that we may all go to India. This baby is a long time in coming,—when will it be here, Emma?"

"My dear, you really ask me an improper question, and I am unable to reply to you," answered Emma; "but pray, my love, when did you hear this conversation about your brother Tanjore?"

"Ah, you are never tired when you want to know any thing about my brother Tanjore," retorted Mary, with a look so arch and cunning, that Emma blushed excessively high, and held down her head in silence; while Mary prattled on:

"Why, I heard it just now, while Mrs. Pelham was talking with mamma in the dressing-room," uttered she, "and Ellen heard it too, I dare say, though she said nothing. They talked very softly, as if they did not wish any body to hear; but I was a match for them, and I came down stairs to tell you directly, becuse I know——"

Emma very gently placed her hand on Mary's pretty pouting lips, and with a smile of the most ineffable sweetness, exclaimed,—

"Do not tell me what you know, my dear girl, at the present moment,—some other time I will listen to you; but see, my love, I am not half dressed, and dinner will be waiting for me."

On this pretext, for it was nothing more, Emma at last got rid of her little loquacious and prattling companion; but from trifles light as air what good or evil may arise!—and from this time we may actually date the amendment which very rapidly took place in the health of Miss Bradbury;—and she descended to the drawing-room on this day with an appearance so altered from the former one, a brightness in her lovely eyes so remarkable, and a colour in her delicate cheeks so unusual, that it attracted the attention of every one on her entrance; and Dr. Starmer, who was come to dine in Berkeley Square on that day, sportively exclaimed, as he took her airhand and conducted her to a seat,—

"Lilies and roses! why I protest, Miss Bradbury, that you would at this moment put them all to the blush by the brighter lustre of your complexion. Well, I am heartily glad, my dear young lady, to see you at last doing some credit to my prescriptions."

Mrs. Trelawney also gazed delighted on her improved looks, which, strange to say, had all been effected in the course of a few minutes, by the prescription of a physician they little suspected was written in the book of nature, and repeated by the artless, innocent, unconscious, and prattling tongue of the youthful Mary.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Canst thou forget
"The dear pains that my love took?—how it has watch'd
"Whole nights together in all weathers for thee,
"Yet stood in heart more merry than the tempest
"That sung about my ears, like dangerous flatterers
"That can set all their mischief to sweet tunes;
"When we embraced as if we had been statues
"Only made for?————
"To show art's life, so silent were our comforts,
"And kiss'd as if our lips had grown together;—
"And hast thou forgot it all, my Florio?"

It was certainly the intention of Mrs. Trelawey not to quit England till after a certain period had taken place with her beloved daughter, Lady Wyndham, whose accouchement was now hourly expected. Mrs. Trelawney was too fond a mother to leave her amiable child under circumstances of so painful and delicate a nature, and when her presence was never more highly necessary; but all other arrangements for their speedy departure were in the most active preparation. The whole of his establishment in Berkeley Square, the steward and housekeeper only excepted, were to accompany Mr. Trelawney to India; and these two personages were to be left in the charge of the house and furniture, and to reside wholly in it, till the return of the family from India, which Mr. Trelawney imagined would not be for the term of two or three years, as he intended to dispose of Trelawney Castle and the whole of his property in India, and after that to take a tour with his wife and

children, in order to change the gloomy complexion which a recent melancholy event had produced on their minds, hoping by this means that the health of Mrs. Trelawney would be entirely re-established.

As to Emma, she continued very rapidly to amend in her health, and her lovely form seemed again to revive to its former freshness and beauty.

Meanwhile, the two Miss Trelawneys certanly wanted but little aid from their preceptress, for Ellen was grown a most lovely creature; and Mary, most highly accomplished, had improved daily,—she had lost a great deal of that forwardness and flippancy which had promised so early to be her distinguishing feature, and though she had not the personal loveliness of her sister, yet she was more attractive, because she was more lively and fascinating; and Lord Wyndham, of whom she was a particular favourite, often, while contemplating her little light graceful figure, and the bewitching *naïveté* of her arch countenance, observed to Mr. Trelawney, that he believed that Mary would be the next daughter that would be led to the temple of Hymen.

On which Mrs. Trelawney would smile, and exclaim,—

"Oh fie, Wyndham! you must not let her hear you say so for the universe; for Ellen is infinitely more lovely, and the senior of Mary nearly two years, and it would not be fair if our little gipsy was to get married before her,—what say you, Trelawney?"

To which Mr. Trelawney laughingly replied,—

"Why, I do not only say, my love, but I seriously think, that it is very likely to be the case. I protest that I am of Wyndham's opinion, that Mary will start the game of matrimony long before our gentle, quiet Ellen."

"Nonsense, Mary is only a child!" cried Mrs. Trelawney.

"Then she is the most womanly child I ever beheld in my existence," cried his Lordship, laughing; "Come, my dear Madam, I will wager any thing with you that you please, that before you return from India your youngest daughter is married."

"And so will I too, Wyndham," cried Mr. Trelawney: "it is not always beauty that leads us in chains, Rosa; it is a certain fascination, which sometimes does more execution than all the united charms of a Venus de Medicis; and it is this kind of fascination which our Mary possesses."

"Not only fascination," exclaimed his Lordship, "but there is so much *naïveté*, so much elegance, so much wit, combined in all that Mary says, to which are added her superior accomplished mind and sensibility of heart, I never saw a girl so likely to captivate and charm far beyond the fleeting hour: for having once listened to her, she steals upon the heart before you are aware of her witchery of conversation, with which you are so powerfully influenced that you cannot very easily forget her, or any of her remarks, which are always striking and singular. I never heard Mary Trelawney make a foolish obervation in my life; and, trust me, the man she makes choice of will do credit to her taste and judgment."

"I hope so, my dear Wyndham," cried Trelawney, "or it were better that she did not make any election at all."

"Well, you have drawn a very pretty portrait of my Mary, and I do not know but that it may be tolerably correct," cried Mrs. Trelawney, who, however she affected to conceal it, was highly delighted with the praises of her darling girl, for Mary was most avowedly the favourite daughter both of her father and her mother; but you say nothing of my sweet Ellen,—is not she, Wyndham, a most lovely girl?"

"Could I say otherwise, my dear Madam, I were blind and insensible. No, indeed, I not only acknowledge the superior loveliness of Ellen, but I admire the gentleness of her disposition, and the extreme mildness and engaging virtues of her character, in which, perhaps, there is a great similarity to that of Lady Wyndham. They both shine in their native sphere, shedding lustre of the mildest light, and ever pleasing wherever reflected; still neither dazzle so much as that little bright star Mary, which, though a planet of a smaller size, emits a more sparkling brilliancy than either of her sisters."

Mr. Trelawney smiled, for he saw that his Rosa was delighted with this eulogium pronounced on the merits of her children, who were the treasures of her soul, and a colour brighter than the tints of the rose rested on her fair cheek, at the elegant compliment which his Lordship had paid to them, of whose judgment she was not a little proud, and whose influence over her mind continued to be unbounded; nor was the approaching event, which was to make Lord Wyndham the happiest of fathers, as he was now the happiest of husbands, looked forward to without the most tender anxiety by this fond and most affectionate of mothers,—not a day was suffered to

pass without her either sending to South Audley Street, or going in person to inquire after the health of her beloved child.

As Mary had now completed her studies, the services of Mrs. Pelham in the capacity of preceptress in the family of Mrs. Trelawney were certainly no longer obviously necessary; for Mary not only spoke the French and Italian languages fluently, but could also write them as elegantly, and was so well studied in her own that she had acquired a most correct knowledge of ancient and modern history; she had a fine memory, and there was not a poet with whose works she was not intimately acquainted, and could instantly (if required) quote and write, as well as explain the most difficult passages from them, with the greatest ease and facility; she was an inimitable performer on the harp, in which she had acquired as great a proficiency as her sister Alexina, and her voice was powerful and melodious.

It was no wonder, then, with the uncommon talent that she possessed in other respects, when united with such superior accomplishments, that Mr. Trelawney was vain of his little gipsy, or that he should not acknowledge himself greatly indebted to the exertions of her preceptress, for the unwearied pains she had taken with her, and which had been attended with no small difficulty, owing to the excessive indulgence which Mary in particular had been treated with; for even in her very hours of study Mrs. Trelawney could ill bear to have her corrected, although she knew her to be so refractory; and it was well for Mary that her eldest sister had possessed some little control over her, and that her education was more than half completed before Alexina became the wife of Lord Wyndham, otherwise Mary would never have shone so brightly as she did now, when she left the management and instruction of Mrs. Pelham, to whom it was the intention of Mr. Trelawney to act in the most liberal manner, either retaining her in his family as an agreeable companion to Mrs. Trelawney, or settling on her a certain salary, which would make her independent of the frowns of a merciless world.

These were the generous intentions of the amiable and noble-minded Trelawney, towards an object for whom he felt the highest respect and gratitude for the manner in which she had educated his girls; and if Mrs. Pelham chose to go with them to India, he was prepared to offer her a situation even superior to that which she had so lately filled.

Previous, however, to his having any conversation with Mrs. Pel-

ham on this subject, he disclosed his generous intentions in favour of her to Mrs. Trelawney.

"And do you really intend to give poor Pelham this offer, my dear Trelawney?" cried Mrs. Trelawney.

"Certainly, my love, if you approve of it," uttered he, "and are not tired of the services of a woman whose unwearied exertions have rendered your daughters the most accomplished women in England. What do we not owe to her unceasing attention in the performance of her arduous employment, and what gratitude does she not merit at our hands?"

"Oh, indeed she merits all the happiness that it is in our power to bestow," cried Mrs. Trelawney; "for I am very certain that if she had not paid attention to my children, they would have been excessively spoiled by their mother's foolish fondness."

"So, my love, you are conscious that this was a fault, by your frank confession of it," cried Mr. Trelawney, and smiled.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Trelawney, with a smile of the most gentle humility, "it is time to confess our faults when we are sensible of them, and growing old too into the bargain; it would be shocking then to appear ignorant of them."

We do not know whether a kiss was not the only reply which Mr. Trelawney made to this speech of his beloved and amiable Rosa; but he immediately proposed to his amiable wife that he would mention the dismissal of Mrs. Pelham from his family, now that her services were no longer required, as a thing of course, *in the presence* of his girls, and see what effect it would produce on their feelings, and if they really loved her in the character of a friend as well as they had been taught to respect her in the capacity of a preceptress.

"And I will have Tanjore also present when I inform them that she is going," cried Mr. Trelawney; "I love to surprise my children, the more to produce the natural feeling of their hearts, where there is no time for concealing or disguising its genuine sentiments."

And this was accordingly done;—Ellen and Mary very shortly came into the room, and afterwards Tanjore; and Mary having a very neat bound volume in her hand of the Poems of GOLDSMITH, in which she had been reading the 'Deserted Village,' she exclaimed to her father on her entrance, that, although so plainly bound to what her other books were, she set a price on it far beyond the rest in her little library.

"And I will tell you why, papa," cried Mary, her little animated eyes sparkling with additional lustre, while she presented the book to her father,—"There is a page in it which I always view with unspeakable pleasure, for on that page is written, 'Gratitude—the gift of Clara Pelham to her dear pupil Mary Trelawney.' Yes, indeed, papa, Mrs. Pelham gave me this remembrance of her affection for me, and I shall ever value it on that account."

Here was a fine opening for the business he had in view, and Mrs. Trelawney could scarcely command the gravity of her countenance when Mr. Trelawney very seriously pronounced,—

"You will have something of far greater importance to remind you of Mrs. Pelham, my love, when you shall be far distant from her; and perhaps when you shall be many years older than you are at present, you will with gratitude remember the kind preceptress of your early days; she who not only taught you the lesson of virtue, but also taught you the practice of it, without which the theory would have been usless; and should my Mary be a wife, perhaps a mother, she will still remember her preceptress with tenfold gratitude and pleasure; when her early precepts shall again revive, and glow freshly in her recollection, she will bless the kind friend from whom she received instruction, and who has enabled her to give it to her children."

The animated countenance of the youthful Mary had been susceptible of the most considerable changes during the while that her father had been addressing these words to her; but when he concluded, Mary's heart was quite full, and, bursting into tears, she exclaimed,—

"Indeed, indeed, I love Mrs. Pelham dearly, and I shall never forget what she has taught me; but she is not going to leave us, papa,—dear Mrs. Pelham is not going away, is she?"

Mr. Trelawney was silent, for the tears had now started into Ellen's eyes, and she seemed equally anxious to ask this question; and Mr. Trelawney proceeded,—

"I should imagine that now your education is completed, she will not think her services any longer necessary, and may probably resign her situation as your governess. I have not, indeed, said any thing to her on the subject, but——"

Mr. Trelawney paused, for both his beloved girls were now dissolved in tears, a sight which had nearly deprived their fond mother of all the resolution she was mistress of; and had not Mr. Trelaw-

.irected a look towards her, the secret would
. in instant, while Mary sobbed out,—
.. say a word to her on the subject, will you, papa?
.. she will stay and go to India with us,—yes, dear
. will live for ever with us, and I shall still love her, still
. nstructions, and ever, ever regard her with esteem, with
if she is no longer our preceptress, she will be our com-
..—won't she, Ellen? and we shall still enjoy her society."

"Well, my loves, but if Mrs. Pelham herself should not like to
." cried Mr. Trelawney, "if the voyage to India should not meet
her wishes, and she would much rather remain in her native country,
you know Mrs. Pelham is undoubtedly her own mistress, and though
her means will be very moderate when she quits us, and doubtless
she will have but little money to take with her, yet——"

Mr. Trelawney paused again, which pause was very soon filled up by his generous, open-hearted, amiable girls, who both exclaimed in the same instant, that if Mrs. Pelham did choose to leave them, which they should be extremely sorry for, they would readily give up the allowance which their father gave them for pocket-money, for a twelvemonth to come, sooner than Mrs. Pelham should want for money, or be reduced to any distress in her circumstances while they were gone to India.

"And brother Tanjore will give Mrs. Pelham some money, won't you, Tanjore?" cried Mary; "and Ellen's money, and my money, and brother Tanjore's money, will make a great deal of money, won't it, papa?"

"And are you really willing, Ellen and Mary, to give up your yearly allowance of pocket-money to Mrs. Pelham, in case of her leaving us?" uttered Mr. Trelawney, in the utmost astonishment.

"Not only willing, dear papa, but it will make us so happy," cried Mary, "because we shall then know that poor Mrs. Pelham will not be in distress, which neither my sister nor I could bear to think that she should feel,—could we, Ellen?"

"And perhaps, Tanjore, you are also willing to throw in your mite?" said Mr. Trelawney.

To which Tanjore instantly replied,—

"Assuredly, my dear father, I will give Mrs. Pelham all the ready money that I have in my possession. I will ask Fothersgill how much it is, for I really do not know myself. He was my cash-

keeper all the time that I remained in Scotland, and I spent but little money there, except the presents I gave at Moggy's wedding, and some trifling ones to the servants at Dumfairling Castle the morning I came away. I do believe, my dear father, that I have brought back to England nearly the whole of the hundred pounds which you so kindly deposited in the hands of Fothersgill for my use, to the whole of which Mrs. Pelham is welcome;—if you please, I will go this moment and ask Fothersgill for the money."

Tanjore had already risen from his chair, anxious to execute his benevolent purpose; but Mr. Trelawney, looking at his beloved, delighted, and gratified Rosa, whose feelings, during the above scene, had been of the most transporting kind, exclaimed, in the most rapturous tones of animated pleasure,—

"Stay, my dear boy, I have something further to say on the subject before you depart. Sit down by your sisters, and hear what I have got to say to you all."

Ellen and Mary looked surprised when their father drew his chair nearer towards them, and taking a hand of each of his generous girls, which he pressed fondly to his breast, in a very few words related the little stratagem he had made use of to try their friendship for their preceptress beyond the mere common forms of showing it, and to know whether they really loved Mrs. Pelham in the character of the instructress of their early days; that he certainly had no intention of parting with Mrs. Pelham, if she herself wished to remain under his protection; that he was very shortly going to make a proposal to her, which it was very likely she might accept, and that she would then probably go over to India with them.

"Thus, my dear and amiable children, has your father been playing at devices with you," cried Mr. Trelawney, "that he might see your hearts without disguise, in a moment when you least expected a trial of your feelings. Need I say, my beloved children, how nobly you have stood the test of a father's investigation, and that I am prouder of such children than the wealth of kingdoms can bestow. Your preceptress, my loves, is, I am happy to assure you, beyond the reach of want; but if she was not so, she is too delicate and noble-minded to allow you to make any sacrifice for her sake, from your own private purses;—be assured Mrs. Pelham never would do this, even were your father himself to sanction your acts of generosity; and can you suppose that I am insensible to them? No, my loves,

I am now so thoroughly convinced of your amiable and virtuous propensities, and the bright unsullied purity of your hearts, which leads you to a consciousness of acting as you ought to do, that I will instantly make my girls a present of one hundred pounds each, nor will I ever require of you to tell me to what uses you have appropriated it. You have clearly proved to me that you both know how to appreciate the real value of money, by extending your liberality to the unfortunate and sharing it with the worthy;—continue, my dear children, in spite of the worldly sophistry which may chance to steal upon your ear, or the mercenary principles which may be attempted to pervert your hearts; continue in the benevolent system you have thus in early days adopted; while blessed with the means, pursue it with unabating fervency, and, trust me, my children, the evening of your days will glide sweetly on; and when they calmly sink in the ocean of eternity, they will rise again in refulgent brightness, and you will taste of bliss immortal."

Mrs. Pelham did not long remain in ignorance of the affectionate attachment of her amiable pupils towards her, nor of the sacrifice they had been willing to make for her sake, for every word was repeated in triumph by the lips of their fond mother, nor was the generosity of Tanjore forgot, nor the reward which their father had bestowed on them for their amiable and disinterested conduct; at which Mrs. Pelham was so affected that she burst into tears, exclaiming,—

"Dear girls! now indeed do I feel proud of being their preceptress, for they have treasured in their hearts the lessons which I so cautiously and anxiously wished to impress on their youthful and inexperienced minds. Heaven bless them for their kindness, and increase the amiable propensities with which they are so peculiarly gifted by unerring Providence."

The proposal was now made by Mr. Trelawney to Mrs. Pelham, and accepted by her with every mark of the most unfeigned gratitude, and her choice was to remain in the service of his family, to render whatever assistance might be required to Mrs. Trelawney, and to discharge all those active duties which she had long been in the habit of performing during the many years she had been in the service of Mr. Trelawney. It was therefore finally settled that Mrs. Pelham should go to India, which the young ladies were no sooner apprised of, than they ran into Mrs. Pelham's dressing-room, Mary exclaim-

ing, as she threw her arms around the neck of her preceptress,—

"Papa has just told me all the news, dear Mrs. Pelham; and I am so rejoiced you cannot imagine, and so is Ellen, because you are going with us to India. We shall be so happy, shall not we, Mrs. Pelham!"

The artless and affectionate manner in which this was uttered by the sweet Mary greatly impressed the mind of Mrs. Pelham with a favourable opinion of her superior merits, and the excellence of that mind which she had been at such pains in forming; and she was now amply rewarded for her trouble, nor could she help expressing her warmest acknowledgments of gratitude to her amiable pupils for their generous intentions towards her; at which Emma, being present, timidly inquired what those intentions were, and whether on her own part she could be of any service to her dear preceptress?

"I am equally obliged to you, my dear Miss Bradbury," cried Mrs. Pelham, "and I am well aware that you would unite every effort with those of your amiable cousins, was I really under the necessity of soliciting your kind assistance; but I am not going to leave the service of my excellent patron, who has kindly made me an offer, so generous, so liberal—but it is just like Mr. Trelawney,—he is the best, the most exalted of mankind. I am going to India with you all, my dear Miss Bradbury; but previous to this arrangement made by your worthy uncle, which I did not know of till this morning, in the supposition that I was to have remained behind to seek another service, what do you think that Miss Ellen and Miss Mary, nay, even dear Mr. Tanjore, were going to do for me?"

"Indeed, I cannot tell, dear Mrs. Pelham," answered Emma, "but I know that you are worthy of every thing that they could do for you: and think you that Emma Bradbury would have been behindhand on the occasion? No, what my cousins did I would willingly do likewise, for I am equally a debtor in gratitude towards you."

"Pray, Mrs. Pelham, never mention it," cried Mary; "it is so trifling that I blush to name it."

"Indeed, Miss Mary, but I cannot suffer Miss Bradbury to remain ignorant of so noble and disinterested a proof of generosity in you and Miss Ellen," cried Mrs. Pelham, with the tears again starting to her eyes, "and so I will instantly tell her;" and Mrs. Pelham

immediately related to Emma the whole that had passed on the affair, with the generosity of Tanjore into the bargain, at which Emma threw her lovely arms around her cousins, and affectionately embraced them, while she acknowledged that their conduct far exceeded any praise which she could offer them on the occasion.

"Well, but you do not say any thing of my brother Tanjore, Emma," cried Mary, in the most cunning and arch manner that was possible; "I am sure he is as praiseworthy as any of us, and would have given Mrs. Pelham all the money that he had in the world, if my father had permitted him,—yet Emma don't praise him."

Emma now blushed so excessively high, and was so embarrassed, that it was not till some minutes had elapsed before she replied,—

"We do not always praise those whom we esteem, Mary, however conscious we may be of their perfections. If I am silent on the merits of Tanjore, it is not because that I think less of them."

"Well, but he loves to praise you," cried Mary, "and so do I too. When I really love any body, I always love to talk of them: and I know who loves to talk of Mrs. Pelham, too, a great deal more than any body else,—I have found it out."

Ellen began laughing, though Emma, on the observation which Mary had made on her and Tanjore, looked hurt; while Mrs. Pelham exclaimed, in some little surprise,—

"Found what out, my dear Miss Mary?"

To which Mary, still laughing, replied,—

"Why that Mr. Fothersgill has been studying the origin of love as well as Mary Trelawney. Now you may make that out if you please, for I am going to dress, and so is Ellen, and I shall take her with me, and leave Emma and you to explain the problem, if there be any in man's love, though the naughty sages say that this problem remains with woman."

Away tripped Mary with the good-humoured Ellen, who never opposed her sister's inclinations in any way; and Mary, since Alexina had been married, was more than a match for the whole of the family. She said what she liked, and was sometimes so irresistibly fascinating, arch, and playful, that they were none of them disposed to be angry with her, for if ever she offended by her wit, her good humour and sensibility of heart were always ready to atone for it.

Nor were Mary's observations on the old tutor without point, for

his heart had absolutely yielded to the influence of Mrs. Pelham's acknowledged merits, and he had long thought her the first of womankind, often in her absence dwelling on her perfections so extravagantly, that Mr. Trelawney was induced to exclaim,—

"Why, Fothy, I actually believe that if you were a subject for matrimony, you would be inclined to enter into that holy state with Mrs. Pelham."

On which the tutor, apparently more nettled by the first remark than the second, very quaintly replied,—

"Mr. Trelawney,—Sir, permit me to say that I stand amazed at your jocularity: I am not going, at my time of life, to make myself a subject for a fool's cap."

"And if you did, Fothersgill, you would only be following the example of your betters, who have recently done the same thing," answered Mr. Trelawney, and smiled: "Mrs. Pelham is a woman that no man need be ashamed to lead to the temple of Hymen."

"That I will admit, Sir," cried the tutor, "and if I were twenty years younger, I should not be ashamed of selecting such a woman for my wife; but I will not pay her so bad a compliment at the present date."

Tanjore was beginning to join the mischievous Mary in a laugh, which they would have had much difficulty to restrain, had not the subject been immediately dropped by Mr. Trelawney, as this was a species of amusement he never permitted any of his family to indulge in; and they knew better than to avail themselves of it on the present occasion.

While things were in this train in Berkeley Square, Mr. Trelawney only waiting for the arrival of the little stranger, who was hourly expected to make a member of his amiable family, and increase the happiness of the new-married pair, letters had several times passed between him and the Duke and Lady Honoria Belmont, in which they both deeply regretted that they could not have the pleasure of visiting him and his amiable family previous to his voyage to India, in consequence of the delicate state of health of their beloved Jean; that she had been severely indisposed, and that some unexpected events had occurred which had not only produced this alarming change in Lady Jean's health, but had nearly deprived Scotland of one of the most gallant and bravest young officers that ever wielded a sword in its service, namely, Mr. Edwin Mowbray, who had been

dangerously wounded in a recent perilous engagement, but whose bravery and manly exertions on the occasion had crowned him with the laurels of never-fading victory. That the news of his fame being spread throughout all the Scottish dominions, had reached the ear of his grandfather, who had in consequence came over to Dumfairling Castle, in order to be reconciled, and receive to his arms his so long utterly despised and neglected grandson, to whom, though illegitimate, he was determined to bequeath the whole of his wealthy possessions, should he survive, which was a doubtful case, Edwin still continuing dangerously confined. That these circumstances had seriously affected the mind of Lady Jean could not be doubted; and that other circumstances had tended greatly to add to their uneasiness, by the precarious fate of poor Edwin, which occasioned their presence to be indispensably necessary at Dumfairling Castle was a source of double regret and mortification, as it deprived them of the happiness of being in England, to bid them farewell. That Lady Honoria lamented deeply that she could not see her beloved Tanjore before his departure for India, to whom there was a most kind and affectionate letter from her Ladyship, enclosing a draft on her banker for the sum of five hundred pounds, which she presented to him as a testimony of her unceasing regard for her dear adopted boy; and Tanjore was greatly affected with the generosity of such a gift, and in reading to his father the following words :—

"In the probability, my dearest boy, that I may not behold you previous to your setting out for India, which, I fear, from the present state of our affairs in Scotland, will not be the case, accept the enclosed trifle from her in whose memory you will ever be treasured, and to whom you will ever be an object of tender regard.

You are by this time sensible, my dear Tanjore, that you are so, without a repetition of professions, which are unnecessary. When your dear mother came down to Scotland, with the expectation of giving to your father's arms another tender pledge of their mutual affection, I then proposed to your mother that I should adopt this child from the hour of its birth, whether male or female,—in the latter case it would have been called Honoria; but when I came to England after you were born, your mother placed a little Tanjore in my arms, whom I did not love the less because it was of the name and sex of your father; and from that hour, my beloved Tanjore, I

considered you my charge. You were my adopted child, and consequently I shall ever behold you in that light, and make such provision for you at my demise, as if you were really my own offspring;—I consider it a part of my duty, setting all affection apart.

"Start not at the word demise! It has indeed an awful sound, but we are born in a transitory state only of existence, and we must all expect it. Alas! my beloved child, the recent and afflicting event which has taken place in your own family, convinces you that when the wise Disposer of our lives sends the messenger of death to summon us before his awful tribunal, that it is neither youth, sex, or age, that can spare us, nor human means prevent the mandate, when it is thus sent to recall us home.

"Should I be summoned hence, therefore, my dear child, before you return from India, you will find that the adopted of Honoria will be remembered to the last hour of her fleeting existence.

"I have written to your mother and your father, and charged them to write to me punctually while they remain in India, and I know that my dear boy will do the same. I have also sent some tokens of my love to your sisters, and your Emma, for that she will be now yours I have no doubt remaining on my mind. The hand of unerring Providence has removed the only barrier between you and the object of your affections, whom it is no longer a crime to adore. The conduct of all parties has been sustained through so severe a contest of feelings with the most admired fortitude, and a bright reward now eventually succeeds,—it is the peculiar care of heaven to reward good and virtuous deeds.

"I would say something of our beloved Jean, but here description fails to give you an adequate idea of what she has suffered.

"Her love for Edwin Mowbray, while no danger threatened him, was prudently concealed; but in the hour of sickness no disguises can hide the affections of the soul, and if there is a moment when they ought to be excused, it is surely then when death hovers over the object of our love. Nature, if there is a spark, will then burst forth in spite of all worldly sophistry to prevent it, holy nature will shed one tear, and severe and cold must be that flinty heart who would censure or condemn it.

"Poor Jean could not control the anguish of her bursting heart, when she beheld the gallant Edwin stretched (as we all imagined) on the bed of death: it was to her the bitterest moment of her life,

and she sunk beneath the blow. For three days, Tanjore, poor Jean was insensible to every object around her; she thought that Edwin was no more, and murmured no other name but his to her father, who hung over her in speechless agony, expecting that every moment that she would breathe her last sigh.

"At length it was proposed by the physicians to carry her into the chamber of Edwin, as the only means to convince her that he was still alive. We did so, and though he could not speak to her, yet the sight of him restored her to her wandering senses, and from that hour she has been recovering.

"But oh, my dear Tanjore, what have we not suffered? You know how my brother dotes on his Jean!—she is the soul of his existence!—but for her he never would have survived the loss of his beloved wife. Think, then, what we endured when this dear and tender pledge of his affection was likely to be lost to us for ever.

"She is now, thank heaven, in a fair way of recovery, but it has shook my poor brother sadly. You know what a sensitive being he is; he cannot bear conflicts of this trying nature without being greatly affected by a nervous malady, which I believe is constitutional, for I am the same. I know that this is the derision of half our acquaintance; they cannot conceive what nervous maladies are, and laugh at them because they have never been visited by them; but on this account they should never harden their hearts against it, fearful that they may be attacked themselves when they least expect it.

"The father of the Earl of Mowbray has been here. His fortune is immense, and if his grandson (for such Edwin is) survives, he intends to leave the whole of his wealthy possessions to him. At all events, my dear Tanjore, I hope that some arrangements may take place for the happiness of our dear afflicted Jean. You may guess the rest. My brother would do any thing, and every thing, to give peace of mind to his child, and if Edwin lives——I will say no more——Jean will never wed any body else,—and ambition sinks—it sinks to nothing in my estimation, when virtues such as Edwin's are to be put in comparison with it.

"And now, my beloved boy, I conclude this melancholy letter, which under existing circumstances you will excuse. When the heart is surcharged with grief, it cannot write in mirthful strains. Your mother tells me that Lady Wyndham is near the period of her

accouchement, which alone protracts your stay in England ;—bear my tenderest remembrances towards her, and that she has my sincerest wishes for an increase to her present felicity by the expected event.—And now may every good angel guard the happiness of my Tanjore ! When you think of me, think of one who will prove to you, to the latest hour of her existence, that she is truly and affectionately,

"Your sincere friend,
"HONORIA BELMONT."

It was not without tears that this letter was perused, page by page, by Mr. and Mrs. Trelawney, and at last shown to the whole family, for even Fothersgill was remembered in the presents which her Ladyship had conveyed to England—he had an elegant ring, with her Ladyship's hair ; and Mary and Ellen necklaces and earrings of immense value ; a picture of her Ladyship, set in diamonds, for Mrs. Trelawney ; a ring of great value for Mr. Trelawney ; and a present for Lady Wyndham, intended for the little forthcoming stranger, containing a basket of curious workmanship, full of the finest linen and laces, all made up for a new-born babe, with which Mrs. Trelawney was so highly delighted, that she immediately ordered the carriage, and set off for South Audley Street, to surprise her Alexina with the little basket, the delicate offering of friendship, and the gift of a heart as pure and as spotless as her own.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Thou last, and only rareness of Heaven's works,
"From best of man, made model of the gods,—
"Divinest woman! Thou perfection
"Of all proportion, made when Jove was blithe,
"Well fill'd with nectar, and full friends with man:—
"Thou dear as air, necessary as sleep,
"To careful man!—Oh! who can sin so deeply,
"As to be cursed from knowing of the pleasures
"Thy soft society, modest amorousness,
"Yields to our tedious life?"

To describe the gratified and pleasing sensations with which Mr. and Mrs. Trelawney reflected on the delicate testimony of friendship and esteem which the amiable Lady Honoria had so strongly manifested towards them, by her attention to their beloved children, was impossible, which occasioned them to regret more deeply than ever the circumstance of her Ladyship being unable to quit Scotland, at a period when they felt such anxiety to behold her, and convince her more than by words how gratefully and deeply impressed their feelings were with the proofs she had given of her friendship towards them.

Many parts of her letter, which was addressed to Tanjore, deeply affected Mrs. Trelawney, and she exclaimed to her husband, while her eyes were yet moistened with the tears of sensibility,—

"And who can tell, Trelawney, whether we shall ever behold dear Lady Honoria again? The long voyage we are about to take to a far-distant country, sometimes, I own, inspires me with apprehension, and occasions me to reflect very seriously on the moment when I shall bid my beloved child farewell. Poor Alexina will often think of her mother, and wish that she were once more returned in safety to her native land. My brother, too, and dear Mary——I think, Trelawney, that I shall feel much in parting with Mary,—would that the parting hour was over!"

Mr. Trelawney looked a little reproachfully at his Rosa, but he loved her too tenderly to let her see that resentment or jealousy had [illegible] in his thoughts, while he only gravely replied,—

"I thought, my love, when I first proposed your accompanying me over to India, that you seemed pleased, the more as I assured you that you would not be separated from your children, and had, contrary to my intentions, altered the destination which I had marked out for Tanjore, merely to add to the happiness of a mother's fond wishes. I knew that you would feel inquietude in the absence of your son, and therefore indulged your request of permitting Tanjore to remain with us; and after all this, my love, I have the inexpressible regret to find that all I have done is insufficient to render your mind cheerful and composed. As to your parting with Alexina, when you have consigned her to the care of a husband, it is very natural to suppose that he will be as tenderly anxious over her happiness as her mother; and when the period arrives (which is already very rapidly approaching) when she will become a mother also, that the active duties of her situation, which it will then be incumbent upon her to perform, will be employment sufficient to engage her mind while you are absent, without brooding unnecessarily over evils, or repining at misfortunes which would then be entirely of her own making. And with respect to your brother and Mary, for whom no created mortal can have a more sincere affection than myself, do you not take their child with you, and will not Mary feel as much as you in parting with her child?—is not Mary a mother too?—but I am well persuaded that she has too much good sense to shed tears of unnecessary sorrow, or lament that as a misfortune which will so ultimately prove beneficial to the happiness of her family; and you will also please to recollect, my love, that if you had not chosen to part with Alexina, you must have parted with your husband. Mourn not that, therefore, as an evil, at which you ought rather to rejoice; nor conjure up to your imagination sources of uneasiness which have really no existence but in your own ideas. While I am with you I am the guardian of my Rosa's happiness, and I will never cease to promote it, by the fondest exertion and unremitting attentions towards her; but you cannot expect that I shall long continue so zealously devoted to you, if you thus repel my fond hopes, and if thus I am always to be repaid by my Rosa for my careful love and faithful anxiety."

Mr. Trelawney now ceased, but he took the snowy little hand which now trembled in his own, and pressing it tenderly to his lips, added,—

"Come, I will now have no tears, Rosa! You know I have an aversion to tears, when they spring from folly and from weakness."

"And do mine spring from folly?" cried Mrs. Trelawney, with a smile so beautifully bewitching and tender that Trelawney still gazed on that face which to him had lost none of the beauty which had so strongly fascinated and charmed him in his youthful days; and in a more softened tone, he replied,—

"Why, why, my love, do you press me to answer that question?"

"Because I wish to hear the truth," cried Mrs. Trelawney, "spoken from your lips, though I do not always hear it pronounced by another,—because, perhaps, I should not so very readily pardon it, if it did not come from you. Indeed I cannot recollect that you ever but once paid me a compliment at the expense of your sincerity."

Mr. Trelawney now laughed heartily, for he recollected that once was in the White Cottage at Kenilworth, when, in a moment of the most impassioned fondness, he told her that her accomplishments exceeded those even of Lady Honoria Belmont.

"Don't you remember the little song I played to you on that morning?" cried Mrs. Trelawney; "it was the first that I had learned on the harp since you had purchased it,—have you forgot the words, Trelawney?"

"Repeat them to me, my angel," cried Trelawney, perceiving that this once his Rosa had gained a victory over the little weaknesses which still prevailed in the extreme softness and sensibility of her disposition, "and I shall remember them with tenfold more pleasure than if you had chosen another opportunity to remind me of them."

In a voice of the most melodious sweetness, Mrs. Trelawney instantly repeated the following words:—

Tell me, love, ah! quickly tell me,
If a rival I must know
Teach me then, ah! to forget thee,
Teach me, love, before you go.

While this beating heart is near thee
You alone can make me blest,
And no rival ever tear thee,
Rosa, from this faithful breast.

"Dearest, beloved Rosa!" exclaimed Mr. Trelawney, when she

had concluded it, "dear as the first moment that gave those beauties to my transported arms, never shall those words be forgotten in my memory, and no less impressive than they were sincere, for never have you had a rival in this fond heart: it has beat only for thee, and will beat for thee only to the end of my existence."

Restored again to the most perfect good humour and unchanged affection for each other, this fond, virtuous, and amiable couple on this morning took a ride together to South Audley Street to see their beloved daughter; but what was the surprise of Mr. and Mrs. Trelawney when they were received by Lord Wyndham at the drawing-room door, and he communicated to them the joyful intelligence that his Alexina had just been safely delivered of a son.

"Not an hour ago, my dear Madam," cried his Lordship, "and it was so sudden that we had scarce a moment's time to send for Dr. Starmer, so unexpectedly did the little stranger come to town. He is a prodigious fine fellow, I can assure you, and my Alexina is doing excellently well. I had dispatched a messenger to Berkeley Square not half an hour since. We were all in a bustle, as you may well imagine; but it is all over, and well over, thank heaven!"

"Oh, I am so happy," cried Mrs. Trelawney; "I should have felt so much for my poor girl, that had I been here I should have been of little service to her."

"I was fully aware of that, my dear Madam," cried Lord Wyndham, "and therefore would not send till your presence could be doubly gratifying and welcome to your daughter, who is now most anxiously expecting you every moment."

"Bless her, I will go to her this moment," cried Mrs. Trelawney, "but I am so happy,--dear Trelawney, are not you?"

"Can you doubt it, my love?" answered Mr. Trelawney, and smiled, for he perceived that she was quite overcome by this sudden intelligence, and knew the only way to manage her would be to rally her spirits, which he did by exclaiming to Lord Wyndham, as he arose to accompany Mrs. Trelawney to the door, where an attendant was waiting to accompany her to the apartment of Lady Wyndham,—

"Few ladies would thank you, Wyndham, for making them a grandmother, but you see Rosa delights in the thoughts of nursing her little grandson,—I, of course, must come in for my share of the honour very shortly."

Mrs. Trelawney now laughed as she speedily made her exit, and his Lordship then resuming his seat next to his father-in-law, conversed more seriously on the pleasing topic, receiving the heartfelt congratulations which were offered to him by Mr. Trelawney on the happy event with sensations little short of rapture.

"Once again you behold me the happiest of mankind, my dear Trelawney," exclaimed he; "once again I breathe new life, new happiness!"

"And may blessings ever eternally flow from the completion of this your fondest wishes, and increase the measure of your present prospect of felicity, my beloved friend, in which my own is so dearly and so tenderly concentrated. Come, let us drink a bumper to the boy's health."

Dr. Starmer at that moment coming in, the three friends enjoyed the most delightful and uninterrupted social converse, the worthy Doctor several times jocosely exclaiming,—

"We managed matters charmingly well, did not we, Trelawney, to bring the little hero into town before we sent off to Berkeley Square?—but, zounds, he is a bouncer,—you never saw such a little Bacchus. Well, well, it is all over, and now we may drink his health with a good grace."

This was accordingly done, Lord Wyndham in the course of conversation observing, that it had long been his intention, if he had a son, to name him after the dear beloved William, and if a daughter, it would, agreeably to the wishes of Lady Wyndham, have been called Rosa.

"That will do the next time, your Lordship," cried Dr. Starmer, smiling; and a week after this period, Mr. Trelawney saw his beloved daughter, and had his little grandson placed in his arms by Mrs. Trelawney.

"Here is another William, my Trelawney," uttered she, suppressing a pensive sigh which at that moment struggled to escape from her maternal bosom, fearful of awakening any painful retrospection in the mind of Alexina, who, now a mother, seemed transported with the sight of the new-born treasure, and fondly anticipated the hour when she should be able to enter on the delightful occupation of nursing her own child, which she had determined to do, in spite o the fashionable examples which were daily witnesses against it. She knew that her mother had nursed her, and Lady Wyndham wished

to make her mother the best precedent for her following so natural an example.

Meanwhile Ellen, Mary, and Emma, and Tanjore, were all invited to see the little stranger; and they all came in the carriage one morning, with Mrs. Pelham, to visit Lady Wyndham, who was so far recovered as to be able to sit up again in her own apartment, though she had not as yet come down into the drawing-room; and they all successively nursed it in their arms, Mary being not a little proud of receiving the title of aunt to so beautiful a creature.

"Indeed," cried Mary, almost devouring her little nephew with kisses, "indeed, Mrs. Pelham, I would give ten thousand pounds if I could purchase such a pretty plaything as this."

The eyes of the lovely Emma were at this moment fixed on the beautiful babe, as Mary held it in her arms, and somehow or other the eyes of Tanjore were straying in that direction also, when the mischievous Mary, with the archest look that was possible, turned from Mrs. Pelham, to whom she had been directing her discourse, and suddenly exclaimed,—

"And would not you, dear Emma, like to have such a pretty plaything? Oh, how you would love it, Emma!"

The look of Mary was sufficient to have excited risibility, and in spite of every effort Lady Wyndham laughed heartily, while the cheeks of the blushing Emma assumed a colour of the deepest scarlet, when timidly raising her soft blue eyes, she perceived that Tanjore was intently examining her countenance, with the most impassioned and fondest inquiry. Not wishing to add to her embarrassment, or increase her confusion, however, he immediately averted his head, while, with an air of apparent carelessness, he inquired of his sister Mary if she was desirous of taking her little nephew in the carriage home with them to Berkeley Square?

On which she replied, laughing, "Yes, indeed I should, if sister Alexina would permit me; I should like to keep it and nurse it till *somebody else* brought us just such another."

Emma was now very glad to escape from the observation of Tanjore, (who was at this moment unable to stifle a laugh,) by hiding her blushing face, as she bended over the lovely infant to give it a kiss before they departed; and Mary was now obliged to resign her beauteous charge into the arms of its nurse, as she affectionately bade her sister farewell; Lady Wyndham, with an air of the most

smiling sweetness, inviting them all to repeat their visit at the earliest opportunity.

"That I will, dear sister Alexina," cried Mary; "I will come every day to see my pretty little nephew; and I hope, when we go to India and stay there a great while, that when we return again to England we may bring home one like it, don't you, Emma? What nonsense for you to stand blushing at the window, as if you were ashamed to speak and own the truth,—and Ellen too! Well, I for my part wish I had such a pretty baby as sister Alexina's, and perhaps when I go over to India I may have one."

The laugh now became general with the whole of the party, Tanjore exclaiming, as he took Mary's arm, with a sly look directed towards Lady Wyndham,—

"I have not the least doubt of it, Miss Mary: but come along, or you will talk Alexina into a fever,—come, there are Emma and Ellen already seated in the carriage."

Once more bidding her Ladyship adieu, the youthful party drove off to Berkeley Square, where, on their arrival, they were agreeably surprised to see their aunt and uncle Clarendale, with Sedley and Lucy, who had come to town expressly for the purpose of paying a visit to Lord and Lady Wyndham, and were not a little rejoiced to find that they had an additional happiness, which was by no means so suddenly expected, in the birth of a little nephew; and Mrs. Trelawney, in consequence of this event, insisted that they should remain her guests instead of Lady Wyndham's during their stay in town; in short, it was necessary that Sedley Clarendale should now hold himself in readiness for the long voyage he had to make with his uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Clarendale having long been apprised of Mr. Trelawney's intended departure for India, and they very cheerfully consented that their son should go, well knowing the advantages that he would derive under the care and instruction of such a man as Trelawney; and Tanjore was delighted at the thoughts of having his cousin Sedley for his companion, whom he had always loved and regarded like his own brother; and all but Lucy rejoiced and seemed pleased when the voyage to India was named,—then her lovely blue eyes generally swam in tears, till Emma, who really loved Lucy Clarendale with the fondest affection, would kiss them off, and throwing her arms round the neck of the lovely girl, exclaim,—

"Dear Lucy, why do you so deeply regret the absence of your

brother, when you know that he will be so happy under my uncle's care? and I am sure we will all endeavour to make him so. There is Tanjore, you know, he is so fond of Sedley that——"

"That I dare say Emma will be as fond of him too," cried Mary, laughing; "she is fond of every thing that Tanjore loves. There is Juno, that ugly dog of Tanjore's, that every body is afraid to go near for fear it should bite them,—would you believe it, Lucy, that Emma takes it in her arms and kisses and caresses it, only because——I know what———and so do you, Lucy, don't you?"

Emma was highly provoked with this attack of Mary's in the presence of Lucy, who in vain attempted to conceal her risibility; but Lucy had a charming flow of spirits, in which she greatly resembled her mother when she was Mary Bradbury, and when Lucy began laughing, it was not easy to moderate her propensity to mirth, though, for Emma's sake, she endeavoured to restrain it as much as possible; but Ellen was as much provoked as Emma, for rendering her cousin a subject for their amusement, and exclaimed, with some displeasure,—

"I am very sorry that my sister Alexina is married, for your sake, Mary."

"Indeed," answered Mary, "you are vastly kind to express so much regret at a circumstance which gives Alexina such happiness, and she would not thank you for your sisterly affection on that account, I dare say; but pray why are you sorry that Alexina is married, and for my sake, Ellen?—I should be glad to know."

To which the lovely Ellen replied, a little resentfully,—

"I never disguise the truth, Mary, when I am asked for it, and I repeat again, that if Alexina was with us as formerly, her presence would have restrained you (as it always did) from making my cousin Emma an object to exercise your ill-seasoned jests upon. I think, however, that you are now old enough to know better, and that Emma is not the fittest subject for your derision; and that wit (if you can call it such) is not to be exerted at any time, when it produces pain on the feelings of an amiable relative. Besides, you are setting a very ill example to Lucy, if she had not already too much good sense to follow it; and if she has not sense, she has too much feeling to join in your unmeaning laugh and unmannerly observations against the conduct of one whom it ought to be your pride to emulate."

The astonishment of Mary at the spirited attack of the ever gentle, ever timid Ellen, could only be equalled by the calm and dignified composure and silence of Emma; and Lucy, ashamed and abashed, hung down her head in confusion, not daring to meet the eye of the little tempter who had so provokingly taught her to transgress.

At length Mary, not deigning to make any concession to her sister, turned an inquiring eye on her who she thought had more right than Ellen to call her to account, and with some degree of humility exclaimed,—

"Are you angry with me, Emma? I am sure I never had the least intention of wounding your feelings when I mentioned brother Tanjore's dog, only Lucy laughed, and I———"

"I beg you will not excuse yourself by attaching any blame to Lucy," replied Emma; "when we are conscious of our own faults, it is meanness to deny them, and far greater meanness to place them on the back of another,—Lucy is certainly not the transgressor."

"Then I am," cried Mary, bursting into a flood of tears at this merited reproof, which she was now conscious that she had fully deserved; "but if you will forgive me this once, dear Emma, I promise never to mention brother Tanjore's dog again as long as I live,—not but what I think it is no business of sister Ellen's to chide one so; I never take her to task for any thing she does. Am I——Ellen——ever——ever——cross to you?"

As these last words were actually sobbed out instead of spoken, the soft heart of the gentle Ellen instantly melted towards her sister, and, springing from her seat, she ran and clasped Mary in her lovely arms, without any further proof of her returning affection.

At this critical moment, on some pretext or other, Tanjore popped his head in at the door, and with some surprise beheld Mary clasped in the arms of Ellen, without either of them being able to articulate a sentence, or explain the reason why he had discovered them in that situation; and he softly inquired of Lucy what had been the matter?—but Lucy knew better than to answer this interrogatory, and referred him to Emma for an explanation, if she chose to give it,—who smilingly answered him,—

"Never ask of woman woman's secrets, for she is no woman that ever betrays them, more especially to your sex! There is a shower of tears which you see has fallen from the eyes of Ellen and Mary, but, trust me, it is more gentle than the zephyr which shakes off the

dew from roses, and they will presently smile, like the sunny ray that pierces through a dark and envious cloud."

Never did Emma look more beautiful in the eyes of Tanjore than as she uttered these words, and catching her snowy hand almost involuntarily to his lips, he exclaimed,—

"And when will the sunny ray of Emma's smile pierce through that dark and envious cloud which has so long frowned on the happiness of Tanjore?"

"That question is unanswerable at the present moment," replied Emma, blushing deeply, and gently withdrawing her hand, but without the slightest tincture of affectation being blended in her manner or conversation towards him, for her very look convinced Tanjore that he was the sole object of her chaste affection.

Meanwhile, Mary and Ellen had both recovered their composure, and, as Emma had predicted, both their countenances had resumed their usual smiles, and they were enjoying with their cousin Lucy the most agreeable chit-chat; while the transported Tanjore, almost regardless that his sisters were present, gathered from the lips and the looks of his adored Emma such sentences as promised him an assurance of her eternal fidelity towards him, and that his happiness would no longer be delayed than a limited time, when his father should sanction him to claim that hand already given him at the earnest and impressive request of a dying brother.

The timidity and delicacy of Emma's character, however, was never apparently withdrawn, so as to exhibit any particular attention to the object of her affection in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Trelawney; nor was William yet faded on her recollection,—she never heard his name without breathing a sigh sacred to his memory, or listened to the recital of his virtues without a tear being dropped to commemorate his departed worth; nor did she ever converse with his faithful Christopher without betraying considerable emotion, if by chance he adverted to any circumstance relative to the affairs of his masters while living.

Preparations, however, were now speedily taking place in the residence of Mr. Trelawney for his intended embarkation to India, in which Mrs. Trelawney received the assistance and instructions of her beloved Mary, in selecting her purchases for the young ladies, and the rest of her family, for whom a most splendid quantity of wearing apparel was provided, made up in the newest fashions. The wardrobe of

Emma (for some reason or other) Mrs. Trelawney chose to be arranged peculiarly different to that of Ellen's and Mary's; for some of the dresses, though far more superbly elegant and expensive than her cousins', were for the most part matronly, and more suited to a married lady than an unmarried one, which occasioned Mrs. Henry Clarendale to laugh immoderately, while she exclaimed,—

"I see plainly what you mean to do with our Emma before she returns again to England;—nay, Rosa, how useless to me is that blush and that evasive look. Cannot I tell, think you, why you have ordered Emma's dresses to be made so different to those of Ellen's and Mary's?"

"Why, what do I mean, Mary?" cried Mrs. Trelawney, now laughing.

To which Mrs. Clarendale immediately replied,—

"Why you mean to give her a husband, my dear, that's all, and I approve of your plan most highly,—the dresses that would become the Miss Trelawneys would not be quite so appropriate to the young, Mrs. Tanjore Trelawney, I grant you."

"Well, Mary, I certainly have some idea that Emma will be married to Tanjore while she is in India, and that is the truth of it," answered Mrs. Trelawney; "for which reason I have taken care to provide her with such dresses as will be necessary on so important an occasion."

"Mamma, I don't know what to give my cousin Lucy for a keepsake," cried Mary, one morning, entering her mother's dressing-room; "I have nothing of value, or that I think good enough to offer her; but I tell you what Ellen and I and Emma have been proposing."

"And what is that, my dear love?" cried Mrs. Trelawney, delighted with this fresh proof of the excellence of disposition in her amiable girls."

"Why," returned Mary, "you know, mamma, that sister Ellen and I are exceedingly rich, that is, papa has given us a great deal of money, and we have expended but very little of it. Now, I was thinking that if Ellen and I joined our money together, and gave it to papa back again, that he would purchase something for Lucy better than we could, and she would then accept of it as a token of our joint affection for her."

"I do not know what to say to this proposal, my dearest girls, un-

less your father were here to decide on it," cried Mrs. Trelawney, almost ready to clasp her daughters to her bosom with redoubled affection, "and here I protest comes you father, just in time to settle the matter."

Mary immediately told Mr. Trelawney what matter he had to settle, and added, with one of her gipsy smiles, as she drew out a little green silk bag, in which she had deposited Ellen's money as well as her own,—

"Now guess, before you look at it, how much money we have saved up for Lucy!"

"No, my dear generous girls," cried Mr. Trelawney, flinging an arm around the slender waist of each of them, "I will neither examine the depth of your purse, nor will I take a penny out of it, for, were it a thousand times as much, your amiable and generous disposition is worthy to share in it. In the mean time, I will take care of your cousin Lucy; your kind intentions towards her shall meet with no disappointment. I will be the purchaser of a suitable remembrance for Lucy, but it shall not be with your money that it will be made;" and tenderly kissing his lovely girls, they tripped away, delighted with the approbation of their father, to bear to Emma the pleasing intelligence of his unbounded generosity in granting the indulgence of their wishes.

Nor was the amiable mother of these children behindhand in generosity, and in testifying those marks of her affection to her beloved Henry and Mary, which in the tenor of her blameless life she had invariably adopted towards them.

Sedley Clarendale had every article of his wardrobe provided for his voyage to India by his affectionate aunt, nor was there any difference in Tanjore's apparel from his own; and Lucy was presented with an assortment of the most elegant clothes, not inferior to his own daughters', by the hand of Mr. Trelawney, giving her to understand that it was the gift of her cousins, as a remembrance of their affection; and Emma was left to her own discretion to do what she pleased, as she had an unlimited command over her own private property, nor was the lovely girl less generous than her cousins,—her uncle and aunt Clarendale were presented with some valuable tokens of her respectful regard, and Lady Wyndham was presented with her picture, richly set with pearls; and, with Mr. Trelawney's permission, Emma gave to Dr. Starmer a superb ring set with her

hair, which the worthy Doctor declared he would wear on his finger to the end of his existence.

Tanjore also made some handsome presents to Lucy, and to his sister Alexina; and every thing was now in train for their speedy embarkation on board one of the finest ships that ever was remembered to trade to India, the name of which was the Fortitude; and Mr. Trelawney having long had a share in her, proposed that his family should sail in her to India, aware that the accommodation which would be afforded to him on such an occasion would be greater than if he embarked with entire strangers; and the cabins were now fitted up with an elegance which was suitable to his rank and fortune.

No other passengers were admitted on board besides the family of Mr. Trelawney, save only one gentleman, a resident in India, and once Governor of Surinam. He had paid but a short visit to England, having merely come to arrange some business, and was now on his return to India. Mr. Trelawney had seen him only once, but that once was sufficient to impress him with a very favourable opinion towards him, for Governor De Montford (for such was he called) was not only a man of the most pleasing exterior, but his manners were highly expressive of the character he supported; he was besides elegant, and uncommonly intelligent, while kindly benevolence and urbanity of disposition shone brightly in every feature. His age appeared to be about fifty, but perhaps he was not so much, the climate in which he had so long been resident having given to his complexion a more sombre hue than even the weight of years. At all events Mr. Trelawney professed himself to be highly pleased with the gentlemanly Governor De Montford, and gave a very fair representation of him to Mrs. Trelawney and Lord and Lady Wyndham, when he returned home.

"At all events," cried Mr. Trelawney, "there is no danger of either of my girls losing their hearts on their voyage to India, for De Montford is avowedly old enough to be their father, though his manners and conversation bear the sprightliness and vivacity of juvenility."

The infant son of Lord Wyndham was now intended to be christened in a few days, and the ceremony was to be performed in Berkeley Square, at the express desire of Mr. Trelawney and his lady, whose spirits, as the period rapidly approached for their depar-

ture from the shores of her native country, became agitated and even depressed, although cheered by the presence of her brother and her beloved Mary, who exerted their utmost influence to enliven and amuse her; yet this fond mother's eyes were frequently filled with tears, as she rested them on her daughter Alexina and her beauteous little babe, which, the moment Mr. Trelawney perceived, he endeavoured to draw her attention from the object of her fond solicitude, often exclaiming, when he was alone with Lord and Lady Wyndham at their residence,—

"Now, Wyndham, I would that I had Mrs. Trelawney safely stowed on board the Fortitude. You saw in what a sad flutter her spirits were at the sight of Alexina yesterday. She is positively the most nervous woman in existence, and I verily believe I must invite Dr. Starmer to stay a few days previous to our departure from Berkeley Square, or I shall never get her away. Alley, my dear creature, I greatly depend on you. Do every thing not to encourage your mother in this weakness; yet you are a very good girl,—I have seen you in some trying situations, and you have always behaved nobly."

"I cannot promise you, my dear father, how I shall behave on the present occasion," answered her Ladyship, suppressing a gentle and almost involuntary sigh; "I am now a mother myself, and know how tender are the feelings of one. Oh, they are beyond compare! you know not how anxious a mother's heart beats for her child."

"So, we shall be in a fine way, Wyndham," cried Mr. Trelawney, regarding his beloved daughter with fonder affection than ever; while Lord Wyndham, taking the hand of his Alexina, and fondly pressing it in his own, exclaimed,—

"My dear love, for the sake of your father, we must all endeavour to acquit ourselves in the best manner that we are able, and we can do no more."

At length the important day arrived for the christening of little William, and Mr. and Mrs. Clarendale being still in Berkeley Square, Lord Wyndham requested that the ceremony should be performed by him; and a most sumptuous entertainment was provided on the occasion, the Earls Beauverie and Perimont, intimate friends of Lord Wyndham, being invited to dine at Mr. Trelawney's, the latter nobleman having long promised to stand godfather to the child; but when the whole of the family assembled in the drawing-room, a

finer picture of *Family Portraits* were perhaps never beheld on the canvass together, to delight the eye, as well as most irresistibly to engage the heart.

Emma looked most transcendently lovely as she entered the room with Ellen, Mary, and Lucy Clarendale; but it was neither Emma, Ellen, or Mary, that Lord Beauverie so particularly admired, for he fixed his eyes on the blushing Lucy, and exclaimed to Lord Wyndham,—

"Is that lovely creature nearest the window also the daughter of Mr. Trelawney?"

To which his Lordship replied,—

"No, my Lord, it is Miss Clarendale at whom you are now looking; she is a niece of Mr. Trelawney's, and the only daughter of Mr. Clarendale, to whom I have just had the honour of presenting you."

"She is, then, most exquisitely beautiful," exclaimed Lord Beauverie; "indeed, I never beheld a more interesting group of youthful females."

"And I assure you, my Lord, they are no less amiable than beautiful," answered Lord Wyndham: "the youngest daughter of Mr. Trelawney is, perhaps, one of the most accomplished young women in England."

The Earl of Beauverie was not only fully satisfied on this particular, but by entering into conversation with the lovely girls soon discovered on what system their education had been formed: it was not merely superficial, or calculated only to shine for a fleeting hour in the present fashionable day, but to render them competent to perform the more active duties of wives and mothers, whenever they should marry, and to prove blessings to their husbands as well as ornaments to the age in which they lived; and though all the young ladies shared in the attentions of Lord Beauverie on this day, yet the lovely Lucy appeared to be the particular object of attraction, which afforded the highest gratification to the feelings of the relatives of this amiable young creature.

The timidity of a young female, unaccustomed to mix in the society of personages of exalted rank, threw a modest veil over the charms of Lucy, which she was quite unconscious only added to the loveliness with which nature had so peculiarly gifted her, and, in the eyes even of this accomplished nobleman, rendered her a thousand times more engaging than if she had studied to please. Lucy said but little, but

that little was blended with such sweet simplicity and modest ingenuousness, that his Lordship seemed at once fascinated by her beauty and charmed with her innocence.

At two o'clock, the infant son of Lord and Lady Wyndham was brought into the drawing-room, (where, in half an hour afterwards, the ceremony commenced,) receiving the name of William Egbert Augustus, the last in compliment to his godfather, the Earl of Perimont, and the former in memory of the beloved and lamented son of his grandfather. The babe was much extolled for its beauty, and particularly admired and even caressed by Lord Beauverie, who, resigning him to the arms of his lovely mother, exclaimed,—

"Sweet little fellow! may every returning year increase your Ladyship's happiness in this darling boy, and add to the blessings of your present felicity! He will one day know his accomplished mother, and, I hope, amply repay the affectionate cares she is now bestowing on him."

Lady Wyndham curtseyed gracefully to the elegant compliment of Lord Beauverie, and such was the delightful harmony which presided on this day in Berkeley Square, that not a sigh of regret, or a feeling but of genuine happiness would have prevailed in the bosoms of either of the party, who were assembled there, but for the thought that the parting hour was yet to come which was to separate them, for a continued length of time, from the society and tender intercourse of each other; and, whenever this thought intruded itself on their minds, a tear, an envious tear,—would unbidden start in every eye, and the lovely smile which gladdened every cheek and brightened every countenance suddenly made a retreat, like the sunny ray which sometimes steals behind a gloomy (though not a dark or sullen) cloud.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Woman! blest partner of our joys and woes,
"Even in the darkest hour of earthly ill,
"Untarnished yet, thy fond affection glows,
"Throbs with each pulse, and beats with every thrill:
"Bright o'er the wasted scene thou hoverest still,
"Angel of comfort to the failing soul;
"Undaunted by the tempest, wild and chill,
"That pours its restless and disastrous roll
"O'er all that blooms below, with sad and hollow howl.
"When sorrow rends the heart with feverish pain,
"Wrings the hot drops of anguish from the brow,—
"To sooth the soul, to cool the burning brain,
"Oh! who so welcome and so prompt as thou?
"Alike thy care and constancy confess,
"Alike thy pitying hand and fearless friendship bless."

Mr. Trelawney having now made every necessary arrangement for the immediate departure of himself and family from England, often paid occasional visits on board the ship Fortitude, in which they were to embark for India; and in order to prepare the mind and feelings of his beloved Rosa to habituate herself to the scenes which would so shortly take place, and which would be so entirely novel to any thing she had yet experienced, he proposed to Captain Wilton, who was a most gentlemanly man, that they should one day dine on board the Fortitude, with all his family, and a select party of friends, which he would invite on the occasion.

"In short," cried Mr. Trelawney, "I wish Mrs. Trelawney to see what charming accommodations you have provided for her, Wilton, and to introduce her to her fellow-passenger De Montford, who will be her companion and associate on her long voyage, and in whose society I think she will be charmed."

"Governor De Montford is indeed a most amiable and accomplished man," cried Captain Wilton, "and had he not been so, Mr. Trelawney, you cannot suppose that I would ever have admitted him as a passenger on board the Fortitude. Having been apprised of your intentions to embark for India, with the whole of your amiable

and accomplished family, I was particularly solicitous with whom I engaged, that they should be worthy of becoming fellow-passengers with you and Mrs. Trelawney, and your most respectable family. Had not Governor De Montford been such as you behold, he would not have sailed in the Fortitude to India, though he had offered twenty times the sum for his accommodation."

With so flattering a compliment and high mark of respect from the Captain, Mr. Trelawney was much pleased, and resolved that it should not go unrewarded on their arrival in India; and that day Captain Wilton dined in Berkeley Square, and was introduced to the whole family of the amiable Trelawneys, the ensuing day being appointed for their going on board the Fortitude, where, perhaps, one of the most elegant entertainments ever introduced in such a style was prepared for the lovely and accomplished guests, when the whole family of the Trelawneys, including Lord and Lady Wyndham, Fothersgill, and Mrs. Pelham, met; in addition to which were Dr. Starmer, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarendale, and Sedley and Lucy, the last of whom had received no small hint from Lady Wyndham of the conquest she had made of a certain great Lord, who had actually fallen desperately in love with her on the day of little William's christening; but as this hint was not given in the presence of the senior parties, it excited no small degree of pleasantry with Mary, Ellen, and Emma, and even Tanjore was allowed to join in their mirth against the blushing Lucy, who exclaimed,—

"There, now, cousin Alexina, see what a tormentor you have given me in Tanjore; and if he was not going shortly to India, I suppose I should never hear the last of it, he would so tease me about this Lord—what do you call him, Lady Wyndham?"

"What, you really affect, Lucy, to be ignorant of his name?" cried Lady Wyndham, laughing most immoderately, in which the mischievous Mary almost immediately joined, while Tanjore exclaimed,—

"'If ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise;' but, my pretty Lucy, this wont do,—you are as well acquainted with his name as we are. You know very well who it was that introduced you to Lord Beauverie, and that you were ever afterwards the exclusive object of his Lordship's attentions. As to Mary, she had no chance,—he scarcely looked at her."

"Yes, but he did though," cried Mary, in her usual arch manner;

"and he looked at somebody else, too, and I dare say you saw that, though you did not observe him looking at any one beside; but then your penetration was sufficient to see that he was no rival of yours, and you did not care for aught else; but he was looking at me all the while now, and I dare avow that he said more to me than to any one in the room about Lucy Clarendale, and I said more to him than I mean to tell you, so you may just guess what that is—— and it will puzzle you."

Mary then ran away laughing, Tanjore following her, and declaring that he would not let her escape without she made full confession of all that Lord Beauverie had said about Lucy.

"Mary is the same little tormenting creature as formerly," cried Lady Wyndham, "and now I am gone I suppose she does just as she pleases among you all,—is it not so, Ellen? What, silent?—well then, Emma, you speak,—is not Mary as forward and as curious as ever?—You perceive she did not suffer you just now to escape from the keenness of her observations."

"I will tell you just what I think of Mary, without disguise," said Emma; "but, indeed, Alexina, you quite mistake the point in Mary's disposition: she has wit and boundless vivacity, but all her roses are thornless,—I am persuaded that she never intends to wound. Though she is sometimes severe, yet the moment she is conscious that she has offended, how humbly will she sue for pardon and forgiveness, and this sweet atonement is more than sufficient for her fault."

"Yet you acknowledge that she has faults," cried Alexina smiling.

To which Emma, with a soft sigh, answered,—

"And who is there, my dear creature, cast in this frail shape of mortality, that has not a fault?—ah, who is there without them? And so many there are, who knowing that they have faults, yet are too proud to own them, that I always think the confession is praiseworthy, and though it does not immediately produce a reformation, yet it is certainly one of the steps towards it."

"Granted, my dear Emma," cried Lady Wyndham, "but confession without amendment will avail us but little; confession and amendment should be prompt, or they are useless; and although you have said thus much to excuse Mary, I must still adopt my former opinion, and that it were much better that she did not offend at all, rather than to seemingly atone for it when she has done so: it

would spare her own heart much unnecessary pain, and others much greater, for no one likes to have their feelings pained; even if they only bear it for a moment, that moment they would have readily dispensed with."

It was impossible that Emma could reasonably confute such an argument, and the subject dropped, succeeded by another of a far more important nature, and that was, the subject of the voyage to India, which was so shortly to separate all those dear and fond relatives from one another.

Mrs. Trelawney was delighted with the accommodations on board the Fortitude, each of the young ladies having separate and elegant cabins appropriated for their use, while that of Mr. and Mrs. Trelawney was superb. The grand cabin, in which they all took their meals, was fitted up in a style of magnificence and splendour which excited the astonishment of the spectators; and Mrs. Trelawney, the moment she entered it, was charmed and gratified beyond expression, and so were Lord and Lady Wyndham; while Mary was in raptures, and repeatedly exclaimed,—

"Oh, sister Alexina, what a beautiful ship, and what nice little rooms Ellen and I and Emma have got to sleep in, and Mrs. Pelham's too is very neat; beyond it, and next to the great room where we are all to dine and breakfast, is papa and mamma's; and a little farther off is brother Tanjore's and Mr. Fothersgill's. Now, if there was only one for you and my Lord Wyndham, how happy should I be, and I know where I would make room for my little darling nephew."

"Where, my love, would you put the babe?" inquired her Ladyship, with some emotion at the earnest manner in which the affectionate girl uttered these words, the spontaneous offering of her pure and artless affection.

"Why, my sister's child should be as dear as my own," cried Mary, "and it should sleep on my bosom, and I would cherish it, and take as much care of it as you would do, sister Alexina,—indeed it should not want; I would sooner want myself ten thousand times over, than let your dear little baby want, while I had one morsel to give it."

Lady Wyndham burst into tears, and throwing her arms round Mary, strained her to her bosom with the most uncontrollable affection, now convinced of the justness and truth of Emma's discrimina-

tion with respect to the real disposition of her young sister, and that her roses were indeed thornless ones to those she loved, and that she was not very likely to wound where she could not immediately heal and bind it up for ever.

With her fellow-passenger Mrs. Trelawney acknowledged herself greatly pleased, and so did Lord and Lady Wyndham. Fothersgill also was apparently delighted with the appearance of such a man as De Montford, and when he found himself alone with Tanjore, expressed his warmest approbation of the manners and conversation of the elegant and accomplished Governor.

"Here is a man, Mr. Tanjore," cried he, "from whose conversation you must hourly improve, or I shall stand amazed at your indifference or want of discernment, which, I think, Mr. Tanjore, is by no means the case with you, as you have decidedly both an excellent heart and a very superior share of intellect, which I have made it my study to improve."

"And which you have not neglected to correct, Fothersgill," answered Tanjore, smiling; "and yet, perhaps, not half so much as I merited or truly deserved."

To which Fothersgill replied,—

"And your being conscious of that, Mr. Tanjore, is a proof at once of your amendment, as it is of your good sense. I will acknowledge that you have sometimes merited correction, and even deserved punishment, both of which you have often escaped; but I will say this for you, that you never persisted in your follies when you were told of them, or abused the indulgence which was shown to you by your fond old tutor. But to return to the subject on which we were conversing, I am really of opinion that your father will have great reason to rejoice at being so fortunate in obtaining a companion throughout our long voyage every way so desirable and acceptable as Governor De Montford;—Mrs. Trelawney too seems highly pleased with him."

"And my sisters," cried Tanjore, smiling.

"Oh, pardon me, Mr. Tanjore," said Fothersgill; "your sisters are too young to form any estimate on the merits of the Governor, who is old enough to be their father. Miss Ellen, I am sure, is too modest and unassuming to give her opinion of De Montford."

"But Mary!" cried Tanjore, now laughing immoderately, and well knowing that his sister Mary was not, nor ever had been, a

favourite with the quaint tutor; and Fothersgill, with much gravity, replied,—

"Miss Mary, Mr. Tanjore, is not only very apt to give her opinion, but even forward to offer her remarks, on objects and subjects by no means apppropriate to a young lady, who may be said scarcely to have arrived at a proper age to possess any judgment at all. I will allow that she is endowed with extraordinary talents, but they are too ripe—they are too ripe, Mr. Tanjore, and I have often seen such talents sink, instead of being exalted to perfection."

Tanjore coloured deeply, not perfectly understanding the illusion which Fothersgill intended to convey; besides which, Tanjore doted on his sister Mary,—she was the favourite of all his sisters, and he indignantly exclaimed,—

"I confess I do not comprehend your meaning; at least I hope that I do not."

"Why, what did you suppose, Mr. Tanjore, was my meaning?" demanded Fothersgill, surprised at the displeased expression that he beheld blended in his countenance.

"I thought you could not mean that my sister Mary would ever debase hers.lf, instead of being exalted, by those extraordinary talents you say that she is gifted with," replied Tanjore, colouring.

"No, Sir, I did not mean any such thing," answered Fothersgill, "though it appears that you have imputed to me such a charge; but your insinuation is false, Mr. Tanjore, and while I own that Miss Mary Trelawney has talents, and those too of the first order, yet I will also positively aver that they are dangerous ones when improperly applied. Wit, in the hands of a female, is an instrument which should be used very sparingly,—I repeat it, nor shall I retract my words, it should be used sparingly and (excuse me, Mr. Tanjore) delicately, or it should never be used at all. This is my meaning, Sir, and if you mistake that meaning, it is your fault and not mine."

"But you never admired—you never liked my sister Mary, Fothersgill; even when she was a child, although she was an object of admiration to every body else, yet Mary was never a favourite with you: I have frequently heard you declare, that she was the most forward girl you ever beheld," cried Tanjore, "and if every one had entertained the same prejudice, poor Mary would have been despised by all."

A silence ensued, during which Fothersgill had recourse to his

snuff-box, after which he very gravely addressed Tanjore in the following manner:—

"Mr. Tanjore, it is impossible, morally and practically impossible, that I can ever dislike any of your father's children. I cannot do this, Mr. Tanjore, without forgetting my patron, my friend, my benefactor! but if I have particularly loved one of his children more than all the rest, if one of these children has been my favourite, the pride and darling of an old man's heart,—you, Mr. Tanjore, are the last who should find occasion to reproach me with it."

Poor Fothersgill now found his feelings overpowered, but how much more were those of Tanjore, who felt himself to be the cause of it, and springing from his chair, he was in a moment beside his old tutor, with a hand grasped in his, and demanding pardon and forgiveness; at which Fothersgill smiled, and exclaimed,—

"My dear impetuous boy, learn to govern your temper as I have been taught to govern mine; and first know whether wrong is intended before you condemn or accuse, and even when you find the accusation to be true, use mildness instead of violence, and believe me, this system will be more pleasant to your own feelings, while it will awaken in others a consciousness of an error being committed more than all the harsh language in the world. Severity naturally hardens the heart against repentance, my dear Mr. Tanjore; but lenity, when properly administered, softens the heart, and makes it yield to impressions of the noblest kind. See now into what useless agitation you have thrown yourself; see how passion has disordered your frame, and distorted your features;—verily that frown has so suddenly changed the expression of your really handsome face, that I do not know Tanjore Trelawney even when I look at him."

"But I do not frown now, Fothersgill, do I?"

"No, but the effects of the frown still perceptibly appear," cried the tutor, now determined to make Tanjore really sensible of his only imperfection.

"Well, I cannot remedy it now, can I?" cried Tanjore.

"No," answered Fothersgill, "but you have received sufficient hints to remedy it at another time."

"And that I will not fail to do," replied Tanjore; "and when I forget to do so, may you, my monitor and friend, be ever near to correct me; yet still I must return to the old subject."

"And what is that, Mr. Tanjore?" cried the tutor.

"My sister Mary," retorted Tanjore, "in whom you will find such an excellent heart, Fothersgill, as to excuse the little foibles of her disposition."

"I will excuse them all," cried Fothersgill, "provided she does not make her own particular friends and relatives the objects of her satirical remarks, which you will allow, Mr. Tanjore, she has often done, perhaps unconscious that she has exposed them to the ridicule of others. Deny it, if you can, that Miss Mary has often made me (the tutor of her brothers) a subject for her mirthful and inordinate inclination to excite raillery, to call it by no harsher name; for were I to call it by its right name, it would appear exceedingly disgusting, and therefore we will call it by no name at all,—will this please you?"

"Whether it pleases me or no, I must submit to your superior judgment," cried Tanjore; and at this moment a gentle tap at the door of the study surprised and even alarmed them, for neither Fothersgill nor Tanjore were desirous that their conversation should have been overheard by any other person; and "Who is there?" was demanded by the tutor in no very gentle tone, it being his chamber in which he and his pupil had been conversing; but what was his astonishment when a voice, which could not be mistaken, (for it was Mary Trelawney's,) answered him with the most fascinating sweetness,—

"It's only me—Mary. If you are alone, Mr. Fothersgill, I want to speak with you; I have got something very particular to say to you, so pray let me in."

"Can or ought such a petitioner to be denied?" cried Tanjore, in a whisper; "suppose I slip behind that screen, Fothersgill,—I am anxious to learn what the little gipsy can have to say to you,—surely she has not overheard our conversation."

"I really cannot tell, Mr. Tanjore," said Fothersgill, "but be that as it may, you had better go behind the screen; there is no other way of hiding you from the observation of your sister."

"Wont you let me in?" cried Mary; and Fothersgill having seen his pupil safely bestowed, immediately opened the door to his unexpected visiter, who, laughing immoderately, sat herself down in the first chair she could find, without further ceremony, exclaiming,—

"I believe I was born laughing, for I positively cannot help it."

"And when you have done laughing, Miss Mary, perhaps you will tell me on what errand you are pleased to come hither," cried

Fothersgill, in a very grave accent; "it is not usual for young ladies to break thus abruptly into apartments which they know to be wholly dedicated to the male sex."

"And that is the very reason why I like it," cried Mary; "it is because that it is quite an unusual kind of thing that I am come to pay you a visit,—what do you think of that?"

There was an absolute air of witchery and charm in the countenance of Mary as she uttered this, that even Fothersgill, without imagining that he was so, was fascinated by its influence, or if not fascinated, he was wholly unable for a few moments to reply to the little enchantress, as she proceeded thus:—

"Well, it is no matter what you think, for I know very well that I am not doing wrong, so I will tell you my business in a very few words:—You know every body has given you something to remember them but me,—all my brothers and my sisters, when they finished their education, presented something to you and Mrs. Pelham, all but the ungrateful Mary, she whom you never loved, and who never loved you, till she was old enough to appreciate your intrinsic worth. Now, Sir, being perfectly sensible of that, as well as of many foolish parts of the conduct which I adopted towards you when I was a child, I come, in humble contrition, to offer you this little token of my respect before we depart to a foreign country, and to hope that Mary will henceforth know her duty better to her dear brother's instructor and friend."

Mary then instantly placed on Fothersgill's finger, with the most graceful air that was imaginable, a valuable ring, set in rich pearls, with her hair and the initials "M. T." which so confounded the amazed and penetrated tutor, that he could scarcely sufficiently collect himself to return an acknowledgment of his thanks for the very flattering compliment bestowed on him by the lovely donor of such a gift; and he was on the point of calling Tanjore from the place of his concealment, when Mary, without staying to be thanked at all, glided out of the room with the swiftness of a nimble-footed fairy, which in the lightness and smallness of her figure she much resembled; but no sooner had she made her exit, than her delighted brother burst forth from his hiding-place, exclaiming, in the most joyful and rapturous accents,—

"Well, Fothersgill, what do you think of my sister Mary now?"

"That I stand perfectly amazed, Mr. Tanjore, at the manner in

which Miss Mary has addressed me, as well as charmed with her sincerity and openness of heart," replied the tutor.

"And are you not now thoroughly convinced of the excellence of her disposition, and that although she has an abundant flow of spirits she can at all times be merry and wise? I will venture to say that I do not think any thing has influenced her conduct towards you but the prompt dictates of her own heart."

"Indeed, Mr. Tanjore, I am very much inclined to think so, at the same instant that I should be very sorry to accept of so valuable a present from Miss Mary without the knowledge of Mr. and Mrs. Trelawney."

"Oh, I have little doubt but they are already aware of it," cried Tanjore, "though it might very possibly have been first suggested by Mary herself."

And in this particular Tanjore was correct. She had suggested this wish of hers to her father and her mother, and had obtained their permission to have a ring made for Fothersgill according to her own taste, which had that morning been brought from Mr. Trelawney's jeweller; and after they had examined it, Mary, anxious to present it to the object for whom it was designed, ran immediately into the old tutor's apartment, without once considering whether there was propriety or impropriety in the case.

There was now only one week which was to intervene before the departure of Mr. Trelawney and his family from Berkeley Square. Already had all the baggage and other articles of travelling convenience been conveyed on board the Fortitude, and Mr. Trelawney only waited for the mandate which he was to receive from Captain Wilton, to hold himself in readiness to take his family on board; but the wind being now exactly contrary, there was no expectation of the ship sailing, notwithstanding which, Mr. Trelawney, every successive night, prepared the minds of Mrs. Trelawney and his children to expect the necessity of their going immediately on board if required by Captain Wilton, so that almost every evening Lord and Lady Wyndham were with them, as also Mr. and Mrs. Clarendale, who stayed to see the last of their beloved Sedley, the latter sustaining a fortitude that was admirable, setting forth such an example to Mrs. Trelawney, that if she did not receive the most beneficial advantages from it, she complained the less in the presence of her husband and her children, which at least produced the effect of compos-

ing the feelings of the whole party; but when alone with her beloved Mary, Mrs. Trelawney yielded to the indulgence of her grief at parting with objects so dear to her heart."

"Ah, Mary, how I envy you your feelings," exclaimed she; "would that I could for once in my life think and act like you."

To which Mrs. Clarendale replied,—

"Alas, my Rosa, and are my feelings then so enviable? Believe me, they are not so, if you could read the real state of my heart, a heart which never knows disguise, but when it wishes to avoid giving uneasiness to those whom it loves; and then, Rosa, I feel the necessity which duty imposes even on a mother, when the happiness of a child may be infected by her griefs. Were my boy Sedley to see me weep, he would weep too, and tremble at the moment when he should bid me farewell——perhaps——the most gloomy and sorrowing reflections might accompany him to a foreign land, and he would feel himself discontented and unhappy, even in the protecting arms of a kind, indulgent uncle; and all this might be the consequence of my having shown my boy so bad an example of fortitude in an hour when it was most required; yet, Rosa, this heart is not at rest,—these feelings are not tranquil; they are silent, but no less painful, tender as yours."

"Oh, would to heaven, then, Mary, you could teach me such fortitude as yours," cried Mrs. Trelawney; "but ah, both my sister Rebecca and I were always your inferiors in this most necessary virtue. How frequently have I heard my father exclaim, when Rebecca or I have mourned over a lost favourite in a little pet bird, as if the tears we shed so copiously could have recalled him back to life again, 'You would not see Mary Bradbury do so; she has better sense, with just as much feeling as either of you; dry up your tears, for they are now useless ones,—they cannot restore the bird to life again. Go and tell Mary how foolish you have acted, and she will laugh at you.'"

Mr. Trelawney was one morning sitting in his library with Tanjore (the whole of which elegant and classical collection was not to be removed from Berkeley Square,) when a servant announced a stranger, who said he came on urgent business, and wished to speak with Mr. Trelawney; that he declined sending in his name, and was now waiting in the hall.

To which Mr. Trelawney replied,—

"Why do you keep people standing in the hall, Sir, when I have repeatedly told you that all of a respectable appearance are entitled to rest themselves when they come on business to my house?"

"But this person, Sir," cried the servant, "is——" he stammered and paused.

"Is what, Sir, demanded Mr. Trelawney, with some symptoms of curiosity, "Why do you speak in half sentences—what is he?"

On which the servant, in still greater confusion, replied,—

"I do not know what he is, Sir; but——but——he is——very meanly and shabbily dressed, so I thought——"

"That he had no right to civility from a person of your great calling," cried Mr. Trelawney, smiling; "I have not a doubt but you thought so, but I must beg to observe that this does not in the least concern you, and to repeat once more my imperative order, that all persons coming to my doors shall be treated with civility by my servants,—admit the stranger instantly."

In the next moment a young man (for he was apparently not more than thirty) presented himself before Mr. Trelawney; his countenance had an expression in it of the deepest despondency, and though indeed wretched in his attire, he had the air of a gentleman, for the very bow that he made on his entrance was elegant and graceful; and no man knew better than Mr. Trelawney how to respect the feelings of the unfortunate, for of that class the stranger too obviously appeared to be.

"I beg you will be seated, Sir," cried Mr. Trelawney, with a smile of complacency; "you appear to be under the influence of fatigue, perhaps of indisposition; sit down and rest yourself, and then I will inquire into the business which brings you here."

The stranger, pale and exhausted, and by no means prepared for so kind a reception, falteringly exclaimed,—

"I thank you, Sir, most humbly thank you. I am both a poor and wretched man, sunk to poverty's lowest depth, and the voice of complacency, the expression of kindness, is new to my ear. No wonder, then, that it should thrill my heart even to bursting; but thus encouraged by your generous smile, I will, in few words, declare the purpose for which I came hither:—it was to thank you, Mr. Trelawney, and your amiable son, for the kind and compassionate interest you took in the fate of beings to you then only known by the peculiar and distinguishing marks of human misery,

of human want and wretchedness, alas! unequalled; for, on that morning when your son, led by motives of the tenderest pity, went to inquire at a music-stall for the distressed family who had exposed to sale the song of the 'Water Lily,' a beloved wife and two dear infants were perishing for food."

"How," cried Mr. Trelawney, in the utmost astonishment and concern, "are you related to the family of the late Madame De Valmont, the celebrated authoress?"

On which the stranger, bursting into tears, exclaimed,—

"Yes, Mr. Trelawney, the wretched outcast being whom you see before you is the unfortunate grandson of Madame De Valmont. My grandmother, Sir, had but only one surviving child; she had had many, but they all died save only Antonio, who was her darling."

"Of that Antonio I have heard Madame De Valmont frequently speak," cried Mr. Trelawney; "he went to Italy, and I understood there married an Italian lady of considerable beauty and accomplishments."

"He did, indeed," uttered the stranger, now almost convulsed with emotion, "and I——I was the offspring of that accursed marriage!——forgive me Mr. Trelawney, if the recollection of this hated woman—oh! would that I could frame my tongue to call her mother!—revives the heart-rending sorrows which she heaped on the head of my devoted father, so that my speech may appear to you unseemly;—I will indeed, struggle to suppress the tumultuous tide of emotion which fills my soul at the bare recital of this horrible tale, for horrible must it seem to any of virtuous or godlike feeling.

"Know then, Sir, that the wife of my father, the woman on whom his soul doted, the false and faithless Selima, and the cruel and unnatural mother (for she had given birth to me about ten months before,) fled from Italy,—she fled from the arms of her fond husband, and from the innocent babe she had so recently become a mother to ——she fled from all to——live——in infamy and splendour, with a base perfidious villain, who had decoyed her with specious promises and wily arts to seek her ruin and the destruction of a husband's peace: for, alas! peace never more returned to the bosom of my father, for he died, Mr. Trelawney, broken-hearted, in the arms of my grandmother, consigning his poor orphan boy (for such I was) to the only friend I had on earth; and how tenderly did she discharge her trust: from her hands did I derive the first rudiments

of my education, and how eagerly did I grasp at her lessons of experience; how anxiously did she pour on my youthful heart a love for all that was truly good and truly great; above all things, she taught me to honour virtue, and to cling to that unerring and protecting Providence which never utterly abandons those who ultimately confide in its goodness.

"'Poverty will assail you, my Rosalvie,' uttered she, 'when the little means I now have to support you are gone; temptation on temptation will crowd on your alarmed and virtuous mind, but resist them, my child, and you will ever repose in security and peace; manfully bear up against the tide of worldly evils which will afflict you when I shall cease to exist; eat the bread of industry, and it will be sweet, though ever so little; curse not your mother, for still she is your mother, though she has eternally disgraced you! yet do not curse her,—but never commune with her: pray for her repentance, and should you meet with her in this vale of tears, accept nothing from her hands,—the bread she eats would choke you—'tis the wages of sin, and stained with dishonour.'

"Mr. Trelawney, it was the last counsel that my dear grandmother ever gave me, for soon she fled to meet the reward of all her exemplary virtues and trials of fortitude, in a better world, where happiness is certain, and no sorrow ever dwells. In fine, Sir, I buried my poor grandmother, and no sooner were her remains deposited in the earth, than I retired into the country with the little that this dear and venerable relative had left me, and in the humblest industry I passed many years; but, alas, my labour failed when I had a wife and two children to support, for, inspired by the genius of my grandmother, I attempted to become an author—and then I starved."

"I do not doubt it, my good Sir," cried Trelawney; "it is the surest road to poverty in the whole created world,—you could not have made choice of a more starving profession, or one that so ill repays its labourers."

"Yet my grandmother lived by it," cried Mr. De Valmont.

"True, my dear Sir," cried Mr. Trelawney, "but these are not the days of your grandmother: she lived in times when talent gave respect, and even honours, to those who possessed it; in these days (they call them enlightened ones, but I must beg leave to contradict the false assertion) talents very rarely gain a friend."

"Alas, Sir, I found it so," cried Mr. De Valmont; "I brought

my wife and children to London, the great and universal mart for all conditions of men; I placed them in an obscure lodging, and began my authorship."

"And where did it end?" cried Mr. Trelawney, "and in what manner did the gentlemen of the sheets receive your early labours?"

"They treated me with rudeness," answered Mr. De Valmont, "often with brutality; which when I resented, they laughed at me."

"Certainly, it is their interest; it keeps authors down, and their consequence up. However, let us no longer converse on so painful a subject,—are your wife and children yet in London?"

"Yes, Sir," answered Mr. De Valmont, the tears again starting to his eyes, "and by mere accident I find that——that my mother is here also; but how she has obtained a knowledge of you I need not wonder,—she often visits the musical repository at the late Mr. P.'s in Bond Street, where the card of Lady Honoria Belmont was left by your son, and I received a letter, intimtaing that if Mr. De Valmont called there, he would hear of something to his advantage. I availed myself of this opportunity, Sir, as soon as possible, and conversed with the present proprietor. He assured me, with a sincerity that I could not doubt, of your benevolent inquiries about me; and I am come, such as I am, before you, telling you a tale of truth and misery. I have no doubt that it was my mother who wrote, but I cannot be certain, never having seen her handwriting.

Mr. Trelawney immediately rang the bell, and desired that some refreshments might be brought in, of which he kindly bade Mr. De Valmont to partake; but he ate but little, and drank still less, often exclaiming, "My Fanny—my Fanny expects me."

"Nor shall she be disappointed in her expectations," cried Mr. Trelawney; "compose yourself,—take a glass of wine,—leave me a card of your address, and this evening my son and I will visit you and your afflicted family, with such means of relief, Mr. De Valmont, as I hope will enable you to provide for yourself and children. You know I am a father and a husband myself, and I should feel unworthy of being either, if I did not most truly commiserate your situation. Lady Honoria Belmont is at present in Scotland, but that is of little moment, for I will take upon myself to do exactly what she would have done had she been here. She reveres the memory of Madame De Valmont, and so do I; and never do I bless the hand that has made me wealthy so infinitely as when it gives me

the means of helping those whom it has also made poor. Accept the enclosed for a present supply of your immediate necessities, Mr. De Valmont, and in the evening you shall behold me at the appointed time."

"Will you take another glass of wine, Mr. De Valmont?" cried Tanjore, pouring it out, and handing it to him with such an expression of warm benevolence seated on his countenance, that De Valmont, as he arose to take his leave, could not articulate a sentence, for his heart was too full; but his silence was far more expressive to both father and son, and at his departure Trelawney exclaimed,—

"Poor fellow! he is now going home to his wife and children, no doubt rejoiced with the hope of consoling them, and procuring them the means of comfort. See, my boy, we are not all happy in this wide world's theatre! Here is talent, industry, youth, and doubtless virtue, but still there is poverty, which scatters thorns even on the pillow of love, and blights all its blossoms, even till they wither and die."

"Ah, no, father, but they will not perish," cried Tanjore: "love will not perish, even though poverty chills the flower that it cherishes, yet it cannot eternally destroy it."

"But it may freeze it," cried Trelawney; "you never felt the chill of poverty—'tis a bitter blast."

"And have you, father?—yet you have loved, and would you not have done so if you had been poor likewise?"

"Your question is very natural, my boy," cried Mr. Trelawney, "and I will answer it after we have visited De Valmont, and further relieved the wants of him and his suffering little family."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Hard is his lot, who, here by fortune plac'd,
"Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;
"With ev'ry meteor of caprice must play,
"And chase the new-blown bubble of the day.
"Ah! let not censure term our fate our choice,
"Authors but echo back the public voice;
"The author's laws the author's patrons give,
"For we who live to please, must please to live."

Mr. Trelawney, accompanied by Tanjore, set out at an early hour from his residence in Berkeley Square in search of the obscure dwelling of Mr. De Valmont. We say in search, because, though he had left a very clear direction on the card which he had laid on the table, yet they had certainly some difficulty in finding out his wretched abode, for wretched it was beyond description, at a corner of a miserable dirty court leading into Exeter Street, near the Strand.

A fat squabby woman, with a remarkably red face, stood at the entrance of this miserable-looking hovel, whose gay attire (for she was dressed in all the colours of the rainbow) by no means agreed with the poverty of the mansion, and of whom Mr. Trelawney now inquired for Mr. De Valmont; to which she replied, having first very particularly surveyed the elegant dress of Mr. Trelawney, and the fine handsome figure and face of Tanjore Trelawney, with peculiar symptoms of complacency and satisfaction,—

"Why, Sir, I am only a lodger in *this here* house, and knows but very little of *that there* person you *inquires* for, because as how, you see, we *gets* our bread very differently. Mrs. Muggins, who keeps *this here* lodging-house, says he writes books; but, lauk a mercy! it's but a poor starving trade, so I never troubled my head to *ax* no more questions about him. Now I *gets* my living by——"

Her volubility was now immediately put a final stop to, by Mr. Trelawney abruptly exclaiming,—

"I do not want to know, Madam, what you get your living by, nor did I ask you by what means Mr. De Valmont got his; I only wished

to know if such a person resided in the house,—you have answered that question, and I am exceedingly obliged to you."

With these words, Mr. Trelawney and Tanjore immediately proceeded up the narrow staircase, leaving the red-faced lady at the bottom of it, to make what comments she liked best on their abrupt mode of quitting her; but they were almost instantly perceived by De Valmont himself, who, in silence, conducted them to a small apartment at the back part of the house, which, though miserably supplied with furniture, was perfectly clean. There were but two chairs and a small stool, besides the cradle, in which a lovely infant was sleeping, and a fine little boy about four years of age was sitting on the stool, close to his mother, Mrs. De Valmont, (for such she was,) who rose at the entrance of Mr. Trelawney, and curtsied respectfully to him and Tanjore, and two chairs were immediately brought from the adjoining apartment by De Valmont for their accommodation. Meanwhile, Mr. Trelawney had addressed Mrs. De Valmont in the kindest and most condescending manner that was possible.

"I beg you will be seated, Madam," uttered he, "and do not disturb your infant, which is now enjoying such sweet repose; meanwhile I will amuse myself with this fine little fellow, who looks as if he should like to scrape some acquaintance with me;" and Mr. Trelawney immediately drew the child towards him, and said, "What is your name, my little hero?"

"Rosalvie," answered he, "and when I am a good boy, mother calls me her dear Rosalvie, and kisses me."

"Indeed!" cried Mr. Trelawney, "but I hope you are always a good boy."

"No, not always," said the child; "sometimes I cry for bread and butter, and mother cries too, when she has none to give me."

There are moments when we blush at our poverty, although conscious that it is no crime, and this speech of little Rosalvie's brought a colour into the fair cheeks of Mrs. De Valmont, bright as the roseat tints of morning, and which, quickly fading, left no traces of vermillion there, but a crystal drop, that flowed unbidden from her azure eyes.

But what were the feelings of the amiable Trelawney, himself a father and a husband? Let us inquire, as he bent over the little flaxen-curled head of the beauteous boy, who had told a tale of truth

as plain as it could be spoken,—that he had wanted bread when his mother had none to give him, and that both their tears had fallen on the occasion.

Perhaps the feelings of Mr. Trelawney may be guessed at by some of the gentle readers of these pages, who have been long acquainted with the virtues of his character, but they cannot be described, when, in a voice which plainly indicated the nature of his feelings, he desired Tanjore to go in search immediately of some nice plum-cakes, which he was not long in doing, for he soon returned with a large paper full, one of which was placed in the hands of little Rosalvie by Mr. Trelawney, who evinced his gratitude for the kindness which was shown to him by kissing his hand, and making a very low bow; he then ran up to his mother with the cake, and invited her to share it with him. In short, Mr. Trelawney was so delighted with this lovely boy, that before he took his departure he deposited in the hands of Mrs. De Valmont more than sufficient to purchase a fresh supply of plum-cake whenever he required it.

"But I wont eat all," cried he; "I will save some for Charley."

"And who is Charley?" demanded Mr. Trelawney.

"Charley is the baby," uttered he; "he is my little brother; he is not so big as me, but one day, mother says, he will be a man, and I shall be a man too, like my father,—I wish I was a man now, to ride upon a horse."

"I will buy you a horse," cried Mr. Trelawney.

"Then I shall be a little man on a great horse," answered the boy.

'So you will, my fine fellow," cried Mr. Trelawney, laughing, "nor you wont be the first little man who rides on a great horse."

Mr. Trelawney now addressed Mr. and Mrs. De Valmont in the following words:—

"I have received both pleasure and pain in my visit to you this evening, Mr. and Mrs. De Valmont; for the former I am indebted to that sweet innocent, and the latter is occasioned by my seeing you in a situation which sensibly affects me; a situation very far inadequate to your merits, but for which let us not murmur against Providence. Was merit always placed in affluent circumstances, one half of its virtues would be diminished, nay, perhaps its lustre be lost altogether; nor does talent ever shine so brightly as when it is in obscurity, for it has then two powerful auxiliaries to draw it from

its humble bed,—necessity is the one, and exertion is the other; hope is also (as in Pandora's box) one of its gifts, and with these it rarely fails to push itself forward, and succeeds; and if with these it does not succeed, shame to the world, who will not lend a helping hand to save it from sinking."

"Ah, Mr. Trelawney, all men have not hearts like you," exclaimed De Valmont; "alas! how few, how very few resemble you."

"I believe I have not a heart insensible to the misery of my fellow-creatures," answered Trelawney, "but if I had, how culpable should I be in the eyes of that being who has given me the means of relieving them,—to be possessed of the means, and then withhold the relief, is a crime of all others the most abominable to humanity. Now, then, De Valmont, you must be prepared to quit your present abode, with your wife and little ones, to-morrow morning; I will provide you with another, and the means to live more comfortably. I am going to India, but that does not matter; I will see you happy before my departure, and you may write if you please, but remember that it will be to please yourself, and not the publishers;—when you can do this, they will be proud of your services, and acknowledge themselves obliged to you, and not till then. As to your boy, we will do any thing with him but make him an author; in fact, when your little Rosalvie is old enough, I will take charge of him,—are you willing to resign him to my care, Mrs. De Valmont?"

"Willing!" exclaimed Mrs. De Valmont, the tears starting to her eyes, "oh, Sir, most happy, most grateful!—you have made me the happiest of mothers, and may heaven reward you with its choicest blessings."

"And me the happiest of fathers!" exclaimed De Valmont: "oh, Sir, a life devoted to your service can alone repay the goodness you have evinced towards us."

"Do not overrate those services,—talk not of obligations, I beg of you," cried Mr. Trelawney; "they will be sufficiently repaid when I see you both enjoying domestic peace and happiness; and when that boy shall one day prove an ornament to society, and a blessing to the authors of his being. I shall then contemplate the fair work I have lent a helping hand to make perfect, and shall feel the most joyous sensations that I had the means to accomplish it. At an early hour to-morrow morning, De Valmont, I will send my

carriage to convey you to Berkeley Square: I shall positively get well rated by Mrs. Trelawney if I do not let her see your sweet children, after which I will conduct you to your new residence, which is in the neighbourhood of Brompton, exceedingly airy and healthful. I purchased a small cottage for my son William, during the early part of his illness, and it has never since been occupied; I am now happy to provide a tenant for it, and we will soon get it in order for your reception: in fact, De Valmont, I will give you this cottage *in toto;* there is something pleasant in being able to call a thing one's own, be it ever so homely,—I will therefore give you this cottage; but do not imagine that I will give it to you without the means of living in it,—that too I will arrange when we meet again,—till then, peace be with you.'

"Heaven eternally bless you, Sir," uttered De Valmont, as, taking a kiss of the roseat lips of little Rosalvie, who had fallen asleep on his mother's lap, Mr. Trelawney took his leave, Tanjore having slyly contrived to slip a sovereign into the hand of the sleeping boy, as he respectfully wished Mrs. De Valmont a good-night; and well might the old adage have been applied to these two amiable beings—'like father like son;' for Tanjore inherited every atom of his father's disposition, with respect to the liberality of his gifts and the generosity of his sentiments; and surely there is no heaven-born quality equal to the compassion which we feel for the wretched, the unfortunate, the unhappy, and the distressed,—there is not a greater virtue which can be implanted in the human breast, or one that is more acceptable in the eyes of our Creator, and in father and son it was now beautifully exemplified.

Mr. Trelawney was as good as his word: he sent for his upholsterer, though so late when he reached home, and desired him to go at an early hour in the morning, and completely furnish the little cottage at Brompton Grove with every thing that was necessary for a small family to reside in; he then sent for his ironmonger, and issued forth the same order; also his linen-draper for bed-linen, so that by twelve o'clock the ensuing morning, the cottage was in full readiness to receive and accommodate a much larger family than that of De Valmont's, at all which Mrs. Trelawney (who received the whole account of their evening visit from the lips of Tanjore) expressed the highest satisfaction, the beauty and conduct of little Rosalvie being particularly extolled and enlarged upon.

"And what sort of person is Mrs. De Valmont?" inquired Mrs. Trelawney.

"Why, I think her extremely beautiful, don't you, father?" cried Tanjore; "she is almost as fair as Emma, but not quite, with light hair and blue eyes, just like little Rosalvie's."

Mr. Trelawney now laughed heartily, for Emma was present, while he exclaimed,—

"Mrs. De Valmont is certainly a pretty woman, but I do not think her by any means a beautiful one, although she has blue eyes and almost flaxen hair, which appears to be the distinguishing mark of beauty with our son Tanjore, yet it is not so of mine."

"Ah, papa, but I know why brother Tanjore thinks Mrs. De Valmont so great a beauty," cried Mary, with her usual archness of expression: "Emma, you know, has got blue eyes and light hair, and he never thinks any body pretty that does not look something like Emma; and if every body eles thought so, how ugly Ellen and I should be, and sister Alexina, for we have all got dark hair and black eyes; but I know who says black eyes are very pretty, and he said also, that if Venus had blue eyes she is falsely painted, for he never saw a woman yet with blue eyes that ever looked like a Venus, and he has seen a great many,—don't you remember, Ellen, what he said on this subject?—and I am very much of his opinion, for mamma has got black eyes, and she is handsomer than all of us put together."

A peal of laughter now ensued, which it was impossible to resist, for the laugh was against both Tanjore and Emma.

"And pray, Miss Mary, who has been talking to you about what sort of eyes Venus had?" inquired Tanjore, "for I dare be sworn that he never saw them."

"Ask Ellen," replied Mary.

All eyes were now turned on the lovely Ellen, who, blushing deeply, cast a reproachful glance on her sister Mary, but which was not at all regarded by the little tormenter, who exclaimed, notwithstanding the evident embarrassment and confusion of her sister,—

"The picture, Ellen, you know, with which Governor De Montford was so charmed, and paid you so many flattering compliments on:—the Venus, which you copied at the Exhibition, the day Lord Wyndham took us to Somerset House. Don't you remember that he said, 'if it had dark eyes instead of blue it would have resembled

you?' I am sure I should not have forgotten such a compliment if it had been paid to me."

The climax of poor Ellen's mortification was now complete, as a second peal of laughter ensued, at which Tanjore was highly provoked with Mary, who was the occasion of it.

Meanwhile Ellen, not willing that her father should conceive she had listened to a conversation carried on by Mr. De Montford, merely for the gratification of her vanity, timidly pronouced,—

"It is all true, papa, what my sister Mary has been advancing,—the Governor certainly did say that the picture I copied at the Exhibition would have had some resemblance to me, if the eyes had not been blue; but you cannot suppose, papa, that I had the vanity to believe it; I hope you know me better than to indulge in such weakness; at the same time I do not think myself responsible for any thing which that gentleman may choose to advance."

"Certainly not, my dearest girl," cried Mr. Trelawney, perceiving at once the propriety and delicacy with which this speech was directed towards him; "and if the old Governor thinks you as handsome as Venus, I do not see what business we have to contradict his assertion; he is old enough to be your father, and I am persuaded would utter nothing derogatory to the character of a gentleman. He has an undoubted right to give his opinion of your picture, and if he likes a Venus better with black eyes than with blue ones, I do not see why his judgment should be called in question by either of us."

The subject was now dropped, but not without Mary's receiving a gentle hint from her father, that in future he begged she would restrain her propensity to ridicule and mirth at the expense of her sister, and that it was neither delicate or proper for her to be so forward in disclosing any private conversation which had passed on particular subjects, where she was not immediately a party concerned.

"While you continued a child, it was admissible, Mary," cried Mr. Trelawney, "but I must suggest to you that now it is no longer proper, nor will I again listen to you with the indulgence which you have hitherto received,—why do you not rather emulate the conduct of your cousin Emma, who is almost universally silent on all subjects that do not concern her?"

But as this lecture was given to Mary when no witnesses were

by, and sealed with a kiss at the conclusion of it, Mary did not long remember it, or if she did, only laughed at it, when Ellen and her were by themselves. Thus she gained an ascendancy over the mind of her too gentle sister, which time gradually strengthened and increased; all which Mrs. Pelham perceived with a deep regret that it was no longer an official part of her business to correct her for it; for Mrs. Trelawney was actually so partial to her daughter Mary that she could see no faults in her, and Mary was in other respects so extremely amiable, that few were inclined to treat her little foibles with the severity which they deserved. She was also a favourite with her aunt Clarendale, whose name she bore, which was so much the worse for Mary, for she was the only one from whom her fond mother would have listened to any complaints about her, or have suffered to have rebuked her.

In the presence of Lady Wyndham, however, Mary was always on her guard, as her sister never failed to remind her of what she deemed improper in her conduct, so that Mary was always more reserved and shy towards her sister Alexina than to any body else.

Notwithstanding which the youngest daughter of Trelawney was possessed of far greater fascination than either of her sisters, and her accomplishments were infinitely superior; and though Ellen was confessedly more beautiful, yet Mary's face pleased most, because it was more attractive; there was a peculiar charm in it, and a certain air of witchery about her, which made her look pretty in any dress, or in any humour she chose to adopt, so that her father and mother, who perfectly doted on her, were the least likely to discover her faults.

At the hour which Mr. Trelawney had appointed, the carriage was sent for Mr. and Mrs. De Valmont, and their little family, he having discharged the whole of his rent to his rapacious landlady, as also the very trifling debts which necessity alone had induced him to contract in the neighbourhood; he then left his baggage under her care till he should send for it the ensuing day, and such articles as he could not take the liberty of placing in the elegant carriage of Mr. Trelawney, to see which at the door of such a hovel had attracted the curiosity of no small number of persons; but what was their astonishment to see Mr. and Mrs. De Valmont with their children ascending into it, a large blue velvet cloak having been expressly sent by Mrs. Trelawney to wrap the infant in, with which she appeared

with the child in her arms, little Rosalvie being led by his father; and as the carriage drove off, from nearly opposite the stage-door of the Lyceum Theatre, in Exeter Street, many inquiries were eagerly made of the landlady (Mrs. Muggins, who kept an oyster-shop in front of her very respectable mansion,) into the circumstances of her lodgers, who, though poor, were so highly distinguished by the smiles of the great ones.

To which Mrs. Muggins replied in the following terms,—

"Why, I tell you what I *thinks*, that is to say what I thought when I *seed* two such grand gentlemen *ax* Mrs. What-d'ye-call'em about my lodgers as lived in the back room. I'm a *knowing one*, and I thought as how I *smelt a rat*, so thinks I, Madam upstairs can't be *so* better than she should be, for all she has got a husband; so I goes and I pops my nose up to the keyhole, to hear what they were talking about when they were by themselves, but, lauk-a-mercy, I might as well have staid below, because as how I never bethought me that I was deaf and could hear nothing; but Madam did well, I warrant me, with her fine visiters, for she had a power of money in her purse when she paid me my rent this morning, and she is gone out in her best *gownd* too; she has but two in the whole universal world, but now I suppose she will get plenty."

"Well, it's a fine thing to be handsome," cried another lady in the oyster line, who stood at the door, "though for my part, I *sees* no beauty in her. I am sure Betty Muggins is no more to be compared to she, than a garden rose is to a red cabbage. A carriage too! marry come up, I wonder how any gentleman can so demean himself."

On these words being concluded in a higher key than even Betty Muggins herself had indulged, a very respectable old gentleman, who had the appearance of being a tradesman, stepped forth from the crowd, and walked boldly up to Mrs. Muggins, while he vociferated loud enough for every body to hear,—

"Woman, do you know whose characters you have been defaming?—do you know the gentleman who owns that carriage which has just drove off from your door? because, if you do not, it is time that you did, to save yourself from being brought to punishment for your abominable and foul aspersions, against a gentleman who all the world knows will never be guilty of a base or dishonourable action, —it is Mr. Trelawney, of Berkeley Square, that you have been

passing such a favourable judgment on; he is the husband of a most amiable lady, and father to one of the finest families in England. The young gentleman whom you beheld with him last night was his son. I know Mr. Trelawney well, he has dealt with me for more than twenty years,—I have the honour to be his upholsterer. As to the lady in the carriage, along with her husband and her two infants, and who has unfortunately rented an apartment in the house of so bad a woman as your foul language denotes you to be, I must now tell you that I am much better acquainted with her character than you are, though I do not personally know her; yet as the friend of Mr. and Mrs. Trelawney, I will stake my life on her just pretension to being a lady of character and respectability. Thus far I have satisfied the curiosity of the personages now standing around your door,—I have told them the plain truth,—you have told them abominable falsehoods, which if ever you presume or dare to utter again, you will have reason to repent of your temerity very shortly, you may depend upon it,—a second time you shall not be permitted to escape; and so good morning to you.'

And the old gentleman now walked away in a very cool and placid manner, amidst the warmest plaudits of the spectators, and the total defeat of the slanderous and envious sneers and malicious reports of Mrs. Muggins, whose tongue was now as mute as the mackerel which lay at the bottom of her basket, her present chagrin occasioning a fund of merriment and satisfaction to her friendly neighbours in the vicinity of Exeter Street, where she never showed her head out at the door without being put in mind of the old gentleman who had given her 'a Rowland for an Oliver,' in a way that she least expected it.

Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. De Valmont, wholly unconscious of the preceding scene, which had taken place at their late wretched habitation, arrived in Berkeley Square, and were received by Mr. Trelawney with the most cordial smiles of welcome, who taking little Rosalvie by the hand, led him up to the side of Mrs. Trelawney, who most condescendingly bestowed on the sweet boy the fondest caresses; the infant was also noticed in the kindest manner, and Mr. and Mrs. De Valmont treated with every mark of respect and attention, by the amiable family of Mr. Trelawney: little Rosalvie being quite at home, amused himself with the great horse, which Mr. Trelawney assured him that he should ride upon, and the infant Charley being given to the care of a female servant, a table of the most deli-

cate refreshments was set for Mr. and Mrs. De Valmont, of which Mrs. Trelawney begged that they would partake.

"Come, you are a nurse, Mrs. De Valmont," cried Mrs. Trelawney, with one of those cherub smiles which always shone so sweetly on her still lovely countenance, "and I feel it my duty to take care of you; I nursed my own children, and know how fatiguing is that tender yet necessary occupation."

"I thank you, Madam, I greatly thank you," cried Mrs. De Valmont, penetrated to the heart by such unexampled marks of kindness; "and did you, indeed, Madam, nurse your own children? Pardon me for expressing some surprise at your adopting a plan so very unusual with ladies in an exalted station of life."

To which Mrs. Trelawney replied,—

"Very unusual, I know, Mrs. De Valmont, but very natural. What can be more natural, what can be more delightful, than to give nourishment to your infant from that source which nature has provided for it? or what term too unnatural can be applied to that mother who can cruelly debar them from it? I protest I have almost an unconquerable prejudice against those women who affect an ill state of health, merely because they do not like the trouble of becoming nurses to their own children. There is something odious to humanity in it, when, at the same time, they are still well enough to endure much greater fatigue, in a constant succession of amusements at routs, balls, operas, and masquerades."

"Your reproach, Madam, is too just," cried Mr. De Valmont, charmed to enthusiasm by the lovely and captivating manners of Mrs. Trelawney, "and were these ladies once to know the high veneration with which men approach them, when they behold them in the sweet employment which you have so beautifully described,—did they but then know what exalted sentiments we feel towards them, surely they would strain a point to overcome false delicacy, delight their husbands, and finally to triumph over fashion, prejudice, and folly."

"But do you not know that fashionable ladies only love themselves?" uttered Mrs. Trelawney; "they have not time, positively, to love any thing else: you cannot wonder, therefore, that their children should so frequently be neglected, who seldom approach them but in the arms of a nurse. The poor little souls hardly know their own mother, how then can their hearts yearn after them, or feel any

tenderness or duty towards them? Oh, Mr. De Valmont, do not think me severe, but I could never form any serious friendship with mothers of this description, for if they love not their own children, to what else can they be true or faithful?"

"You have a charming family, Mrs. Trelawney," cried Mrs. De Valmont, as soon as they were left alone.

"Yes, thank heaven," answered the fond mother, they are very good children, and what can a mother wish for more?"

"And that beautiful young lady with the light hair and blue eyes is, I suppose, your eldest daughter?" said Mrs. De Valmont.

Mrs. Trelawney always delighted in Emma being taken for her daughter, and smiling, replied,—

"Nearly so, for no mother ever loved a daughter better than I do her; but she is not my daughter, Mrs. De Valmont, she is my niece, the only child of a dear departed sister, of whom Emma is the exact model."

"How extremely beautiful your sister must have been then, Madam," answered Mrs. De Valmont, "for I never saw so lovely a face; but they are all handsome, they are the finest family I ever beheld."

"But you do not see all my children," resumed Mrs. Trelawney; "I have a daughter married, and I had another son, older than the one you have seen. That dear son is now no more! Ah, Mrs. De Valmont, what I suffered you may well imagine, for my William was one of the finest young men, and the most dutiful and affectionate son that ever breathed——and yet——I lost him."

Tears now unrestrained fell over the face of Mrs. Trelawney; and Mrs. De Valmont, exceedingly affected, besought her not to dwell on retrospections so painful, apologizing at the same instant for having been the occasion of exciting them.

"I have known, Madam, the pang, the never-to-be-forgotten pang of beholding a beloved child, the dearer part almost of our existence, lifeless," uttered Mrs. De Valmont, "and can feel for you; but it is the peculiar kindness of Almighty Providence to heal the wound that it inflicts; and may such, my dear Madam, be your case, as it has been mine."

"Oh, heaven forbid that I should repine or murmur at its just, its wise, its infinite decrees," answered Mrs. Trelawney; "I will never do that——though affection will sometimes drop the unbidden and involuntary tear."

After this conversation between the two amiable mothers, Mrs. Trelawney and Mrs. De Valmont, the young ladies entered the room, Mary leading little Rosalvie by the hand, with whom he had become extremely familiar, for Mary was naturally fond of children, and she had enticed the sweet little fellow into her dressing-room, where he amused himself in playing with his horse till they again made their appearance in the drawing-room.

It was now proposed that the De Valmonts should not leave Berkeley Square till the evening, as Mrs. Trelawney had engaged a young woman, who was then on the point of leaving her service, fearful of encountering the perils of a sea voyage, as a servant of all work for Mrs. De Valmont, and who was nursing little Charles during the time that its mother was engaged with Mrs. Trelawney, who, having called Mrs. De Valmont into her dressing-room, presented her with a box full of clothes, not only for herself but her two little ones, which were partly some of her own and some of her daughters', and which (as may very naturally be supposed) were none the worse for the wear.

"Well, I protest that Mary's frocks will do exactly for the baby, with some little alterations," cried Mrs. Trelawney, throwing into the box four or five beautiful frocks, all made of the finest cambric; "come, there is a present for little Charley."

All these were nicely packed up ready to go with Mrs. De Valmont in the evening, and with which she was so delighted that she exclaimed,—

"Oh, Madam, how shall I be able to express my gratitude for all your goodness, your unexampled goodness towards me?"

To which Mrs. Trelawney, smiling, replied,—

"My dear Mrs. De Valmont, you will oblige me much more if you will not say any thing at all about it: I have given you nothing but what I could very well spare, for I have plenty, and my children have plenty—yours have not; and if these little trifles are of use to you, I feel very happy that I had them to give you."

Mrs. De Valmont was now silent, but her heart was not so, and every time she looked at this angelic woman, she thought of the perilous voyage she was going to undertake with the most fearful apprehension, and fervently praying that they might reach India in safety: but these fears were not expressed,—Mrs. De Valmont only thought of them as she contemplated the lovely family before her.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarendale, and Sedley and Lucy, were this day at Lady Wyndham's, so they had no opportunity of seeing the De Valmonts; but it was the request of Mr. Trelawney that Mr. Henry Clarendale would in his absence undertake to pay yearly into the hands of Mr. De Valmont the sum of one hundred and sixty pounds, till he should return again to England, or receive orders from him to the contrary, making the first payment himself to De Valmont before he went to the cottage which he had also given him; and at an early hour this grateful and now happy family left Berkeley Square, loaded with presents, and took their farewell of their kind and generous benefactors, but not with dry eyes,—both Mr. and Mrs. De Valmont shed tears. Mrs. De Valmont sobbed aloud as she pressed the hand of Mrs. Trelawney to her lips, as she bade her adieu, exclaiming,—

"May heaven eternally bless you, Madam, you and your amiable children! May every impending danger be far, far averted from them, and send you once more in peace and safety to your native land! A mother's prayer, a mother's blessing, will ever, ever be yours."

The carriage now immediately drove away, little Rosalvie too delighted with the many fine presents he had received with the young ladies, to be much absorbed in grief at parting with his benefactors.

It was that happy age in which no sorrow yet has crept into the bosom, no care has fed upon the damask cheek to blight or wither the bud of beauty! In innocence it reposes, with joy it resides, and each rising morn adds new sweetness to its heaven-born smiles; it has a range of pleasures all its own, for it knows not guilt nor human misery.

The reflection of having made two objects happy who deserved to be so, occasioned the amiable Trelawneys to feel the most peculiar and gratified sensations; and Mr. Trelawney immediately wrote to Lady Honoria Belmont, to inform her of the fortunate discovery he had made of the grandson of Madame De Valmont, and in what manner he had made a provision for him and his unfortunate family, delicately suggesting to her Ladyship, that perhaps if she contributed a little more to the small income he had allowed him, that De Valmont might then be able to enter into some line of business; and Mr. Trelawney concluded with giving an impartial and candid opinion of his merits as thus:—

"When we speak of authors, we cannot speak too cautiously or

delicately, for should we happen to let fall an arrow which may sting them, the injury is irreparable, for there is no balsam which can be found to extract the venom from a part which is so sensibly alive to feeling. But to you, my amiable, gentle friend, I will safely confide the opinion I have formed of the merits of De Valmont as an author, and will fearlessly tell you, that I do not think that any of his compositions will eventually succeed to stamp his reputation, and without he can do this it were better that he did not write at all. You understand me, Lady Honoria,—if De Valmont writes for bread, he will inevitably be starved out by the penurious and shabby prices of the booksellers; if he writes for his amusement, he may chance to get something, because they will then know that he does not want it, and that makes all the difference. Added to this, De Valmont writes under the influence of timidity; he has not sufficient confidence in his ability, and, fearful of saying too much, he says too little; in fact he is too modest, and when did you ever find a modest author succeed? On the other hand, you will say that impudence is disgusting, and so it is; but recollect what impudent and presuming men (not to say also profoundly ignorant) authors have to do with. No, no, my dear friend, let not De Valmont plant in his way additional thorns, —the paths of life are already full of them; he need not seek them where he is sure to find them—in authorship."

What more Trelawney said in his letter to Lady Honoria we cannot exactly pronounce; but whatever he said was not without its influence, for at the expiration of four days only he received an answer to that letter, enclosing a draft on her Ladyship's banker for the sum of five hundred pounds, which she requested Trelawney to present to De Valmont, with her further wishes for his prosperity and happiness.

"What a woman is Lady Honoria Belmont," exclaimed Mrs. Trelawney; "I do not think that she resembles in her disposition any one but you. Ah, Trelawney, if you had married her how rich you would have been—Rosa had no fortune to give you."

"And it is possible that I should have married her if I had not loved Rosa better," cried Mr. Trelawney, colouring deeply, while he added, "My love, you have made a very unnecessary and foolish observation, and I beg that I may never hear it again. You know I do not value riches beyond the power of making you happy and doing others good, and even if I had married Lady Honoria Belmont, her fortune,

which I never made it a part of my business to inquire into, would have been no consideration of mine when put into the scale with her merits."

"So grave at a little harmless pleasantry," said Mrs. Trelawney, with a smile, which he was never able wholly to resist; "so grave, my love,—have I then made you angry?"

"Angry you can never make me," cried Trelawney; "I should blush to feel anger towards a woman."

"Especially when that woman is your own Rosa, who had no intention of offending you," cried Mrs. Trelawney.

"That confession is atonement amply sufficient if you had offended me," replied Trelawney; and the happy pair, happier far than the first formed in Eden, adjourned to dinner, at which Lord and Lady Wyndham had been invited; and with an air of more seriousness than ever, her Ladyship congratulated her cousin Lucy on the final conquest she had made of Lord Beauverie.

"It is positively true, uncle," cried Lady Wyndham, "that the Earl has fallen desperately in love with your daughter. His Lordship dined in South Audley Street yesterday, and he had the audacity to tell Wyndham that Lucy was the object of his attraction there. Father, what do you think of that?—was it not a bold confession?"

To which Trelawney replied,—

"Why, my love, I have but one opinion to form of it, and that is, that men of honour (such as I know Lord Beauverie to be) do not generally make confessions without having some motive to excuse it; and I am heartily glad to hear it,—she could not have made a conquest of a better man."

Poor Lucy, on being thus suddenly attacked, blushed deeper than carnation, but her aunt was perfectly delighted, while she exclaimed,—

"Well, good folks, I don't suppose you would either of you say so much before Lucy if you did not think there was some truth in this affair of Cupid. Mary, I should not wonder if, before we return from India, we shall congratulate your daughter in the character of the Countess of Beauverie; but look at Henry—he does not look much pleased with the idea of Lucy's elevation."

To which Mr. Clarendale very gravely replied,—

"I do not like to talk of elevations before they take place, or are

likely to take place, nor would I have my Lucy form notions in which she may meet with disappointment. Humble in birth, she is already exalted in virtue, and I would early teach her the lesson of humility. I do not say that she has forgotten it, nor that she absolutely is not an object of attraction to Lord Beauverie; I do not say also that I should not be proud of his alliance, were he to seek mine; but for heaven's sake do not infuse into the heart of my poor girl what she has yet never dreamt of, ambition,—vanity also, the offspring of it; for, if disappointed, she will be the most wretched being in existence; she will than be discontented with her present state of humble happiness, in which she has been bred and born, and sigh for splendour which never can be hers."

All eyes were now turned on Lucy, whose lovely azure eyes were filled with tears; and when Mr. Clarendale ceased speaking, a silence of some few moments ensued, till Mrs. Trelawney, extremely displeased with her brother thus publicly addressing his amiable daughter, and feeling for the situation of her lovely niece, exclaimed,—

"Well, I protest, Henry, that I have half a mind to chide you very severely."

"For what, Rosa?" demanded Mr. Clarendale.

"For making yourself so unpleasantly out of humour for a mere harmless joke of Alexina's," cried Mrs. Trelawney, "and talking to Lucy as if she were really in fault. Mary, why don't you lecture him?—you don't spare him at other times, why do you spare him now?"

"Because I think that a father has a right to say what he pleases to his own child," cried Mrs. Clarendale, "especially when that child already knows how fondly he regards her. He has said nothing but what he ought to say, and what I as her mother subscribe to; if he had, I should have put in my voice long ago. But only think, my dear friends, if Lord Beauverie has actually no serious intentions towards my poor girl, (and I have really no right to suppose that he has,) if Lucy should dream every night of a coronet being suspended over her head, and should awake in the morning and find that she is only poor Lucy Clarendale, in the humble but contented and happy dwelling of her father, think how mortified and disappointed she will feel. To avoid her feeling such sensations, her father has now publicly addressed his child: I say publicly, but

you know it is not so,—it is in the bosom of family affection that he thus ventures to pour out the effusions of an honest, faithful heart. All fathers will respect him for it, all daughters honour his sentiments, and all mothers who regard the happiness of their children feel theirs beat with devoted friendship towards him."

"And what must nieces do when they have such an uncle, aunt Clarendale?" cried Mary.

"What their hearts direct, my love," answered Mrs. Clarendale.

Mary immediately sprang from her chair, and running towards Mr. Clarendale, threw her arms round his neck, exclaiming,—

"This is the best sermon you ever preached, uncle, and I shall remember it all the days of my life."

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Prithee forgive me!
"I did but chide in jest: the best loves use it
"Sometimes: it sets an edge upon affection.
"When we invite our best friends to a feast,
"'Tis not all sweetness that we set before them.
"There's somewhat sharp and salt, both to whet appetite,
"And make 'em taste their wine well: so methinks,
"After a friendly, sharp, and savoury chiding,
"A kiss tastes wondrous well, and full o' the grape:
"How thinks't thou?——does it not?"

NOTWITHSTANDING the grave lecture which Mr. Henry Clarendale thought proper to admonish his lovely daughter with, he received an equally severe one from his sister Rosa, when they met alone in the drawing-room, before the young people had assembled there; and Mrs. Trelawney exclaimed,—

"For heaven's sake, Henry, what could induce you to be so severe on Lucy, merely because my Alexina had a mind to a little harmless pleasantry? Surely, my dear brother, you could not suppose that Lady Wyndham could have had any serious intention of offending her uncle; and I actually do think that what Alexina asserts is not wholly groundless, and that the noble Earl is really smitten with the charms of your beautiful daughter."

"Well, and suppose that were really the case," cried Mr. Clarendale; "is Lady Wyndham, Rosa, the only medium by which I am to be informed of it? and is there a doubt, as her mother has justly observed, that Lucy's head would not be turned with contemplating those splendid prospects which she does not know will ever yet be hers, to prevent which was not a father's caution necessary?"

"But my Alexina's head was not turned when she had a prospect of being married to Lord Wyndham," exclaimed Mrs. Trelawney.

"Dear Rosa," said Mr. Clarendale, "you forget that the situation of my niece and my daughter are widely opposite,—Trelawney had a fortune to bestow on Alexina, I had none to give my poor Lucy."

"Yet Lord Wyndham would not accept of a fortune with Alexina—her husband is not enriched by marrying her; and Lucy has ten thousand times more beauty to recommend her to the admiration of Lord Beauvierie, than her cousin had to the attention of Lord Wyndham. I positively protest that I think Lucy Clarendale one of the most beautiful young women in the world."

"No, sister, there I must beg leave to differ with you," cried Mr. Clarendale, smiling; "you do not think Lucy more beautiful than Emma Bradbury, do you?—if you do, it will be a compliment indeed."

Mrs. Trelawney now coloured deeply, while she replied,—

"Now really, Henry, making any comparisons of that nature is unfair, because Emma, you know, is—"

"Is what?" cried Mr. Clarendale; "Emma is your niece, and so is Lucy Clarendale."

Mrs. Trelawney now looked extremely embarrassed, while she stammered out an awkward apology, with,—

"But Lucy does not resemble our sister Rebecca, and often when I have looked on Rebecca I never thought any woman so fair; and Emma looks just like what her mother was. Ah, Henry, can you then blame me if I think there is none so fair, none so beautiful as my orphan girl? Often do I fancy, when her mild blue eyes are earnestly fixed on me, and I listen to the sound of her soft melodious voice, that it is our own dear sister Rebecca come again, in fresh and unsullied beauty, even from the dark tomb, in which I know that her mortal remains were consigned; and hence it is that my affection for Emma exceeds all description: I cannot tell you what I feel for

Emma, when I thus contemplate her lovely form, so like her mother; for oh, how I loved Rebecca! We grew upon one stalk, we were not separated in the tender bud of infancy, we blossomed together, and had we perished together, Rosa would not have shrunk from sharing the destiny of her beloved sister. How then can I cease to love this beloved child, this only, last, and loved resemblance of a sainted sister? With her dying arms she gave me Emma, and with my dying arms only will I resign her to another's care."

"And it is most probable that you will not resign her but to the care of one who will be equally answerable to promote the happiness of his most precious charge," cried Mr. Clarendale, and smiled, perceiving that this was a subject which his beloved sister could not bear to have treated lightly, and consequently did not suffer her to renew it, on his own account, added to which, the perfections of his lovely niece he was inclined to think as partially of as Rosa, for who had loved Rebecca better than her brother Henry had done? Though his youngest sister had always been his favourite, yet to Rebecca Henry had always looked up as a pattern of all female excellence, for Rebecca had more fortitude and a greater share of intellectual acquirement than Rosa: and while the one sister charmed, nay captivated by her softness, the mild and even temperature of the other subdued, and in the end conquered. Even in the strongest passion of the human mind, which at times is also the weakest, Rebecca's prudence had always been superior to that of Rosa, whose tender heart sunk under rather than opposed its attack.

Trelawney likewise had not spared Henry on the severity he had used towards the unoffending Lucy, though he perfectly approved of the conduct of Mrs. Clarendale with respect to the propriety of yielding to the opinion of her husband on such an occasion: it was setting a prudent example to her children, though it was evident, by her manner of treating her daughter, that she did not wish her to bear an impresson on her mind, that her father conceived her conduct censurable in the smallest degree; but poor Lucy's spirits were dejected in consequence, while her amiable cousins used every means in their power to amuse and enliven her; and after a morning's ride over to Lady Wyndham's, the lovely girl recovered her usual serenity, which perhaps was not a little owing to her father having made his peace with her, which he did in a manner that proved that his heart panted only for the happiness of his child, and that affection alone

had guided the involuntary expressions of warmth into which he had been betrayed, for they were alone in the library for nearly an hour, and returned arm in arm together, Lucy smiling, and the fond father looking highly gratified; and all this day and the day following was passed in the most delightful converse and rationality.

"Let us go to the Opera this evening," cried Mr. Trelawney; "I will give my girls a treat once more before they take their departure, and this is the last night of the season: it is Mozart's grand piece,—the music is exquisite: come, let us have an early dinner, and send to the Wyndhams',—they will be so happy to go with us."

Mary was in raptures, and Mrs. Trelawney was delighted because her children were so; and immediately despatching a note to Alexina, Lord Wyndham in a few minutes appeared, laughing immoderately on his entrance, as he exclaimed,—

"Was ever any thing so deliciously *apropos?*—just before I got your note, my dear Madam, we received a similar one from Lord Beauverie, inviting us to accompany him to the Italian Opera to see Mozart's piece, when Alley immediately proposed that I should take a trip over to Berkeley Square, to ask you, good folks, to join us there. I had already got on my hat and gloves, when her Ladyship called out,—

"'Stay Wyndham, here is a note from dear mamma. Ah, they have received their mandate from Captain Wilton, and are perhaps going to sail immediately; open the note, Wyndham,—my hand trembles so, I cannot break the seal."

"Judge of our agreeable disappointment, when we read the contents, inviting us to the Opera instead of taking a farewell;—a tear was trembling in the eyes of your daughter, my dear Madam, which I soon contrived to brush off, and I have now left her smiling at the anticipated pleasure of seeing you all in the evening. Now then, good folks, how are we to arrange?—will you be pleased to take pot luck with us in South Audley Street, for I have a guest, which makes it impossible for us to accept of your invitation to dinner!"

"No, I thank you, dear Wyndham," answered Mrs. Trelawney; "you know our party is very large, for we are all going, and Alexins is not prepared for so many guests. We shall dine early, and meet you at the house."

"But I shall positively rob you of some of the girls," cried his Lordship; "I shall not have my walk for nothing. What say you,

gipsy,—will you accompany me back to your sister's?—I must have one of you."

"Had you not better have two of us, my Lord, just for the sake of variety?" cried the saucy Mary, in answer to this question, which set them all laughing; "black eyes and blue eyes!—you can take your choice; there's plenty of us."

"And who will say that variety is not charming?" exclaimed his Lordship; "I therefore lay an embargo on Miss Lucy Clarendale and Miss Mary Trelawney, to accompany me back to South Audley Street, and beg to know whether they may obtain their passports for their journey thither?"

"Papa does not refuse it," cried Mary laughing, "because you are a superior officer, nor my uncle neither; they both look willing, so come, Lucy, let us take them by their looks, and steal quietly off before they have time to say nay."

Lucy blushed deeply, for Mary had already seized her by no means reluctant hand, and was leading her off to the door; in short, the little enchantress prevailed, as she did on most occasions, and Miss Clarendale obtained permission of her father and mother to accompany her cousin to Lord Wyndham's."

"How long will your Lordship give us for dressing?" cried Mary; "we cannot go in morning dresses to the Opera."

"Oh, positively not more than one hour and ten minutes," cried Lord Wyndham, smiling, and looking at his repeater; "that is precisely long enough to prepare for little Cupid and the Graces."

"The former I do not know any thing at all about," said Mary, "but I hope never to be deserted by the latter. Come, cousin Lucy, his Lordship has given us exactly five minutes a-piece to consider what sort of dresses we are to wear on this occasion, and half an hour more to put them on to the best advantage for little Cupid."

The young ladies immediately made their exit, to the no small amusement of the remaining party, whom Mary always amused and put into the livery of smiles; in spite of the propensity which she had to torment, she could please and enchant in the same moment, and therefore was always restored to favour again in the next succeeding one."

Meanwhile the two senior ladies (Mrs. Trelawney and Mrs. Clarendale) made a sudden retreat also, for the purpose of inspecting the toilet of their daughters before they again made their appearance

in the drawing-room; and Mrs. Trelawney being extremely solicitous that her lovely niece, Miss Clarendale, should appear to the greatest advantage, began to arrange her lovely auburn and luxuriant hair even with her own fair hands, at which the saucy Mary could not help laughing, while she exclaimed with her usual archness,—

"Look, aunt Clarendale, what pains mamma is taking with Lucy's hair, all, I suppose, to please this little Cupid that Lord Wyndham talks so much about; but I am sure I do not care whether I please him or no,—I shall never seek the honour of his acquaintance if he does not seek mine."

Neither Mrs. Clarendale nor Mrs. Trelawney could help smiling at the remarks of the lively Mary while they were dressing, nor could the latter exactly deny but that she was taking the utmost pains to set Lucy off in the most attractive manner that was possible for this evening's party, at which the Earl of Beauverie was to be present; and a beautiful muslin dress, richly ornamented with lace, was selected for the occasion, under which was a slip of pale blue satin, the dress being trimmed with ornaments of the same celestial colour, the bust and sleeves of which were made in a manner so tasteful and elegant, that it displayed the lovely and attractive shape of Lucy to the most particular advantage,—the body of the dress, being comprised entirely of lace and light blue satin, corresponded admirably with the beautiful fairness and delicacy of her complexion; besides which, Lucy had a remarkable bloom and freshness of colour in her cheeks, which, contrasted with a pair of brilliant dark blue eyes and bright auburn hair, gave her the look of a Hebe. Her figure had a delightful fulness, without being ungracefully round, so as to appear clumsy or gross: and her neck was as white as snow. A pearl necklace and ear-rings were the only ornaments which decorated her sufficiently attractive form, excepting a flower of brilliant blue, which was placed on one side of her head, which, together with white kid shoes and gloves, completed the whole of her bewitching attire; and notwithstanding that Lucy so strongly resembled her father in complexion and features, there was still a look of the fascinating expression of her mother when she was Mary Bradbury, which occasioned Mrs. Trelawney to exclaim,—

"It is astonishing, Mary, that though your daughter is so much handsomer than ever you were, yet Lucy is still so like you when you were first married to my brother Henry; she has neither your

hair, nor your eyes, nor your complexion, and yet when Lucy laughs she is my own dear Mary Bradbury again, as I used to see her working in our favourite little arbour at Elm Grove. Ah, Mary, our poor Rebecca was then our companion, and as she listened to our saucy prattle would sometimes look grave and chide us for our frivolity;—don't you remember that we, in revenge, used then to tell her that she would be the old maid?"

"But she knew better than to believe in our prophecy," cried Mrs. Clarendale, laughing, "and had no more idea of being an old maid than either you or I, Rosa, at the same moment."

"Well, I really thought that she would never have married," cried Rosa; "poor Philip, she made him serve her seven years before she consented to listen to his ardent vows."

"Well, but I don't think that was very right in my aunt Rebecca, though, for all that, mamma," cried Mary, "because she punished herself as well as him at the same time; and when one loves a person well enough to marry them, why I don't see what merit there is in making them wait so long for what they must have at last."

Mrs. Clarendale was now seized with such an involuntary fit of laughter, in which the whole of them joined, that they had quite forgot that Lord Wyndham was waiting, and that the hour and ten minutes which he had allowed was quite expired.

"My gracious, mamma, only look at your watch," cried Mary; "I have got only five minutes left now to put on the whole of my dress; pray, aunt, have the goodness to fasten my slip," which was now done with the utmost expedition, Mary's dress being exactly of the same construction and materials as that of Lucy's, only that the slip was of pale pink, with the ornaments appropriate, instead of being blue; and that Mary wore her hair (it not being half so luxuriant as her cousin's) all in full curls, without any flower, which was perfectly correspondent with her round, arch, cunning turn of gipsy features.

Ellen's dress was exactly the same as her sister's, but she wore a pink bunch of flowers, in the same manner that Lucy's was arranged, on one side of her head, which looked excessively becoming; while the dress of Miss Bradbury was plain white, richly trimmed with fine lace, pearl ear-rings, clasps, and necklace; but Emma's hair was so extremely beautiful, light and luxuriant, that Mrs. Trelawney never liked to see it shaded with any ornament, for which reason she

wore no flowers or ornament in her head of any kind, but only a white rose in her bosom, which Tanjore triumphantly placed there, as he gazed transported on his heart's dear idol, telling her softly (for it was intended to reach no other ear save hers alone) that he had given the rose a place, which, however greatly enviable, would soon become the spot on which it would fade and perish, "as it now sickens with envy, Emma," exclaimed Tanjore, "to find a rival in that far sweeter, fairer breast."

At length Mary and Lucy, completely attired under the finished hands of Mrs. Trelawney and Mrs. Clarendale, descended to the drawing-room, where surprise and astonishment for a moment arrested the attention of Mr. Clarendale and Mr. Trelawney, for never had they seen Lucy look so beautiful; and Lord Wyndham exclaimed,—

"Dead for a ducat, gentlemen, is the heart of poor Lord Beauverie this evening, or I shall be egregiously mistaken."

"What do you think of little Cupid now, my Lord?" cried Mary: "is he in danger?"

"Most incontestably so," answered his Lordship; "there will be no possibility of his attempting to escape, let him turn which way he will."

"I am glad to hear it," replied Mary, "for from all that I could ever hear he is a very troublesome, turbulent little fellow, and the sooner he is got rid of the better."

"But while he takes his reign he is very *despotic*," answered Lord Wyndham, "and requires management, or he will very shortly overthrow his subjects and make them prisoners for life."

On these words, Lord Wyndham arose and conducted the lovely girls to the carriage, it having been ordered to attend, by the command of Mr. Trelawney, to convey them to South Audley Street; the young ladies being full dressed, rendered this essentially necessary, and it immediately drove off, Mr. Trelawney expressing his admiration of Lucy's looks in the warmest terms that were possible.

"She is a most lovely creature," uttered he, "and I never saw so handsome a young female so unconscious of it as Lucy Clarendale."

"I will not say that my girl is not possessed of personal endowment," cried Mr. Clarendale, "but I believe I have taught her to

regard it as the least part of human perfection,—a mere outside temple, no further attractive than as containing a rich jewel within; and this jewel is virtue, the intrinsic value of which, when put into the scale with mere personal gifts, would greatly overbalance the fairest of its kind. Thus has my Lucy never indulged in youthful vanity, which would be intolerable had it no other perfection along with it. I actually look upon an extremely beautiful woman with extreme folly—as an object of pity and contempt rather than of admiration or esteem; but merit and amiability are ever pleasing,—it cannot pall upon the sense or fade in the eye, as beauty always does when it has neither of these qualites to recommend it, and while it inspires all that is good, virtuous, and noble, it transcends all praise, and is the perfection of all-approving heaven itself."

To have contradicted so undeniable a truth would have been to have rejected the existence of virtue altogether, and the discourse of Mr. Henry Clarendale was always held in respect and veneration by the children of Mr. Trelawney. Though sometimes he appeared a little severe on the faults of humanity, yet Tanjore always bore in mind what were the sentiments of his uncle Clarendale on such and such subjects, whom, second to his father, he loved and honoured above all mankind.

"I love to hear my uncle preach," cried Tanjore one day to his tutor, "but I like better to hear my father talk."

To which the tutor replied,—

"And I will tell you why, Mr. Tanjore: Your father both thinks and talks dispassionately, but this would not do in the pulpit; the speaker has there to address his hearers with an awful and impressive sense of their duty; he has as it were to strike their hearts with the holy and religious truths which he has to convey; and in order to do this, he must not address them coldly or dispassionately, he must not seem insensible himself in the midst of the great assembly to which he is preaching, or they would quickly be so themselves; and he must utter truths, whether they be pleasing or not,—he is not on a stage where every man is to be amused by the false glow of pageantry and show, or to be diverted by the mimic tricks of a buffoon. No, he is on a very different stage, where he is not only called upon to play his part, but to act up to the principles of it, or he is unworthy of appearing there at all; consequently his exertion is of the utmost importance to himself, as well as to the numerous feelings of the be-

ings whom he so earnestly and conscientiously addresses. For my own part, Mr. Tanjore, I think your uncle Clarendale one of the most feeling and elegant preachers that ever graced a pulpit."

In this opinion Tanjore perfectly coincided, and both tutor and pupil retired to their respective chambers for the important business of the toilet, preparatory to going to the Opera, from which the former would willingly have been excluded, only that Mrs. Pelham was to be of the party; and this lady was confessedly too great a favourite of Fothersgill's to be either indifferent to or absent from her elegant and polished society, whenever he had an opportunity of enjoying it. To the Opera, therefore, he determined to go, and entered the drawing-room in full feather to hand Mrs. Pelham to the carriage, in which he himself was to have a place, and to the no small amusement of the whole party, who had perceived his attentions to the fair preceptress; but as the tormenting Mary was absent, no one else chose to give play to their pleasantry on the occasion.

Ellen and Sedley went in the carriage with Mrs. Pelham and Fothersgill; Mr. Trelawney's own family carriage contained Mr. and Mrs. Trelawney and Emma, and Tanjore sat with his aunt and uncle Clarendale; it was remarked on this evening that Mrs. Trelawney was never in better spirits, often whispering in the ear of Mrs. Clarendale,—

"Dear Mary, I would venture any thing on Lucy's final conquest over the heart of Lord Beauverie this evening."

To which Mrs. Clarendale, shaking her head, softly answered,—

"Dearest Rosa, do not indulge in any such supposition; you cannot imagine how uneasy this thought makes me."

"Uneasy, Mary!" cried Mrs. Trelawney; "why, you are really growing as absurd as my brother Henry; good heavens, can the supposition of your daughter's being a Countess make you uneasy?"

"Certainly not, my Rosa," answered Mrs. Clarendale, "but that it may probably be nothing but a supposition occasions me to fear; and then how disappointed we shall be if my poor girl should be misled by only little trifling attentions, and a few compliments paid to her beauty."

"Ridiculous, Mary," cried Mrs. Trelawney, laughing; "this is the very tone of my brother; he has infected you with his fears, and you are determined to see his Lordship's admiration of Lucy through

a false medium; but to-night shall prove the victory, or I am much deceived, as Wyndham says."

This conversation had passed in the dressing-room of the two ladies, and was renewed several times afterwards, till they met at the Opera, where the first objects that presented themselves in the Earl of Beauverie's box, which was most splendidly fitted up, were Lord and Lady Wyndham, the Earl of Beauverie, and Mary and Lucy, who were placed in the front, Lord Beauverie sitting behind the latter, whom it was evident to perceive he regarded with the most passionate looks of admiration. On the entrance of the Trelawney family, Lord and Lady Wyndham arose, and so did the Earl, while Lady Wyndham exclaimed,—

"Dear mother, I will make room for you, if you will come and sit with us,—we came early to avoid the heat of the house, which is filling immensely; you see I have already disposed of the girls,—I have placed them before us in order that they may have a good view of the performance."

Lord Beauverie now immediately arose, and bowed to the whole party in the most elegant and graceful manner, and proposed to Mr. Trelawney that himself and Mrs. Trelawney should come into his box.

"By no means, my Lord," replied Mr. Trelawney; "I beg that you will keep your seat; we have plenty of room, and are not so far apart but we may enjoy each other's conversation."

Mrs. Trelawney, however, would sit near her daughter, and this little arrangement taking place while the overture was commencing, a profound silence ensued, Lady Wyndham and Mary being in raptures at the exquisite beauty of such chaste, forcible, grand, and expressive music, for they were judges of the effect; and Mary, in the most delighted accents, exclaimed to her sister and mother,—

"Oh, mamma, how beautiful was that expression,—what taste, what science, and what exquisite harmony! Dear sister Alexina, I know what you feel,—is it not charming?—what an amazing concord of sweet sounds."

"They are indeed worthy of the great master," replied Lady Wyndham.

"Divine Mozart! there is none can equal thee," exclaimed Lord Wyndham; and the curtain immediately drew up for the performance of the Opera, which again enchanted Mary, and her youthful and

intelligent countenance conveyed an admirable impression of her fine, animated, and enthusiastic feelings, as she sat wrapt up in the most profound attention to the interesting subject before her; and Lord Wyndham, who had been some time fixed in earnest contemplation of her intelligent features, exclaimed to Mr. Trelawney, in a low voice,—

"Look at our little gipsy, how earnestly intent she is on the performance. Never tell me that the mind of Mary is not as contemplative and reflecting as her grave sister Ellen, or the quiet sedate Emma; and with all her vivacity and flow of animal spirits, I pronounce that she will make as prudent a wife as either of them. She is certainly a delightful little creature, with all her *petite* foibles, which are so trifling when weighed in the scale of her merits, that they immediately vanish before them."

So flattering a compliment paid to the darling of his heart was highly gratifying to the feelings of Mr. Trelawney, who exclaimed,—

"And yet she is sometimes very mischievous, Wyndham; how she will rally, when she is in the humour, all who come under the lash of her little satirical tongue, and I often reprove her for it; I assure you I do not spare Mary whenever I really discover her to be in fault.

While this conversation was passing with the two gentlemen, a different subject occupied the attention of Mrs. Trelawney, Mrs. Clarendale, and Lady Wyndham; and that was Lord Benuverie's manner towards the blushing Lucy, from whom, notwithstanding the great attraction of the opera, and the presence of her father, he had scarcely removed his eyes for a moment, which so embarrassed and confused poor Lucy, that several times she made the most awkward and silly replies to the questions which his Lordship addressed to her, and, conscious that they were so, exhibited the strongest symptoms of mortification, fearful that his Lordship might suppose that she did not understand him. Under these painful emotions, Lucy was not at all sorry when the opera and other performances were finally concluded, Mary several times exclaiming to her,—

"Gracious, Lucy, what on earth is the matter with you? The opera has been one of the grandest I ever witnessed, and yet you have been sitting the whole of the evening as if you were quite insensible of the pleasures which have surrounded you."

To which Lucy replied,—

"It is very true, I have been sitting on thorns the whole of the evening, Mary, and that is the truth of it."

"And why?" cried Mary; "it is very strange, when Lord Beauverie has been paying you such attention; I protest he has not thought proper to talk to any body else."

"That is the very reason," cried Lucy; "if he had I should not have felt so confused, and I have no doubt but he has formed a very strange opinion of the meanness of my intellect, for I don't think I answered him reasonably one single question that he asked during the whole of the evening. Once he inquired if I was fond of music? and I said I did not know; then if I liked the opera? and I answered I could not tell: surely his Lordship must take me for an absolute fool."

On these words, pronounced by poor Lucy, almost in a crying tone, Mary burst into a most immoderate and irresistible fit of leaughter, which greatly added to the already mortified feelings of her lovely cousin, and she exclaimed,—

"How unkind of you, Mary Trelawney, to laugh at my misfortunes."

To which Mary, still laughing, replied,—

"And how ridiculous of you, Lucy Clarendale, to make misfortunes where you had no occasion; and as to laughing at you, I protest I cannot help it when I think of your folly and weakness,—why, a child of five years old could have told whether they liked a thing or not; however, though I have been laughing at you, I will give you some consolation."

"And what is that?" cried Lucy.

To which Mary, assuming the utmost gravity, replied,—

"Why, I have been told that when people fall in love they become fools, because they act very sillily, and do not at all know what they are about; so you will have an excellent reason for giving such foolish replies to Lord Beauverie,—he will think you are in love, and will very readily pardon you."

"But I am very sure that I have no such excuse to plead in my behalf," cried Lucy, now deeply blushing, to the no small amusement of the tormenting Mary; "I am not in love."

"How do you know, Lucy?"

"Because——because——I should then be able to describe it to you," repeated Lucy, in the utmost confusion.

"But it is not to be described, I have heard," cried Mary, "so

you cannot describe it to me, Lucy, even if you feel it; but when it comes to me, I will tell you what it is like, for certainly that thing must be strange indeed which nobody can describe; but Mrs. Pelham says I have the power of description better than any one she ever knew, so I will tell you all about it when I feel it myself, though you feel it, Lucy, and cannot tell what it is like."

"I don't feel any such thing, Mary, how can you say so?" cried Lucy, blushing more deeply than she had yet done.

Whether Lucy felt it or not we cannot determine, but it was very certain that Lord Beauverie did, in the highest sense of honour and affection, for the morning after they had been at the Opera he paid a visit to Berkeley Square, and requested a private interview with Mr. Clarendale, which was immediately granted in Mr. Trelawney's library, when the Earl addressed him in the following manner:—

"Mr. Clarendale, I am a man of few words, nor do I ever make professions that I do not feel; without disguise, then, permit me to inform you that I am charmed with your lovely daughter; I ask no further questions than the one,—Are the affections or the hand of Miss Clarendale engaged? You as her father can answer that question as one man of honour should do to another, in which I have a much stronger motive than curiosity when I thus take the liberty of making the inquiry. If your reply is in the affirmative, I will proceed no further in a disclosure of my sentiments; if in the negative, have I permission to offer her my hand? This, Sir, is my motive for intruding myself this morning in Berkeley Square,—I love your daughter, and the questions I have asked you are important, and essentially necessary to my peace and happiness.

On which Mr. Clarendale, after a moment's pause, immediately replied,—

"My Lord, to say that I do not feel highly honoured by the very candid and handsome manner in which you are pleased to address me, would be inconsistent with the very great love I have for truth, and the sincerity I ever wish to adopt towards my fellow-beings. My child has been reared in the bosom of humble happiness and retiring shades, far removed from the scenes of the great world, and wholly ignorant of its customs; she has received an education such as my prescribed circumstances in life could afford her, nor did I wish her to receive more, and though not highly polished, she is yet full in the perfection of virtue and innocence; and I will avouch that her virgin

spotless heart is free from any impression of a tender nature, other than that she owes to her parents and friends. You cannot suppose, my Lord, that your seeking an alliance with one so unequal in rank and fortune does not fill me with wonder, with astonishment; but at the same moment permit me to say, that it calls forth my admiration, my respect, my gratitude, and after this you cannot want my permission to approach my daughter,—she is yours, if you are generous enough to take her without a portion, for I have none to give her."

"I do not ask, nor do I expect it, Mr. Clarendale," exclaimed Lord Beauverie; "my own fortune and rank in life is sufficient to make your daughter independent of the world, and to place her in that exalted station which her merits are entitled to. I ask nothing but her heart, her hand, and her angelic person; and having now obtained your sanction, my utmost wishes are accomplished. This evening I will do myself the honour of unfolding the disclosure of my sentiments to the lovely Lucy, previous to which, Mr. Clarendale, I wish you to apprise Miss Clarendale of the nature of my intentions."

"Your Lordship's commands shall be implicitly obeyed," cried Mr. Clarendale; and Lord Beauverie, without again returning to the drawing-room, got into his carriage, and immediately drove away.

CHAPTER XXX.

"Hail to thee! wild and beautiful power!
"Thou all-pervading spirit,
"Who enthron'd in heaven's own holiest bower,
"Its purest joys inherit;
"Whose mysterious smile to the sons of men
"As an amulet is given,
"To preserve from dark destruction, when
"The heart with wo is riven
"Thy voice is sweet as lone echoes are,
"Stealing slow o'er a woody vale
"From Æolian lyres, when spirits there
"Breathe music's own fondest tale."

To say that the private conference between the Earl of Beauverie and Mr. Henry Clarendale was not guessed at by Mr. and Mrs. Trelawney, would not be doing justice to the affectionate solicitude and tender interest which they ever took in the happiness and welfare of their dearest relatives and friends; certainly, however, there were no questions asked of Mr. Clarendale, or any pressing symptoms of curiosity at all exhibited in their countenances when he returned again to the drawing-room, after his Lordship's carriage had driven from the door; but there was a peculiar expression on the face of a fond, transported father, as if he had something to communicate of a joyous nature which could not be concealed, for it seemed bursting from his lips; and the young people having withdrawn, he imparted to his beloved wife and Mr. and Mrs. Trelawney the nature of the business on which Lord Beauverie had paid him a visit that morning, and all that had passed between himself and the Earl respecting Lucy, at which Mr. and Mrs. Trelawney expressed themselves delighted, the latter exclaiming in the most rapturous accents,—

"There, Mary, did I not prophesy that this would all come to pass, though you would not believe a word about the matter? Did I not tell you that your daughter would be a countess, in spite of all your prodigious fears, and Henry's, that the girl's head would be turned with vanity? What do you say now, Henry and Mary,—how *does* Lady Beauverie sound in your ears?"

"I protest I am so flurried, and so surprised, and so——so——so happy!——oh, Rosa, dear Rosa!" exclaimed Mrs. Clarendale, bursting into an involuntary flood of tears, which she had endeavoured, but no longer had the power of suppressing, for the feelings of a mother could not be stifled,—nature was eloquent, and uttered volumes in these silent drops, and they spoke to the hearts of those by whom she was so affectionately beloved better than all the language in the world; and the "dear Mary!" which was immediately pronounced by them all very soon had the desired effect on the spirits of Mrs. Clarendale, and sent her tears back again to their native source, to which succeeded smiles of the most happy combination, for they were blended with peace and harmony of soul.

It was now necessary, however, for Lucy to be apprised of the flattering and distinguished proposals offered to her by Lord Beauverie; and Mr. Clarendale immediately made her acquainted with them, to the no small surprise and astonishment of the lovely girl, and having done so, he addressed his beloved child in the following impressive words:

"Lucy, I have now discharged my duty with respect to communicating to you the sentiments and intentions of the Earl of Beauverie, and his Lordship's proposals are indeed highly flattering, and far beyond what my child could have expected in the humble situation of life in which you were born and educated: it is a noble proof of the generosity of his Lordship's character, to make choice of an object whom he must love for herself alone, since he is well aware that you have neither the advantages of exalted rank or the splendour of wealth to recommed you to his notice. Great, therefore, very great must be his affection for you, and you, no doubt, feel grateful in return; but beware, my Lucy, that you do not consent to marry the Earl of Beauverie merely for the splendid and exalted station to which you will be raised, and the flattering prospects which will await you; examine your heart with the nicest circumspection, search into the deepest recesses of it, and consider well, my child, that you do not give your hand to Lord Beauverie because he is wealthy, and will give you a title, for a title without happiness, my Lucy, is but gaudy slavery; and remember, that you are at this important crisis called upon to answer for yourself,—you are independent of the will of your father and mother in this respect, who love you too tenderly and sacredly to command you to marry any man whom your heart

does not feel an affection for, for under this impression you would be miserable, bound in abject slavery,—although your fetters were made of jewels, or of golden ore, they would still be fetters, and you would feel them such to the end of your existence; therefore do not deceive your own heart,—if you do not admire, if you do not approve, if you do not love Lord Beauverie; mark me, my child, if you do not think that you shall love Lord Beauverie, it is not your father's wish to see you united to him; I will never sacrifice your inclinations in love affairs, believe me, though I would not consent to your making any man your husband whom I thought unworthy of you, yet, on the other hand, be assured, I would never force your alliance with even the most exalted, if your own heart did not feel a predilection in his favour. You are now, my love, in the full possession of my sentiments, and free to act as you please on the point I have so particularly stated; and when his Lordship comes this evening, you will be left alone with him, and must decide for yourself."

"Alone with Lord Beauverie, papa?" cried Lucy, now blushing, and even trembling; "why cannot you be present? I shall feel so awkward, worse than I did at the Opera, when I replied to his questions so foolishly."

But it is plain that you did not suffer even then very greatly in his Lordship's opinion," answered Mr. Clarendale, smiling at the ingenuous simplicity of his amiable and innocent child; "besides, the questions he asked you at the Opera and those he will ask you now are totally different: if you love Lord Beauverie, and are now informed by your father that he loves you, what has my Lucy to fear, in conversing alone with the man who has acted so honourably towards her?"

"I don't dislike Lord Beauverie," cried Lucy, "because when I see him I am always so happy, and after his departure, whenever he has dined in Berkeley Square, or I have been in company with him at Lord Wyndham's, I used to wonder what made me so melancholy; so I may conclude that this was love, papa, for I never felt it before in the absence of any body else. Oh yes, I am sure it was love, my heart beat so, and if this is love, it is one of the sweetest sensations I ever experienced in my whole life,—is it indeed love, papa?"

To have resisted laughing was morally impossible, and Mr. Clarendale very heartily indulged in this propensity at his daughter's expense; at length he exclaimed,—

"Why really, Lucy, it is very like the tricks of the little urchin, when he has a mind to be frolicsome, but he is not always so pleasing as you describe,—sometimes he is a very painful and troublesome guest, but you have the fairest picture of him, and may that be the only one you will ever see."

On these words, Mr. Clarendale and his lovely daughter separated, the one to converse with Trelawney, and the other flew to the side of her transported mother, who was waiting for her in Mrs. Trelawney's dressing-room, where a conversation passed of the most pleasing and agreeable nature between these amiable relatives. Mrs. Trelawney kissed the fair cheek of the blushing Lucy, while she congratulated her on the prospect of happiness that awaited her, in becoming the bride of such an exalted and accomplished personage as the Earl of Beauverie.

"Ah, dear aunt, but I feel so conscious that it is more than I deserve," cried Lucy, "and I am so fearful that I shall not acquit myself as I ought to do this evening, when his Lordship comes. Papa says that I am to see him alone, dear aunt,—is not that alarming?"

"Oh, quite terrible, my love," cried Mrs. Trelawney, laughing, "but you will grow used to it in time, though it is certainly prodigiously shocking to be told by the man whom you love, and whom you are now convinced loves you, that he has come to offer you his hand, and lay his splendid fortune and title at your feet, and that in a few weeks you will be the Countess of Beauverie,—really, Lucy, I wonder how you will be able to survive it."

"Ah, dear aunt and mamma, pray don't laugh at me," said the blushing girl, placing both her hands over her face; and at this moment Mary bounced into the room.

"For heaven's sake, mamma and aunt Clarendale, what are you doing with poor Lucy?" exclaimed she; "why her cheeks are as red as scarlet, and you are both laughing at her."

"And I should probably laugh at you, had I the same reason," cried Mrs. Trelawney; "go and console your cousin, my dear, for her misfortune; try if you cannot compose her for the approaching trial—of becoming the Right Honourable Countess of Beauverie."

Mary stared with astonishment, and first looking at her aunt and then at Lucy's blushing countenance, soon guessed the cause of their involuntary laughter, and mischievously entering into the very spirit of it, exclaimed,—

"Poor girl, how I pity her! who would have thought that such a misfortune would ever have happened to our dear little *fleur-de-lis*, as Tanjore calls her. I say, cousin, what do you think of little Cupid now? What a bewitching little fellow he must be to manage things so nicely, hey, Lucy?"

"Come, we must not be too hard upon her," cried Mrs. Clarendale, regarding the embarrassed looks of her lovely daughter with peculiar tenderness and affection; "she did not mind the raillery of her aunt and me, but with you, gipsy, I know she cannot contend, you are too much for her. Come, love, retire to your dressing-room and compose yourself."

Lucy would have been willing enough to escape, but at the door she was met by her cousin Tanjore, and Emma and Ellen, and from the former she encountered a fresh attack, he saluting her by the title of Lady Beauverie, and giving her a warm embrace on the strength of it.

"There, my little *fleur-de-lis*," cried Tanjore, "this perhaps is the last time that I may enjoy such a privilege; that lovely person of yours will be sacred in future, you know,—there will be no kisses allowed from the lips of the Countess of Beauverie."

"No, I should hope not, Tanjore," said Mrs. Clarendale, smiling; "there now, Lucy, run away and get dressed,—I protest it is quite late,—we have been chatting till time has stolen a march upon us."

"And does he not always steal a march upon us, dear aunt?" replied Tanjore, "though, hang it, no,—I had forgot I have sometimes found the old gentleman a very troublesome companion."

"No doubt, when Emma was not by," cried Mary, and seizing the arm of her cousin Lucy, she made a precipitate retreat, fearful of receiving a retort not very courteous from her brother; and at dinner, when they all met again, there never was a more truly happy and delighted party.

The lovely Lucy, elegantly but simply attired in a dress of the purest white, looked almost angelic, while the look of timidity and delicate bashfulness which was diffused over her charming countenance gave her additional charms. Mary did not dare to exert her mischievous propensity to raillery either in the presence of her father or uncle, but she looked slyly at Lucy, though she said nothing; which was very effective, for it nearly excited the risibility of the whole party several times; and Lucy was very glad to change places

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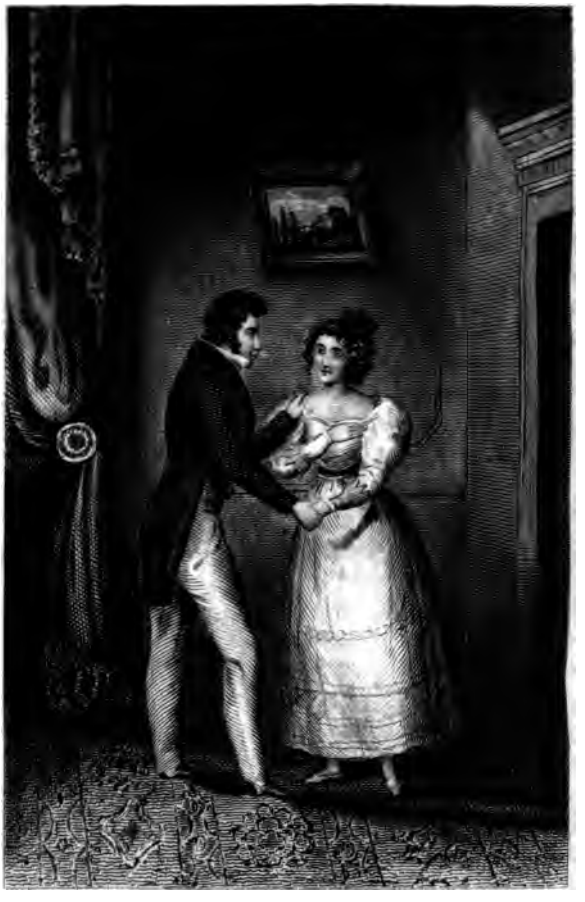

LORD BEAUVERIE & LUCY CLARENDALE.

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with Ellen, who sat next to Miss Bradbury, fearful of Mary, who was close at her elbow.

At length the important hour arrived for the visit of Lord Beauverie, whose carriage drove up to the door at a very early hour of the evening, Lucy having previously retired to the drawing-room, into which his Lordship was immediately shown; but what he said to Miss Clarendale when he got there and found her alone we cannot impart, as it would be revealing the secrets of the cabinet; but surely our fair readers are at full liberty to guess (if they please) what was the nature of the conversation which passed between them; at all events, we will not suppose that their short interview had been unpleasing or disagreeable on either side, for when Lucy again made her appearance before her friends, she no longer exhibited that fearful timidity which had seemed painful for her to bear, and though her lovely cheek was yet crimsoned with the most enchanting blushes, yet her eyes expressed the most joyous and happy sensations, when Lord Beauverie, taking her by the hand, gracefully led her up in triumph to her father, with whom he conversed, as also with Trelawney and his amiable family, as one now admitted a member of their society, and during the remainder of the evening he exerted himself to become a favourite with them all, paying general attention to all the young ladies, without making the lovely Lucy the particular object of his visit there.

The extreme delicacy of so proper a system of conduct added greatly to the high estimation in which he now stood with the family of Mr. Trelawney, and excited the warmest admiration in the breasts of his intended father and mother-in-law; and Sedley Clarendale, who was passionately fond of his sister, was in raptures at the prospect of being so nearly related to so amiable and exalted a personage as the Earl of Beauverie, and secretly rejoiced in the good fortune of his beloved Lucy.

There was now hardly a day in which his Lordship was not in Berkeley Square, Lord and Lady Wyndham being constantly there; and the nuptials of his Lordship with the lovely Lucy were to be shortly solemnized with all the splendour which belonged to his exalted rank. Already had it reached the fashionable world, and was buzzed about the ears of many a high-bred dame, and polished finished miss, who, envious of the honours that awaited the lovely humble maid of Beauverie's choice, could see nothing to admire in her; but

they were not so prodigiously blind in discovering her imperfections; and Lucy's dress and Lucy's face were become the table-talk with many of the fashionable belles at the west end of the town. Sometimes she was too short—another time her complexion too florid—her nose too flat, and her mouth too wide; then she was affected, and too conscious of the conquest she had obtained over the accomplished Beauverie.

"Oh, I cannot think her affected," exclaimed a pretended female wit; "she is certainly what she appears—a complete wild blossom of nature: to make an exotic of her would rob her of her whole stock of charms, which actually consist in her simplicity. She reminds me of a daisy, well enough when it is growing in the fields, but transplant it to a garden of lilies and roses, it would be fatiguing for the eye to rest for a moment on its insignificance."

"Well, but she must not come among such lilies and such roses as your Ladyship displays," cried an old Duchess, looking very expressively at the painted cheeks of the envious speaker, "for were that to be the case, the daisy would far outshine them, for you know, my Lady, your lilies and roses are no exotics either, except their being transplanted from the perfumer's shop to your Ladyship's cheek, while those of Miss Clarendale's are the effect of nature, which nothing can surpass. I should be glad to know which has the advantage, the blossom of nature or you?"

While things were remaining in this precise situation at Berkeley Square, the hopes of Mr. and Mrs. Clarendale being nearly realized, and a superb mansion in Cavendish Square fitting up for the reception of their beloved daughter, as soon as she became the wife of Lord Beauverie, which was expected in a few days, when the whole of this lovely and amiable family were daily projecting plans to increase the mutual happiness which they enjoyed from each other's society, unexpectedly there came a mandate from the captain of the Fortitude to apprise Mr. Trelawney that he should set sail for India as soon as himself and family should come on board, every thing being now in readiness for the voyage, which, as the wind was blowing directly favourable, could no longer admit of delay.

This letter happening to arrive at Berkeley Square when all the family were dining at Lord Wyndham's, Christopher gave it into the hands of Fothersgill, who immediately carried it, in *propria persona*, to South Audley Street, and delivered it into the hands of Mr. Tre-

lawney, who, having read the contents, felt himself obliged to communicate it to the whole company, when the transition from joy to sorrow was instantaneous,—it throbbed in every heart, and spoke in every eye, and Mrs. Trelawney was the first to evince her sensibility by a very copious flood of tears; Mary, Ellen, and Emma very quickly followed her example; and Sedley, now clasped alternately to the breasts of his mother and his sister, found that philosophy when put to the test, had little to do with feeling, for the latter forcibly prevailed.

From this scene Mr. Trelawney soon found it necessary to rouse them, and to inform them that, as the mandate was imperative, the delaying it was useless, and that he felt it his duty to exert his fortitude, as he wished them to exert theirs; that the dearest friends must of necessity part at times, with the cheering hope that they would yet meet again, and with that hope he begged that they would command their feelings and be composed.

On these words a little order prevailed: Mr. Clarendale retired for a few moments with his son, and in the mean while Lord Beauverie and Lord Wyndham did all that was possible to console the afflicted mothers, for they felt most; but Lady Wyndham (again in a pregnant situation) had fainted with the sudden surprise, and for her sake every one now affected a composure which they did not feel. On her recovery, Mrs. Trelawney tried to hide her fast-falling tears; but poor Lucy, who doted on her brother, could not be persuaded even by Lord Beauverie from hanging round his neck and sobbing out her affectionate adieus.

At length Mr. Trelawney's carriage drove up to the door, and though pale and agitated, he commanded Tanjore to hand his sisters and Emma into it. "In the mean time, Wyndham, you know," cried he, "we will borrow yours. Come, my dear girls, go and bid your sister and my Lords Wyndham and Beauverie farewell."

"God bless you, Alexina," sobbed out Mary, but she could utter no more; she was clasped in the arms of Lady Wyndham, where she was held for a few moments in silence,—neither of them could speak, and Mr. Trelawney took her gently away.

Ellen next went and embraced her Ladyship; but when it was the turn of Emma, who, though firm, trembled violently, Lady Wyndham exclaimed,—

"Emma, dear sister of my heart, angels bless you till we meet

again!" it was then that poor Emma sobbed aloud, and Tanjore was obliged to take her from the arms of his sister and hurry her into the carriage, after which he returned and manfully bade his sister farewell.

"Dear Tanjore, you will constantly write to us," cried Lady Wyndham.

"Faithfully," replied Tanjore in a smothered tone, for he dared not trust his voice a moment longer,—he ran down stairs, jumped into the carriage, seated himself beside the weeping Emma, and it immediately drove off.

Part of this melancholy and distressing scene was now over, but Mr. Trelawney felt there was another yet more painful to come; and when Lord Wyndham's carriage drew up to the door, he took the trembling hand of his beloved daughter, and pressing it to his lips, pronounced,—

"Now, my child, bid your mother farewell; consider your situation, my beloved Alexina, and endeavour not to yield to this excessive grief,—for my sake, for your mother's sake, and for your dear lord's sake, do not agitate yourself thus violently."

These words were uttered in a low voice to Lady Wyndham, who having ordered little William to be brought into the room, Mr. Trelawney took the sweet boy in his arms, and approached Mrs. Trelawney, to whom it held out its little arms, and she immediately took it.

"Unconscious innocent, see how it smiles," cried Mr. Trelawney, "and you must smile too, my Rosa, if it is only in compliment to your little grandson. Reflect, my love, on this dear boy's mother, —she is ill able to bear this conflict of her feelings, and for her sake do not increase it; endeavour to compose yourself, and she will follow your example,—look at Mary."

"Look at Mary!" cried Mrs. Trelawney; "ah, if you bid me look at Mary, I am the least likely to compose my feelings."

"Look at your daughter, then," cried Mr. Trelawney, taking the child out of her arms, and giving him to Mrs. Clarendale, while he led Mrs. Trelawney up to the side of Lady Wyndham, who, profiting by the kind injunction given her by her beloved father, reasoned her mother into a sort of composure that produced the happiest effects, and Mrs. Trelawney exclaimed,—

"Yes, my love, I know that I leave you happy, or be assured that

I would not leave you at all; you have the best, the most amiable of husbands, for whom my prayers are continually offered up, that he may long enjoy his present felicity. Your aunt, my dear, has promised me that she will watch over my Alexina, in the time when you shall most require a mother's attention; and may the Father of all mercies protect, support my child, and comfort her in the hour of trial. Tanjore shall write to you, my dearest, the moment we arrive in India,—Emma will write to you.'

"And Mary," cried Lady Wyndham, in a tremulous voice, for she felt her spirits growing weak, "you must all write to me; and now, dear mother, dearest and best of mothers, farewell;—Sedley, heaven bless you, dear boy."

Sedley approached Lady Wyndham, just at the very moment that Mrs. Trelawney had received her parting kiss; and Mr. Trelawney, without waiting another moment, snatched the hand of his now sobbing and afflicted Rosa, and placed her in the carriage with Mr. Clarendale, who had assisted him in leading her down stairs. Mrs. Clarendale, Sedley, and Lucy immediately followed, and Mr. Trelawney sent the carriage on to Berkeley Square, saying that he would shortly follow. He then ran up stairs, and seated himself beside the weeping Alexina, to whom her fond and adoring husband was offering the tenderest consolation; but such is the tender chord that beats in the heart of a mother and her child, that not even the consoling presence of a husband can soften the pangs of a separation between them, and the tears of Lady Wyndham fell unrestrained many moments after Mrs. Trelawney had quitted her.

"My dearest girl, why do you afflict yourself thus?" cried Mr. Trelawney; "I thought you promised me, my Alexina, that you would endeavour to be composed."

"And so I did, father," said Lady Wyndham, "but I did not then know the difficulty of restraining those feelings over which nature alone prevails. My tears must flow, and I cannot stop them. My dear mother—perhaps I may——never——behold——her more," and Lady Wyndham sobbed violently.

To which Mr. Trelawney replied,—

"Nay, my love, indeed this is wrong, very wrong, my Alexina,—why should you cherish such useless apprehensions and improper fears? for indeed I must call them such: it is accusing Providence, my Alexina, when you fear that you will no longer be protected by

it,—chase away those fears, my dearest, and rely rather on its never-failing goodness,—seek it, and it will never cease to watch over you. Let us hope that we shall all meet again, and perhaps the time is not far distant: if the climate of India does not agree with the health of your dear mother, I shall return immediately."

On this assurance of her beloved father, Lady Wyndham grew infinitely more composed, and after a few minutes passed in the most serious conversation with Lord Wyndham, Mr. Trelawney took his farewell of his beloved child, and returned to Berkeley Square.

Lord Beauverie, from motives of the utmost delicacy, had quitted the house of Lord Wyndham as soon as he had taken leave of Mr. and Mrs. Trelawney, not wishing to be present at the parting of Sedley Clarendale with his mother and lovely sister, because he felt his own feelings completely subdued by the scene he had witnessed at Lord Wyndham's, and he thought at such a moment he could not be of the slightest service, and that ties so sacred should not be intruded upon; and his Lordship was much in the right, for the moment of separation between these tender relatives, which took place at an early hour the ensuing morning, was beyond description, and both Mrs. Clarendale and Lucy were inconsolable after the departure of their beloved Sedley and their almost equally dear Trelawneys; and though both Mr. and Mrs. Clarendale had evinced the greatest fortitude even to the last moment, yet in parting with their only son nature had her sway, and its feelings were not to be stifled by the rigid dictates of cold, unfeeling philosophy, while poor Sedley wept bitterly.

The whole cavalcade got safely on board the Fortitude, and were all bestowed in their cabins before the preparations for sailing commenced. Unused to the novelty of such a scene, the young people were amused and gratified beyond description, while the warm-hearted and affectionate Tanjore paid every attention, and tried every means in his power to raise the spirits of the dejected Sedley, and at last succeeded in drawing him into conversation; nor was Mr. Trelawney himself unmindful of his sacred charge, his last words to Mr. Clarendale being—

"Henry, remember that your boy, though absent, will never want a father in Trelawney, nor a mother in my Rosa; even as my own Tanjore, will I watch over his happiness and his safety."

"I neither fear nor doubt it, beloved Trelawney," cried Mr. Cla

rendale. "Oh, may he never want such protection as you will give him, and ever merit all the kindness he has received at your hands."

With these words, these so long tenderly attached relatives and faithful friends bade each other farewell.

Mrs. Trelawney and Miss Bradbury were both affected with a slight indisposition after they had been on board a few hours, and had retired to their respective cabins; but Mary and Ellen and Mrs. Pelham were perfectly well. Meanwhile the Governor De Montford entertained and enlivened greatly the spirits of Mr. Trelawney, by relating a number of humorous anecdotes; and at length the anchor was weighed, a lovely breeze, blowing directly favourable, gently filled the sails, and the beautiful ship Fortitude, with her lovely burden, sailed out of the harbour at half past four in the afternoon, seeming (to use a seaman's phrase) as if 'the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft' was protecting her and the kind and gentle beings she had on board; for as she launched on the white bosom of the ocean, it was so calm and unruffled that the very winds seemed to kiss the corner of her sails, where we will leave her quietly pursuing her course, and return to *terra firma*, just to take a peep at what they are doing in Berkeley Square, and to inquire after the health of the amiable Lord and Lady Wyndham. Lord Beauverie, indeed has been before us, and found, though late, that her Ladyship was not yet arisen, and that Lord Wyndham was gone to Berkeley Square to fetch Mrs. Clarendale to his beloved Alexina, whither Lord Beauverie immediately followed him; but, ah, how cheerless was the apartment into which he was shown,—it was the parlour in which the family of Mr. Trelawney usually breakfasted, and here no warm and friendly smile greeted him on his entrance,—the beauteous Emma, the lively Mary, the gentle Ellen, the animated Tanjore, the obliging Mrs. Pelham, the attentive Fothersgill—none arose to give him place and welcome there, and sweetly invite him to partake of their *dejeune*; and were they all gone, all fled, and must he now deplore their absence with a pensive, melancholy sigh?—was there no kind being now waiting to receive him?—was friendship fled with the amiable family of the Trelawneys, or was love?——There his Lordship made a full stop, and recollected himself: he would not, could not wrong his gentle Lucy so much as to suppose that she had neglected or forgotten him; and at this precise moment of his Lordship's cogitations the door unclosed, and a beauteous head half

obtruded itself,—it was Lucy's, whose colourless cheeks and heavy eyes plainly denoted in what manner she had passed the night, and his Lordship flew towards her, making the kindest inquiries after her health.

"Oh, indeed we have all passed a wretched night," cried Lucy; "dear mamma is quite ill,—we so miss my dear uncle and aunt and cousins, and Sedley;—but you are here, and Lucy ought not, cannot be unhappy while you are here."

"This from your heart, beloved Lucy?" exclaimed Lord Beauverie.

"Yes, from my very heart and soul," replied the blushing girl, "and can you doubt it, when to you every feeling of that heart is so well known?—but will not your Lordship step up stairs and see dear mamma,—Lord Wyndham is with her; dear Alexina is very ill too, and we are going to spend the day in South Audley Street,—of course you do not require a very pressing invitation."

"Only from Lucy," cried his Lordship, smiling; "if Lucy invites me, the invitation is then resistless."

"Ah, why did they show you into this room?" cried Lucy, looking round it, and struggling to suppress a pensive sigh; "do you know we could not breakfast in it if you had given us worlds, and that is the reason why mamma chose another."

"And you cannot imagine the melancholy sensation which overpowered me on my first entrance into it this morning," said Lord Beauverie; I looked around me, and could no more behold the smiling happy faces which used to greet me with the warmest welcomes on my arrival here, but most of all I miss the lively little gipsy Mary."

"And so do I," cried Lucy, the tears again starting to her lovely eyes; "Mary was the darling and the pride of all our hearts,—dear Emma, too! oh, how I love Emma Bradbury!—Oh, my Lord, you do not know what a heart beats in that ever pure and artless bosom, so gentle, indeed, that nothing seems to ruffle her; yet her sensibility and feeling is as great as any of us. Oh, how happy I shall be to hear that she is married to cousin Tanjore! I cannot think the reason why they do not marry, for, oh, how tenderly they love each other, and how long--ever since I can remember—Emma has loved Tanjore; she tried to hide it from us all, but could not,—ah, no, true love cannot be concealed, can it, my Lord?"

There was a blush and a smile on Lucy's lovely face as she utter

ed this, and Lord Beauverie caught her hand, and, pressing it to his lips, exclaimed,—

"No, Lucy, neither a man of honour nor a virtuous delicate female ever wishes to conceal a passion of which they have no reason to feel ashamed; it is then their greatest pride to acknowledge it, and to reward the faithful heart which they are assured beats for them alone."

What further conversation passed between them we know not, but it was certainly of the most tender nature, for a little bird whispered in the ears of Mr. and Mrs. Clarendale that the happy day was fixed for their nuptials, since the preceding conversation had taken place that morning.

When Lord Beauverie made his appearance, he was deeply concerned to find the spirits of Mrs. Clarendale so greatly oppressed, and that the amiable Lady Wyndham was indisposed; and proposed and suggested every plan that he could think of, to arouse her from the melancholy which the absence of her beloved relatives had thrown around her.

The official duties of Mr. Henry Clarendale obliged him to set off immediately for Kenilworth, where his presence could not any longer be reasonably dispensed with; but he proposed that Mrs. Clarendale and Lucy should remain in town some weeks longer, to be near Lady Wyndham, whose delicate state of health now required the most endearing attentions of all her friends.

"That is exactly what I have been saying," cried Lord Wyndham: "if she loses the society of her aunt she will be lost indeed; but what do you think she wanted to do?—why, to set off this very day with her uncle to Kenilworth, taking the boy along with her. Now, this arrangement I should not have the slightest objection to, provided it could be of benefit to my Alexina: but you know, my dear Madam, at the present crisis, Kenilworth is the last place possible likely to enliven or cheer her spirits. There is the White Cottage, the favourite retreat of her father and mother, to which she would naturally resort, to contemplate on the lost society of her dear absent friends; and there is also another spot which would as naturally engage her attention, and call forth the most melancholy reflections—the grave of her poor brother William and her aunt Rebecca. Now, these are objects which she cannot look upon without feeling strong emotion, which her present delicate situation could ill

support the conflict of; I must therefore positively prohibit her going to Kenilworth under the existing circumstances I have just named, to which I beseech you to add your kind influence to deter her from any such intention."

"Assuredly, my Lord," cried Mrs. Clarendale, "you are perfectly right in the supposition that it will be more injurious than likely to restore her to tranquillity. I shall therefore instantly take a ride over to my dear niece, and tell her that I intend to be her guest for some weeks longer."

"My carriage is waiting at the door, my dear Madam, on purpose to convey you and Lucy thither, in which, my Lord Beauverie, if you will also take a place, I shall be proud and happy," cried Lord Wyndham.

"Lucy, what are you pulling to pieces there, my love?" exclaimed Mrs. Clarendale, on perceiving that Lucy looked excessively confused, and blushed deeply at something that Lord Beauverie had been whispering in her ear.

"A beautiful carnation, mamma; but indeed it is not my fault, it is Lord Beauverie's,—you must lecture him, for do you know that he is so teazing, because———" Lucy blushed still deeper than before.

"Because what, my dear?" cried Mrs. Clarendale, smiling; "why don't you finish your sentence?"

"Because Lord Beauverie knows how to finish it much better," answered Lucy.

"Bravo, Miss Clarendale," cried Lord Wyndham, laughing heartily; "now, my Lord, you have received a very fair challenge; Mrs. Clarendale, don't let him off,—he shall finish this sentence before we arrive in South Audley Street."

"With the greatest pleasure imaginable," answered Lord Beauverie, and taking the hand of Lucy, followed Lord Wyndham and Mrs. Clarendale to the carriage, which immediately proceeded to his Lordship's elegant mansion in South Audley Street.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Mere rogues!—but they are friends!
" One is his printer, in disguise, and keeps
" His press in a hollow tree, where, to conceal him,
" He works by glow-worm light—the moon's too open!
" The other zealous rag is the compositor,
" Who, in an angle where the ants inhabit,
" (The emblem of his labour,) will sit, curled,
" Whole days and nights, and work his eyes out.

In a few days, Lady Wyndham, cheered by the presence of her amiable aunt's society, the fond attentions of an affectionate and adoring husband, and the active preparations which were now making for the nuptials of the Earl of Beauverie with her lovely cousin, soon recovered from the deep melancholy which had oppressed her, and she was not suffered a moment to dwell on the recollection of her absent friends. Lord Beauverie, with a kind and tender consideration for the delicate state of her Ladyship's health, devised every means he could think of to afford her amusement, and really supplied the place of an affectionate brother to the heart of the suffering Alexina; and Mrs. Clarendale, who had never left her, according to the promise which she had pledged to Mrs. Trelawney, always to be near her till the period of her accouchement should take place, resided wholly now with her beloved niece in South Audley Street, which very soon produced the happiest effects on the spirits of Lady Wyndham. While she saw her beloved aunt she was happy, and whenever she talked of her mother and father, and her sisters and brother, Mrs. Clarendale, with the assistance of Lord Beauverie, always hurried her to places of amusement, and the little snug evening parties always succeeded in chasing away despondency.

By this means, the amiable Lady Wyndham, (for such she really was,) gradually recovered her serenity, and the approaching happy event which was so shortly to take place in her family directed her attention to other concerns, and at length the happy day was fixed for Lucy's wedding, which was to be celebrated in South Audley Street. Mr. Clarendale was in consequence again summoned to

town, to witness the union of his beloved child, under circumstances of so flattering and promising a nature for the future happiness of his daughter, that no father could be otherwise than gratified at the high and exalted station in which she would now be placed; and the only regret now felt was the absence of the dear and amiable family of the Trelawneys, which was more felt by poor Lucy than any other individual on the morning of her marriage, nor could she, while being decorated for the bridal ceremony, avoid expressing some of these regrets to her fond and anxious mother, though she did not wish that Lady Wyndham should hear them; yet her Ladyship could not help noticing Lucy's dejection, and, with a melancholy smile, observed,—

"Dear Lucy, I know that your mind dwells upon absent friends, wherefore so pensive, my love?"

To which Lucy replied,—

"Dear cousin, I know that it is very foolish and very wrong, and I am ashamed of feeling any other sensation than that of joy; but when I think of brother Sedley, poor fellow! he would so have rejoiced on this happy day,—and dear aunt Trelawney, and Emma, and Mary, and Ellen, oh, how happy they would all have been on this day!"

Lady Wyndham turned aside, to conceal the painful emotions which these observations had excited; while Mrs. Clarendale endeavoured by every means in her power to divert her from it.

The youthful lovely bride, being completely attired in vestments of the purest white, with only a wreath of simple lilies intwined in her hair of lovely auburn, was led to the drawing-room by her mother and Lady Wyndham, where the bridal party, small but select, waited to receive her. The Earl of Perimont (the godfather of little William Wyndham) was to give Lucy to her enraptured Lord, and the Bishop of L—— performed the marriage rites in a manner that did ample credit to his feelings. The bridal party then passed the day in the new and superb mansion of Lord Beauverie in Cavendish Square, where he triumphantly conducted his lovely bride after the ceremony was over, and entertained in a most sumptuous manner a select party of his friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarendale remained guests of their lovely daughter for many weeks after she had become the bride of Lord Beauverie, the whole of which time was dedicated to amusements likely to

dispel any melancholy impressions which had so lately occupied the mind of Lady Wyndham, who, rejoicing in the happy prospects and fortunate exaltation of her amiable cousin, forgot her own inquietude and perturbed thoughts, and with her infant son passed a great part of her time in Cavendish Square, often stealing Mrs. Clarendale away from Lucy, and taking her to South Audley Street.

Meanwhile, Kenilworth was almost deserted, even by its now present pastor. Lord Beauverie, wishing his father-in-law to retire as soon as possible from the cares of his professional labours, had used every interest in his power to effect his intended purpose, and at last succeeded; and Mr. Clarendale very shortly retired to the Hermitage, in circumstances very favourable to his wishes, and without the fatigue of those functions which he had ever faithfully discharged, and which he was not any longer obliged to fulfil, for owing to the liberality of his noble son-in-law, he was now able to retire comfortably for the residue of his days, and a new rector supplied his place.

The immense fortune of the Earl of Beauverie made it very improbable to suppose that he would ever permit the father of the woman whom he adored to live in a state of dependence; and Mr. Clarendale was, very shortly after the Earl's marriage with Lucy, given to understand that he would receive the most ample provision from his son-in-law, and in consequence that it would be expected that he should immediately resign his clerical situation as being the rector of Kenilworth; and so Mr. Clarendale did, but the Hermitage being his own property, he chose it as his future residence, with the intention that at his demise and that of his beloved Mary it should become the inheritance of his son and his heirs, his daughter not requiring his assistance; but when Mr. Clarendale resigned his official situation, he for the most part resided wholly in Cavendish Square, Mrs. Clarendale seldom being absent from her beloved daughter, with whom and Lady Wyndham she alternately shared her attentions; nor had the elevation of the lovely amiable Lucy altered her disposition in any one respect,—she was still the same artless, unaffected, good-humoured creature as ever, only that the manners of her highly accomplished lord had greatly improved her in those polished graces which exalted birth ought always to be distinguished by, and the lovely Lucy very soon gave ample proof that she was by no means an unapt scholar, for, passionately beloved by

her dear lord, she studied to please him, and he, in gratitude for her sweet and obliging compliance to all he wished, denied her no reasonable gratification of her most unbounded desires; and fashionable report very soon whispered, what indeed was an undeniable truth, that Lord and Lady Beauverie seemed (and really were what they seemed) the happiest couple in the fashionable order of the day.

Meanwhile, during this happy climax of affairs, letters duly arrived from India. The Fortitude had safely conducted her valuable cargo to the destined port under the happiest auspices that was possible, for the letter (which was from Mr. Trelawney jointly to Mr. Clarendale and Lord Wyndham) assured them that they were all well, and had met with nothing to intercept their voyage, which had been far more speedy than had been expected; and that with the exception of Mrs. Trelawney and Emma, who had endured great inconvenience from sea-sickness, that they had a most delightful passage over to India.

That Mary was as sprightly and as saucy as ever, that Ellen was as quiet and as gentle, that Emma's complexion was improved by the voyage, that Sedley and Tanjore enjoyed one another's society as if they were in reality brothers, and that Mrs. Pelham and Fothersgill were much in their usual temperature of disposition and character.

That he was writing from a window of Trelawney Castle, with the wide expanse of ocean before him, which having reminded him of the distance which was between him and his dear absent friends, had inspired him with emotions of so pensive a tendency, that he felt himself obliged to conclude, while there was a possibility of not infecting them by his melancholy and sombre reflections.

That he would therefore leave Tanjore to add a postcript to his letter, hoping that his beloved Alexina was well and happy, and that Lucy had no longer any claim to the name of Clarendale.

This was the whole of the contents of the amiable Trelawney's letter, which was resumed, or rather finished, by the pen of Tanjore, in the following words:—

"We are indeed well and happy, dear uncle and aunt, and I am doing all that I can to make Sedley so; but only, as my father observes, the sight of the ocean very often makes us unhappy, while we contemplate the vast distance which is placed between us; and

even Mary sighs when she thinks of the dear friends we have left behind us. Emma, too, dear Emma, (for you know that it is not possible for me to write without speaking of Emma,) wishes that she could take a peep at you all in South Audley Street, for we still imagine that you are all there, and that Lucy is by this time the bride of Lord Beauverie. I hope also that our dear sister is recovered in her health and spirits, and that we have again a little nephew or niece come into court. Pray do not omit any thing when you write, and write speedily, for heaven's sake, or my mother will be under the most serious apprehensions for Lady Wyndham's health.

"You will expect me to say something about this country, my dear uncle, but that I cannot do at present without judging very unfairly of the inhabitants, who are either very proud or very insensible, for they are extremely distant and reserved. Perhaps this may be owing to their luxuriant and indolent mode of living, for they seem to think every thing a trouble that they do, except that the ladies have an equal propensity to dress and coquet, as well as in other countries, which is the only part of their occupation that does not seem to fatigue them. Not that we visit much with the inhabitants, who are really a stupid sort of race,—the women, as I have observed before, appear to have no mind, and the men are naturally austere and repellant in their manners, and, perfectly conscious of the vast wealth which they have so successfully accumulated, imagine every one their inferiors who are not possessed of the advantage of fortune; even those who have talent they seem to scorn, or treat in a manner wounding to their feelings or their pride.

"No mother here nurses her own child on any account,—the infants are all left in the care of negro women, from whom they receive their nourishment from the hour of their birth; and were it only from this circumstance, I should never make choice of a wife in the East or West Indies.

"In one word, I do not think that my mother will ever like the ladies of this country sufficiently to form a very ardent friendship for any of them. The only family with whom we are at all intimate is Governor De Montford's, who was himself our fellow-passenger on board the Fortitude. He has a wife, a most pleasing and accomplished woman, and one son, his only child, whom, of all the young men I ever beheld, is the most prepossessing in exterior, and the little I have seen even of his mental acquirements inclines me to

think well of him: he has been educated in England, and has none of that stately austere pride which is so disgusting in the natives of this country.

"We have already had some delightful excursions with the Governor, where young De Montford was the charm and life of our society; he has a prodigious flow of spirits, but they do not seem volatile ones, for on serious subjects I have heard him talk as manfully and as gravely as his father, of whom he is the idol. They are at present our guests at Trelawney Castle, which is one of the most delightful and romantic situations which can he imagined, overlooking the sea, and built on a stupendous height, yet so fertilized by beautiful plantations of orange, citron, and lemon trees, that it has nothing dreary or terrific in its appearance: it was the favourite residence of my grandsire, who, on his second arrival in India, breathed his last sigh in one of the chambers in Trelawney Castle.

"Emma has taken a particular fancy to it, and my father asked me the other day if I should like to live in Trelawney Castle?—on which I replied,—

"'Yes, Sir, provided it was seated in the middle of Berkeley Square,—I should then prefer it to all the residences in Great Britain; but remote from all my dearest relatives and friends, Trelawney Castle would have no charms for Tanjore.'

"As to Mary, she is considered a prodigy here, and universally admired, and I assure you the little gipsy is not a little vain of her attractions; she is a wonderful favourite with Governor *De Montford*, and it strikes me will very shortly be one with his son. In fact, I am very much mistaken if our little brown gipsy has not made some mischief in the heart of the accomplished Lionel, not that Mary seems at all sensible of the conquest, or that she has put herself to any extraordinary pains to captivate him; but it is evident that she is an object of his most ardent admiration, by the following observation he made the other day to me and Sedley, when we were strolling together in the plantations:—

"'The ladies in your country, Mr. Tanjore, are extremely beautiful; I do not wonder that they have also obtained the character of being the most amiable, they are such excellent wives and mothers.'

On which I replied,—

"'I believe for the most part that they in general deserve the

praise you bestow on them, though as to beauty, I have seen women much handsomer here than in England.

"'Here in India!' exclaimed Lionel; 'surely you mistake, Mr. Tanjore,—nothing can be fairer than your lovely cousin, and your sister.'

"'You surely do not call my sister Mary fair,' cried I, laughing; 'in England we always called her the gipsey, because she was naturally so brown.'

"'Then she is the fairest brown gipsey I ever beheld,' retorted Lionel, deeply coloring; 'but the complexion of your sister Mary is her least perfection out of the million of which she is possessed,—she is the most fascinating girl in existence. Ah, Mr. Tanjore, how supremely happy will that man be who will have the power of making an impression on the heart of Mary."

"I laughed, and Sedley laughed, but I assure you that De Montford looked very serious, and remained pensive for many minutes after he had made this observation.

"Now, uncle, I should not at all be surprised, if, in the next letter you receive from India, you are informed that Mary has made an attack on the heart of the young Indian, but whether she will surrender her own or not, I cannot say; she is not a girl likely to be tormented much by the influence of little Cupid. Though my father and mother think there is not her equal in point of intellectual acquirements, yet Mary is not infallible in her judgment more than any of us."

With a few more remarks, Tanjore concluded his very long epistle, the contents of which afforded much gratification to his friends, and which relieved the mind of Lady Wyndham from the painful anxiety she had endured for the safety of her beloved parents; and before the next letter arrived from India, she presented Lord Wyndham with a lovely little girl, which, in compliment to Mrs. Trelawney, was called Rosa, which intelligence was soon exported to India in a letter from Mrs. Clarendale, as also the marriage of her daughter to Lord Beauverie.

While these fortunate and happy events were taking place in two families so strongly cemented by the mutual bonds of friendship, confidence and esteem,—while letters were continually passing and repassing in the amiable united families of the Trelawneys and Clarendales, let us wing our flight over the Scottish regions, and inquire after the health and welfare of our Caledonian friends, and whether the lovely flower of Dumfairling Castle was yet blooming in her native soil, whether her young favorite Edwin was still in existence, or was laid low in the dust, which too often proves the bed of victory to the brave and gallant soldier.

Alas, had such been the untimely doom of Edwin, what had been the fate of his Jean? But Providence is unerring in its just and mighty dispensations, and whether it appoints or disappoints, it is (though impervious to weak and mortal knowledge,) always right.

When the Earl of Dougal arrived at Dumfairling Castle, the life of poor Edwin was indeed despaired of, the wound he had received being considered of the most dangerous tendency by the faculty; and the situation of Edwin no longer remaining a secret to Lady Jean, she sunk under the conflict of her alarming fears for the safety of that being whose life she valued dearer than her own, and for successive days Lady Jean was confined to her chamber by the agonies of the wildest despair, raving only for her lost Edwin, and refusing consolation even from her father or the gentle Lady Honoria, who sought every means to compose the spirits of her distracted niece.

While affairs were in this hopeless and melancholy state, the Earl of Dougal had already arrived at the Castle, and a long conference took place between him and the Duke of Belmont, so deeply affected by the situation of his beloved daughter, that even his ambition yielded to his love of seeing her restored to health and reason. Being therefore apprised of a favorable change in Edwin, he rushed into the chamber of his frantic and despairing child, exclaiming,—

"Be but comforted, my Jean, and Edwin shall be restored to you!

I come the messenger of joyful news—the physicians have this night pronounced Edwin out of danger."

Like electric fire these words shot through the trembling frame of the despairing Jean, and, fixing her languid eyes on the Duke, she exclaimed,—

"Oh, father, deceive not your child,—tell Jean whether Edwin lives or not? Or, if he be numbered with the dead, tell me that too?"

"I have told you truly my child," replied the Duke, "Edwin not only lives, but will shortly live for Jean,—you shall no longer be divided."

"What, give me to Edwin," cried the frantic Jean, "my ain dear Edwin!"

"By the immortal powers that now look down upon us, I will not retract my words," cried the Duke; "I have sworn to the Earl of Dougal, whom I have held conference with, that the heiress of Dumfairling Castle shall be given in marriage to his grandson, to whom he bequeaths the whole of his wealthy possessions. Edwin is the child of the Lady Margaret Dougal, and the son of the Earl of Mowbray, illegitimate indeed, but for this misfortune his mother's sufferings have atoned; she wept in agony the indiscretion of her youthful years, and death levelled to the dust the cruel author at once of all her shame and misery. Thus have the parents of Edwin both fallen, while his exalted virtues shall inherit the reward due alone to the performance of worthy actions, and for ever wipe away the dishonor of his birth,—the indiscretion of his parents he cannot be answerable for, Edwin himself is great, and he is good."

"I have struggled to oppose your union, my child, but the struggle is past, and ambition ceases, when virtue, like a bright and glorious star, is the victor. Take the selected partner of your youthful heart, and may your days be long and happy."

It is needless to say what ensued after this conversation with her father, or to point out the transports of the happy lovers, when per-

fectly made acquainted with their destiny; and in a few weeks from this period Edwin and Jean were united in those fond and indissoluble bonds never to be dissolved but by death, and the Castle of Dumfairling once more resounded to acclamations of the loudest joy, the sons of Scotia accepting for their liege Lord, without a dissenting voice, the brave, virtuous and gallant Edwin, the chosen consort of their beloved favorite and acknowledged mistress.

Never was there a day of such rejoicing or such universal triumph, when Jean, in the midst of her countrymen, appeared in the audit chamber as the bride of Edwin, to whom she gave her hand as she had given her heart, firmly, faithfully and generously, the spotless pledge of truth, hallowed by the shrine of virgin love.

In a few weeks after this happy marriage, Lady Honoria wrote to Lady Wyndham, enclosing letters for Trelawney, and informing her of every succeeding event which had taken place at Dumfairling Castle since Tanjore had quitted it, with a very pressing invitation from the Duke and Lady Jean to come to Scotland, and which they would have accepted of but for the still delicate state of Lady Wyndham's health, who, after her accouchement, was obliged to wean her little girl, owing to the extreme debility of her constitution. A nurse was therefore provided for the little Rosa, which deeply afflicted her fond mother, who would still have persisted in giving nourishment to the infant, had not Dr. Starmer peremptorily forbade it, protesting that if her Ladyship did so, her health would necessarily fall a sacrifice in the attempt. Lord Wyndham therefore insisted that she should give it up, while the lovely little Rosa, now in the hands of a healthy nurse, gave very promising hopes of being one of the finest children in existence. Her brother, being just able to creep about and lisp the name of its mother, was now the pride and darling of his father's heart, and with their lovely children alternately sharing their caresses and attentions, and in the society of a select number of friends, in addition to which were their amiable relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Clarendale and the Earl and Countess of Beauverie, Lord and Lady Wyndham enjoyed the sweetest pleasures arising from domestic happiness, well knowing that it was not to be

expected or obtained in the riotous bosom of dissipation, or vain and imaginary splendors, the result of folly, and often the source of misery and bitter repentance. It was the intention of this amiable pair to educate their children exactly after the system of the excellent Trelawney, that their descendants might be equally happy and equally virtuous, and that their *Family Portraits*, when blended together and brought upon the canvas as living originals, and in actual existence, might receive no stain to tarnish the bright and brilliant labors with which the divine artist of nature has drawn them, and which they felt convinced would never fade; and though the fresh rose of youth might be paled when time should imperceptibly wither up the charm of beauty on either fair cheek, yet it would leave its sweetness and fragrance on the family tree, where it would remain unperishable till wafted to its native skies.

Lady Wyndham had neglected no opportunity, in the absence of her father, of keeping up a regular correspondence with the amiable family of the Duke of Belmont, and had frequently written to Lady Honoria, which mark of delicate attention was always punctually returned on the part of her Ladyship. It was with no small pleasure, therefore, that Lady Wyndham was one morning most agreeably surprised by a packet from Scotland, which was not indeed in the hand writing of Lady Honoria, but from the accomplished Jean, (now Lady Mowbray,) the contents of which were as follows:—

"I assure your Ladyship, with great sincerity, that I feel pleasure in the agreeable task which my aunt has allotted to me. There cannot be any thing so pleasing as addressing those whom we love and who love us, and you, Lady Wyndham, and all your amiable family, have long been objects of the deepest interest at Dumfairling Castle. My aunt has been a very correct artist, and has done justice to your *Family Portraits*, insomuch that you are all before me at this precise moment, you and your lovely sisters, the gentle Ellen and the lively Mary; and if my aunt had forgotten to take your likeness. you had a brother who was not willing

that any of you should have remained so long in the back-ground, so that you see we are in possession of all your portraits, for which I was very much obliged to Mr. Tanjore, I assure you, for he has left me with a delightful longing to behold the dear originals.

"And see you we shall, and shortly too, for we are all coming to England, dear Lady Wyndham, and you cannot conceive how rejoiced we all are on the occasion. Now, if the dear Trelawneys were to arrive from India about this period, what a fine family tree would be seen blossoming together. Yes, my father has actually consented to leave Dumfairling for a short time, to give his Jean the inexpressible delight of beholding her friends in the sister kingdom.

"Your dear brother Tanjore, too, will, I flatter myself, be happy to see the mountain Jean, who was so long the companion of his walks in Scotia's sunny vales, and who will have the pleasure of making him better acquainted with Edwin Mowbray, in the character of 'Benedict the married man,' than he was when he beheld him on the canvas, in the picture gallery at Dumfairling Castle.

"My aunt begs that you will never again remind her of certain presents sent to England for your infant son, Lady Wyndham,—surely she was amply repaid by the pleasing reflection that they would prove acceptable to the little stranger, and to you, as the gift of friendship, doubly so. I am enjoined to say that you may shortly expect to receive another basket for the sweet little Rosa, whom you say so strongly resembles your cousin, Miss Emmy Bradbury;—she is, then, prodigiously handsome, for do not suppose that when your brother described the *Family Portraits* he left out Emma Bradbury. No, indeed, not a feature in her fair face lost any of its charms by the description given of them by Mr. Tanjore, I promise you. Poor fellow! he could not conceal the passion which then triumphed in his heart, though he dared not worship the shrine that his soul adored. Perhaps it may be said that I had a fellow-feeling for your brother on this occasion, and so I had, Lady Wyndham, or I had not thought Tanjore worthy

of my confidence, or so freely imparted my sorrows to his pitying ear, because I knew that his delicate and high sense of honor would never betray one, who, like himself, was destined to love but one object in the creation, and that hopelessly and despairingly; and really, my dear Lady Wyndham, I had another motive for being perfectly explanatory with your brother on so delicate a subject: I actually began to suspect that they were going to pair us together, like turtle doves, without considering whether little Cupid was to have any hand in the affair: it was high time, then, you know, to muster up my courage, and boldly tell Tanjore that I had no heart to give him, and that I knew very well he had none to give me.

"I need not tell you, my dear Lady Wyndham, what love is, and to what lengths it will carry us when it is really sincere; but perhaps you never knew the sensation of parting with the object whom you love, such as I felt when I thought I beheld my Edwin stretched on the cold bed of death: it was a pang so utterly insupportable, that I imagined nature would have sunk under the conflict of my tortured feelings; but we know not what we can bear till we are severely tried, or by what means Providence designs that we should recover the shock which nature sustains, and which we think so impossible to overcome by human power.

"Had Edwin died, I should have died too, at least I thought so; but mark the happy change which in a few hours was wrought by the destination of an all-wise and infinite Being—my Edwin lived, was restored to health, and is now the husband of his happy and transported Jean!

"And Emma! will not Emma (let us hope) be the wife of Tanjore, by the same invincible and unerring wisdom? Have they not most virtuously stood the test of the strongest passion in the human heart with amazing fortitude? have they not sustained the perilous war which struggled with affection and with duty? and having done so, should they not now meet the merited reward of such praise-like conduct?—indeed, Lady Wyndham, I had hoped before this to have heard that your lovely cousin was the bride of Tanjore Trelawney.

Pardon me, however, if the deep and tender concern I take in the happiness of these beloved objects has made me say more on the subject than I ought to do, or would have done to any person but yourself; but with you I know that my sentiments are inviolable.

"Have you heard any thing more of the family of De Valmont since you visited them at their little cottage at Brompton? My aunt was delighted with the account you gave us of the domestic happiness of these amiable people, who know so well how to appreciate the blessings they enjoy, and are so worthy of the friendship which has been shewn them; and she intends to provide amply for the little Rosalvie, whose infantine graces your worthy father has spoken so highly of, when she visits England. Poor De Valmont, too, what a fortunate and happy change has there been in his prospects, and all owing to the benevolent goodness of the noble, spirited Tanjore;—but for him, it is probable that by this time this suffering family had perished in want, penury and obscurity.

"Ah, would to heaven, Lady Wyndham, all the sons and daughters of neglected genius were destined to meet with so kindly a fate, instead of being driven about by the rude blast of adversity, or doomed 'to waste their sweetness on the desert air.'

"I really blush to have trespassed so long on your Ladyship's time, when I look at the amazing length of this epistle, notwithstanding which, I have the temerity to expect that you will answer it at no very distant period, and tell us all the news that is passing in your great metropolis, which I confess I have the utmost anxiety to behold.

"My aunt assures me that I shall not like the English music, but this may be owing to a perversion of taste rather than to a correct judgment, you know, dear Lady Wyndham. Our simple wild ditties, and even some of our most admired national airs, do not altogether owe their birth to Scotland, for when our lovely and unfortunate Queen, the accomplished Mary, held her court in this country, it is well known to whose masterly composition Scotland was indebted for some of her most beautiful melodies, which derived

their delicate, tender and pathetic expression from the inimitable style and manner of the unfortunate favorite of the lamented Mary, David Rizzio. Had not this great master visited Scotland at the period I have spoken of, our Scottish airs had not boasted of half their popularity; but were I to utter this to some of my countrymen, dear Lady Wyndham, they would treat such a reflection on their national music with great indignity, though I believe there is great truth in it.

"You cannot imagine that I have been kept in ignorance of your delightful talents in this science, in which you so eminently excel. My aunt positively declares that you are the finest player in England, and you know she is by no means an inferior one herself,—we will consequently allow her to be a judge of this accomplishment. Expect me, therefore, to torment your Ladyship every day and every hour, when I have the happiness of beholding you in England, for both myself and husband delight in music, and he is no indifferent performer, I can assure you.——Not a sentence more, dear Lady Wyndham, for I protest that I have been writing these ten minutes without being conscious that the saucy creature was looking over my shoulder.

"What privileges these husbands avail themselves of, do not they, dear Lady Wyndham? He would not have presumed thus in the character he once assumed of the blind minstrel, at Moggy's wedding, for such he was, though my aunt would never credit the report that Edwin Mowbray would have stooped to such a disguise: yet I was not to be deceived, for love can see through all disguises be they ever so ingeniously contrived, and I knew my Edwin, not as the cuckoo, by the badness of his voice, but by the sincerity and constancy of his love towards me. He is here again, dear Lady Wyndham, but if he expects that I am going to say a word in his favor he will be mistaken;—the creature is well enough, and I like him well enough,—is not this saying quite enough, my dear Lady Wyndham, to satisfy his curiosity, and to let him know that I do not positively hate him. Believe me, however, that he most fervently joins my father and aunt in most cordial

good wishes and affectionate respects to you and my Lord Wyndham, and that I remain, your Ladyship's

Very sincere

"JEAN CAMPBELL MOWBRAY."

It was hardly possible to believe that this artless and affectionate testimony of respect from the hand of the lovely daughter of the Duke of Belmont was not received with the most pleasurable sensations by the amiable Lady Wyndham, or that she did not anticipate the happiness she should experience in the society of this charming family when they should arrive in England, a period which she hoped would not be protracted by any unforeseen disappointment beyond the time, which the lovely Jean had expressly said would be shortly; nor could there be a happier crisis for a meeting with old friends to take place than the present, not only with Lord and Lady Wyndham, but with that also of her lovely niece, for as time advanced on roseate wings over the beauteous head of the happy Lucy and her enraptured Lord, it promised a pledge of their mutual affection; as the Countess of Beauverie was far gone in a state of pregnancy, to the no small joy of her affectionate relatives, when new dispatches arrived from India.

There was a whole packet of letters in different hand-writings, but the seal of the favorite Mary was first unclosed by Lady Wyndham. The fact was, that curiosity was a predominant sensation with them all, for this was the first letter that Mary had addressed to her sister since her departure from England,—Emma had written, Ellen had written, Tanjore had written, and even Fothersgill and Mrs. Pelham had written; but never had Lady Wyndham received a letter from her sister Mary, and exclaimed, as soon as she beheld her well known characters,

"I protest, Wyndham, here is a letter at last from the gipsy,—I positively must read that first, because it is a novelty."

The seal of Mary's letter was now broken by the impatient Alexina. Lord Wyndham smiled, and stationing himself at her elbow, her Ladyship read aloud the following words:—

"*Trelawney Castle,*
May 28, 1822.

"My dear Sister,

"I hasten to inform you that I am no longer Mary Trelawney, for I am married, actually married! Papa gave me away yesterday, to one Lionel De Montford, a very good sort of a young man, and remarkably handsome, the only son of Governor De Montford, a very good sort of old gentleman too, whom you have seen, therefore I shall say no more about him.

"Now, really, Alexina, I cannot tell you how all this work has been accomplished, but I can assure you we have been a very short while about it, so I imagine that little Mr. Cupid has been very busy in the affair.

"As to Lionel, there is no one can reasonably find fault with him, he is such a generous, warm-hearted, kind soul, always lively and animated, and, as I observed to you before, he is prodigiously handsome,—all the girls in this country were pulling caps for him before I came. Well, you know, Alley, that being so prodigiously handsome, and so prodigiously good, it is no wonder that I should have liked him; but how the deuce he came to like me I cannot tell,—me, so infinitely his inferior in personal attractions, with a very bad temper into the bargain, for I never accounted myself a very good one. Well, but to proceed, our courtship was the most extraordinary that ever you heard of, for I never suspected the cause of his dejection, though I had seen him spiritless for several days; but while Ellen and me were sitting in the balcony, she sketching the delightful views which the romantic scenery afforded us, and I (as the Irishman says) thinking of nothing at all, we were suddenly surprised by a visit from the old Governor, bringing in his hand his young hopeful, who looked as if he could not help it, as folks generally do when they are in love, which was the case with poor Lionel. But you shall hear first, and laugh afterwards, for I did heartily, I assure you, when the old gentleman, taking Ellen by the hand, very politely told her to make her exit, as he wished to speak with Miss Mary in private. Away went Ellen, and I was left to encounter the father and the son.

"'Well, Sir,' cried I, 'what is your business with Mary Trelawney?'

"'A very important one, Miss Mary,' answered he, 'in which the happiness of a whole family is concerned, and particularly that of my son. You know, Miss Mary, that you have always been a favorite of mine from the first hour that I beheld you, and that you have often heard me say, that if I was a young man like my son, that I should be apt to fall desperately in love with you.'

"On which, no longer able to resist laughing, I replied,—

"'Well, but I hope, Sir, you have not fallen in love with me?—or I shall be obliged to make report of your indiscretion to Mrs. De Montford.'

"'No,' answered he, 'but my son has,—Lionel truly and sincerely loves you, Mary Trelawney, and I am come hither expressly from your father on the affair of Cupid, to learn your sentiments on that subject; and as you are a generous, frank and open-hearted girl, I expect you will act towards me with that sweet ingenuousness of character which I so greatly admire in you. Lionel De Montford loves Mary Trelawney, and is now sanctioned by his father to offer his hand, his heart, and his fortune, which is by no means an inconsiderable point in his favor.—The question now is, does Mary Trelawney love Lionel, or, not loving him, reject his offer? Come, sweet girl, deal sincerely, and tell me at once our hopes and fears?'

"Now, Alexina, I had no mind to refuse him, but I could not look grave for the life of me, nor could I be at the trouble of feigning excuses which I did not feel, on purpose to tantalize him;—actually I do not think that my colour once heightened as I gave him my hand, which so delighted the old gentleman that he immediately went to papa with the joyful news, leaving me and Lionel to settle the remainder of the business by ourselves,——so of course I was married, and I make no doubt but I shall love my husband as well on a short courtship, as if I had waited seven years, to be told the same thing over and over again, which I should have had no patience to listen to, for I should then have been weary of his company.

"There, Alexina, is the whole full and particular account both of my courtship and marriage, and papa and mamma are delighted with their new son-in-law, and he is very proud of his little gipsy wife, I assure you; but then, you know, I am to have my own way in every thing,—he is never to contradict me,—if he does, I will cease to obey: when husbands grow refractory, I have heard say that wives should be so too, and then a reformation ensues, at least on one side or the other, so there is an end of their quarrels at once.

"Who would have thought of my being married next to you, who am the youngest of the family?—before Emma too, who, by the bye, has waited long enough for my brother Tanjore, and who is to be married in England after all,—I can tell you that for a certainty, so mamma need not have made so much preparation about her dresses, for papa will not long remain in this country. He does not like it at all, and mamma is growing quite tired of it already, and so am I, and I have told Lionel all my mind,—I would not be bound to live in it for the wealth of worlds. The people in it are so inanimate, dull, languid and stupid, and have acquired such peculiar notions about the propriety and delicacy of us English women, as would make you heartily laugh at them if you was to hear them. They are besides insufferably proud, conceited and vain, and fit only for themselves: it is very proper that they should live together, for their affected notions of female delicacy are absurd,—they mistake wit for levity, and good temper and affability for improper freedom and familiarity; and what is more disgusting than any thing are their manners towards their inferiors,—they treat their domestics as if they were slaves, and are extremely addicted to envy and slander."

Mary now concluded her long letter with affectionate remembrance to all her relatives, congratulation to her cousin Lucy, and with the hope that they should all meet again, and speedily, on the shores of her dear native land, from which she had no longer a wish to be exiled, desiring that her little niece and nephew might receive a kiss for her sake; and the pleasing communications which

this letter imparted to his friends was greater than could be imagined, for Lady Wyndham was transported at the thoughts of behold her dear father and mother again, never more, she hoped, to be separated from them, till death itself dissolved the ties of nature. The carriage was immediately ordered, to convey her Ladyship to Cavendish Square, where (in a delightful flutter of spirits) she entered the drawing-room of Lady Beauverie with Mary's letter in her hand, the contents of which were immediately disclosed; and at which, although it was impossible to help laughing in many parts, yet a tear started to the lovely blue eyes of Lucy at the idea of seeing her dear brother again, and she rapturously exclaimed, on the entrance of her Lord,—

"Oh, my dear Lord, I have such delightful intelligence,—only think, the dear Trelawneys are again coming to England,—they dont like India, thank heaven! Oh, how sincerely I rejoice,—dear Sedley, how I long once more to behold him."

Lady Wyndham had presented to Mr. Clarendale the letter addressed to him by her father the moment she came into the room, which appeared to convey matter of much importance, as well as the most pleasing and satisfactory intelligence, as his eyes actually sparkled with pleasure while perusing the contents, for which purpose he had deliberately retired to a corner seat in one of the windows, and although several times affected even to tears of the strongest sensibility, read aloud the following words, which were so affectionately addressed to him by the dear friend as well as brother of his heart, the amiable and excellent Trelawney, which was listened to with the profoundest attention by those objects whose welfare and happiness it also as immediately concerned:—

"*Trelawney Castle.*

"Tell me, Henry, when was your sister other than a conqueror over the feelings of her doating husband?—Yes, Henry, the bewitching eloquence of my Rosa has again prevailed, and put to rout all the serious intentions I had resolutely formed of remaining longer in this country, to which Rosa has taken an unaccounta-

ble aversion, and between her and my darling Mary, I have been actually coaxed over this very morning to consent to return to England, and shall in consequence be obliged to make my arrangements as speedily as possible, in order to please these incorrigible and impatient women, whom of all others in creation I am least able to resist. You see my little brown gipsey, whether married or single, is unwilling to give up the influence she has ever obtained so successfully in the heart of her father, to add to which she has called in her mother to aid her plans, and assist her stratagems, so that there may not be a possibility of my being able to sound a retreat amidst the powerful auxiliaries of their charms or oratory and eloquence which they have raised against me; so here I am, dear Clarendale, completely vanquished, though I had protested that I would be the conqueror, and delighted enough, I assure you, they both are that I have fallen into such hands. You may therefore shortly expect to see us all seated in Berkely Square, as I have already apprised the Governor of my intention to quit India, alledging (what indeed appears to be very probable) that the intense heat of the climate was prejudicial to the health of Mrs. Trelawney; and no sooner was this intelligence made known to Mrs. De Montford, than the poor Governor was assailed in the same quarter as I had been, by the tears of his bewitching wife. Imagine the result—the De Montfords also join our party, and are going to wing their flight with us to the shores of Great Britain. Now, Clarendale, you are in possession of all the family news, for Mary, I find, is now writing to her sister, to inform her of the change which has taken place in her condition, and that she is now the wife of one of the handsomest and finest spirited young fellows in existence. I actually was surprised into this marriage, as I had no intention of parting with my little gipsey so suddenly; but her election was every way so unobjectionable, and the worthy Governor so desirous of an alliance with my family, that I had no alternative but of giving my girl to the amiable and accomplished son of my friend, who is the last man to whom I could have formed any reasonable dislike.

I can take a hint, Henry, and advice, when it is well meant, like other men, and I thank you for that offered to me in your last

on the subject of my Tanjore and Emma Bradbury. Your observation is just, that merit and virtue which have been so severely put to the test as theirs should ultimately be rewarded for its laudable exertion; in short, you plainly told me that you think it time for Tanjore and Emma to be made bone of one bone and flesh of one flesh, and that I am a little unreasonable in having so long delayed their union.

"Now, really, Henry, I have had very little to do in the business but left it wholly to themselves to name the happy day,—in short, when your sister left England, I have since learned that she had provided clothes for Emma, which would have looked exceedingly becoming on the young Mrs. Tanjore Trelawney, and that she expected to see her son married to Emma very shortly after our arrival in India. Tanjore you will naturally suppose would have had but little objection to such an arrangement taking place,—where then, you will ask, did the objection rest?—why truly with Miss Emma herself; she positively refused to marry Tanjore while we continued to be the inhabitants of a foreign country; though the poor fellow pleaded his cause so earnestly, this inflexible girl turned a deaf ear to his solicitations, and remains fixed in her resolution as at first. Since which nothing has been urged to her on the subject, because you well know that Rosa always thinks Emma right, and I have certainly no inclination to persuade her to the contrary, to say nothing of the difficulty I should have in attempting it. I have consequently become neuter on a subject so delicate as the happiness of two objects whose attachment to each other cannot admit of a single doubt, and I have merely said thus much, to clear myself of the blame you are so willing to attach to me.

"And so our dear Lucy is really going to give Lord Beauverie an heir to his estate,—I rejoice to hear it, and so do we all; as to Sedley, he absolutely talks of nothing but seeing Lucy ever since he has been informed of our intended departure from India.—That your boy has lost nothing of mental acquirement, but is as much improved in his education as he has grown in manly grace and beauty, you will very easily discover when you behold him, Clarendale. My Rosa is perfectly charmed with Sedley, and she

is not the only one in my family whom I strongly suspect is no small admirer of his accomplished mind and amiable disposition; nor do I believe that your son is at all insensible to the good opinion and merits of this young lady, whom I take to be no other than Miss Ellen Trelawney. You will smile, Henry, and shake your head, in your usual quaint manner, at this supposition of mine, but when I tell you that I am really convinced that my pretty Ellen and your Sedley are attached to each other, you will think more seriously of the subject. But I will tell you in what manner this important discovery was made, much I believe to the satisfaction of both the parties, though they affected to conceal it:—

"You know what a mischievous little toad our Mary is, and that when she is in a humour to be frolicsome, there is no possible means of preventing her, except by being actually angry with her, and you also know that Ellen is the last object in the world to be angry with any one, and much less with her sister Mary, of whom she is so remarkably fond. Well, it was owing to Miss Mary that poor Ellen's secret was found out; for several weeks Ellen has employed herself in that delightful art in which I am proud to say she so eminently excels, and has finished some pictures in a style of excellence, one of which it appears she had concealed from the observation of all but Mary, when that little sly puss, when we were all assembled one morning at breakfast, suddenly asked her sister if she had not made the complexion of her Adonis too dark, considering he was so fair a subject; to which she maliciously added, with a sly glance at her cousin Sedley,—'Besides, you know, Ellen, the original is much fairer, almost as fair as Sedley Clarendale, from whose features I should actually think you have drawn those of your pretty Adonis.'

"Henry, had you seen the blushes which mounted to the cheeks of the conscious pair, you would never have forgotten it. as my poor little flutterer tremblingly pronounced,—

"'I am sure, Mary, that I never thought of my cousin Sedley when I drew that picture; it was by mere accident alone that I—I—I——that I attempted to copy it from another.'

"The lovely eyes of my Ellen were at this time cast down in

the most modest confusion; her glowing cheeks were flushed with the deepest colour of the brightest carnation, when Mary, seizing a chain which was suspended on her bosom, drew it forth, while she exclaimed, in the archest tone that was possible,—

"'Oh fie, Ellen, to tell such a———and pray was it by mere accident that you placed it in your bosom? Look here, papa, she says when she painted this she never once thought of Sedley Clarendale, and I will be judged by the whole company if it is not the very image of him.'

"And so it was, Henry—it was actually the picture of your Sedley that my Ellen had drawn and placed round her neck; however, you may be certain that none of us pretended to acknowledge it as such, and that I really took the audacious Mary very severely to task for the momentary punishment she had inflicted on her sister.

"'It was wrong, Mary,' cried I, looking very seriously in her arch gipsy face, 'excessively wrong, whatever you thought, of exposing the feelings of poor Ellen and your cousin Sedley before the De Montfords. I am really angry with you,—what occasion had you to mention the picture of Sedley at all?'

"Now what do you imagine was the little hussy's reply?

"'What does it matter, papa, who I mentioned it before, when every body must know it at last? Ellen told me long ago that she loved Sedley, and Sedley has often said how much he loved Ellen, and they did not know how to tell you and mamma of it,—so I thought of the picture, and popped that and the secret out both together; and where is the harm, I wonder, in telling the truth?—It is over now, you know, and they will be married the sooner for it, and I dare say feel themselves very much obliged to me,—I have saved them a great deal of trouble.'

"For the life and soul of me, Clarendale, I could not feel angry with this bewitching little slut, and from this day I have paired my Ellen with your Sedley. When I arrive in England, you shall let me know what you think of this family arrangement.

"The account you give me of the De Valmonts delight me and Rosa exceedingly. So little Rosalvie is really grown a prodigious fine fellow,—so much the better, I will take him in training as

soon as I am again settled in England; though I am sensibly hurt that De Valmont will yet madly pursue authorship. For Heaven's sake, Henry, persuade him from it, if it be possible. A play, too, of all things,—how can the man be so frantic? He does not know that he is plaguing himself with difficulties not to be imagined, for of all species of composition this is the least likely to succeed; for, next to the caprice of the manager, which is intolerable, he has also to encounter that of the performers, and often their impudence and ill nature too into the bargain, which they do not exert a little when they know that it is an author's first attempt.—Then there is the public at large to please, which, though confessedly the most liberal part, yet the success is doubtful—next to having written to no purpose but that of tantalizing his own feelings. I implore you, Clarendale, once again, to deter him from following so false a meteor, which, like an *ignus fatuus*, will only bewilder and the more certainly lead him into darkness.

"Dear Lady Honoria Belmont!—and so the benevolent gift which she sent to relieve the wants of this suffering and distressed family was actually the sum of five hundred pounds!—excellent, amiable creature; Oh, Henry, were there more such women, few men would prove unworthy of the blessings for which the lovely sex were alone designed; they would not, they could not be insensible to such persevering and such matchless virtues.

"We all rejoice that the lovely Jean has at last bestowed her hand on her faithful and accomplished Edwin.

"My saucy Mary will not let me see the letter she has written to Lady Wyndham, by which I judge she has been indulging in her usual vein of sarcastic humour. You ask me how our quaint tutor (for still we call him so) likes India?—truly not at all, and is impatient to behold old England once again, which I believe is the exact counterpart of the present feeling of us all. Tell your Mary not to make any saucy comments on this prodigious long epistle, but to recollect that when we write expressly from the heart, we forget that the head or the hand has any thing at all to do with the contents.

"Farewell, dear Clarendale, and believe me

" Unchangeably yours,

"TANJORE EDWARD TRELAWNEY."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Lord Wyndham, "this is most excellent news, Clarendale;" and glancing at Lady Beauverie a look highly intelligible, he smilingly added, "and what with Mary's marriage, and other approaching events, I think we stand a very fair chance of having the finest collection of *Family Portraits* that were ever beheld in Great Britain,—what say you, my Lord Beauverie?"

On which his Lordship replied:

"And which I trust will be the ornament of a rising generation —the Descendants of Trelawney, Clarendale, Wyndham and Beauverie."

"Though last, not least loved, I am sure, my Lord," cried Lady Wyndham; and his Lordship bowed to so elegant a compliment.

The happy party, made still happier by the pleasing communications which they had that morning received, passed the day together in the most delightful and rational manner. Mr. Clarendale called in Berkley Square, at the request of Mr. Trelawney, to inform his steward that he might shortly be expected in England, and to put the house in immediate preparation for the reception of his family, which was accordingly done, Lady Wyndham herself giving such orders as she thought necessary.

Time now lent odours to his wings, for every day was replete with anticipated hope and joy; and the lovely Lucy had been three weeks the mother of a beautiful boy, when the family of Mr. Trelawney once more arrived safely in their native land, accompanied by the De Montfords, where the meeting which took place in the now united and happy families exceeded all description.—Lady Wyndham, folded in the arms of her beloved mother, wept and smiled alternately, while the gipsy Mary (now Mrs. Lionel De Montford,) more lively and animated than ever, contrived to steal a glowing kiss from the lips of her dear sister, after which they all set off for Cavendish Square, to Lord Beauverie's, where the same affectionate meeting took place between Sedley and his parents. He was then conducted to the chamber of his dear sister, and at the sight of her lovely little infant Sedley burst into tears, but they were tears of joy, and quickly dispersed by smiles,—unlike those which he had shed at the parting hour, yet they flowed from the same source—the fountain of the heart.

In a few days after the happy arrival, however, the whole of the family met as usual, and with the addition of the amiable De Montfords, formed once more the family tree, with an increase of kindred branches to unite them together in unity, peace and love.

"Now then Rosa, my beloved," cried Trelawney, the third week after they were once more composed and settled in the bosom of their happy family, "we have one more sacred duty to perform, after which we will retire and contemplate the happiness of our beloved children, in humble thanksgiving and adoration to that Being who has conducted us thus far on our journey through life:—few have been our cares, numberless our blessings, of which, while we boast, let us not suppose that we are more worthy than the rest of our fellow beings, or that we are divested of faults and failings, merely because we have been fortunate and rich,—no merit is attached to riches, though there may be merit in appropriating them. To the best of my ability, I have endeavored conscientiously to perform this duty: I have never beheld the miseries of the unfortunate without compassion, nor have I suffered the meritorious to pine in obscurity:—talent is a blossom which should never be permitted to fade or perish for want of encouragement or support, and wherever I have seen it I have raised its drooping head.

"Rosa, behold my reward,—it is reflected in the happiness of my children, in the smile bestowed by approving conscience, and by seeing those happy whom I have endeavored to render so by virtuous example! Had I erred from this path, I had been unworthy of the the blessings which I now share. The nuptials of Tanjore and Emma must take place to-morrow."

"And why to-morrow, my dearest?" cried Mrs. Trelawney, casting on her husband a look of the most unutterable tenderness.

To which Mr. Trelawney replied,—

"Because it is the anniversary of that happy day which gave Rosa Clarendale to Tanjore Trelawney. It made me the happiest of men,—may it then prove the harbinger of joy to our son and the daughter of our Rebecca."

"It shall be so," cried the delighted Mrs. Trelawney, and Tanjore and Emma were both immediately made acquainted with Mr. Trelawney's intentions.

"Emma! beloved, adored Emma!" exclaimed Tanjore; while the lovely gentle maid extended her hand towards him, in token of her still unchanged and unalterable affection. A tear fell from her soft azure eyes, a more beautiful glow crimsoned on her cheek, and the sweet response of "dear Tanjore!" was murmured from lips that never yet had breathed a thought unhallowed or impure.

It was the express wish of Mr. Trelawney that the marriage rites between Tanjore and Emma should be solemnized in the church, at which, on an early hour the ensuing morning, the whole of the bridal party, including the Trelawneys, the Clarendales, the Wyndhams, the Beauveries, and the De Montfords, assembled. The splendid carriages of each, when drawn up to the gates leading to the church, attracted innumerable crowds of spectators, though none were permitted to witness the ceremony save the bridal party. The feelings of both Mrs. Trelawney and Mrs. Clarendale were, however, wholly overpowered when the moment arrived for Emma to kneel before the altar, for never had this lovely creature so strongly reminded them of her sainted mother, as, trembling and pale, though not spiritless, she gave her hand to the transported, happy Tanjore; and no sooner was the ceremony concluded, than Mrs. Trelawney exclaimed softly to Mrs. Clarendale,—

"There, Mary, thank heaven, it is *over*, and my Emma is the wife of my Tanjore,—angels bless and smile on their happy union!"

And did not angels smile on them?—who shall doubt it?—If truth, if innocence, if virtue be the peculiar care of an all directing and never erring Providence, the votaries who faithfully serve it with a pure and humble heart will continue to enjoy its blessings, in the sunshine of prosperity, the approbation of an unsullied conscience, and the reward of virtuous actions.

THE END.